Collier's
TEN CENTS
JANUARY 5, 1946
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Wisdom— not Weapons of War

Pope Pius X

Program for Permanent Peace–See

OGRESS

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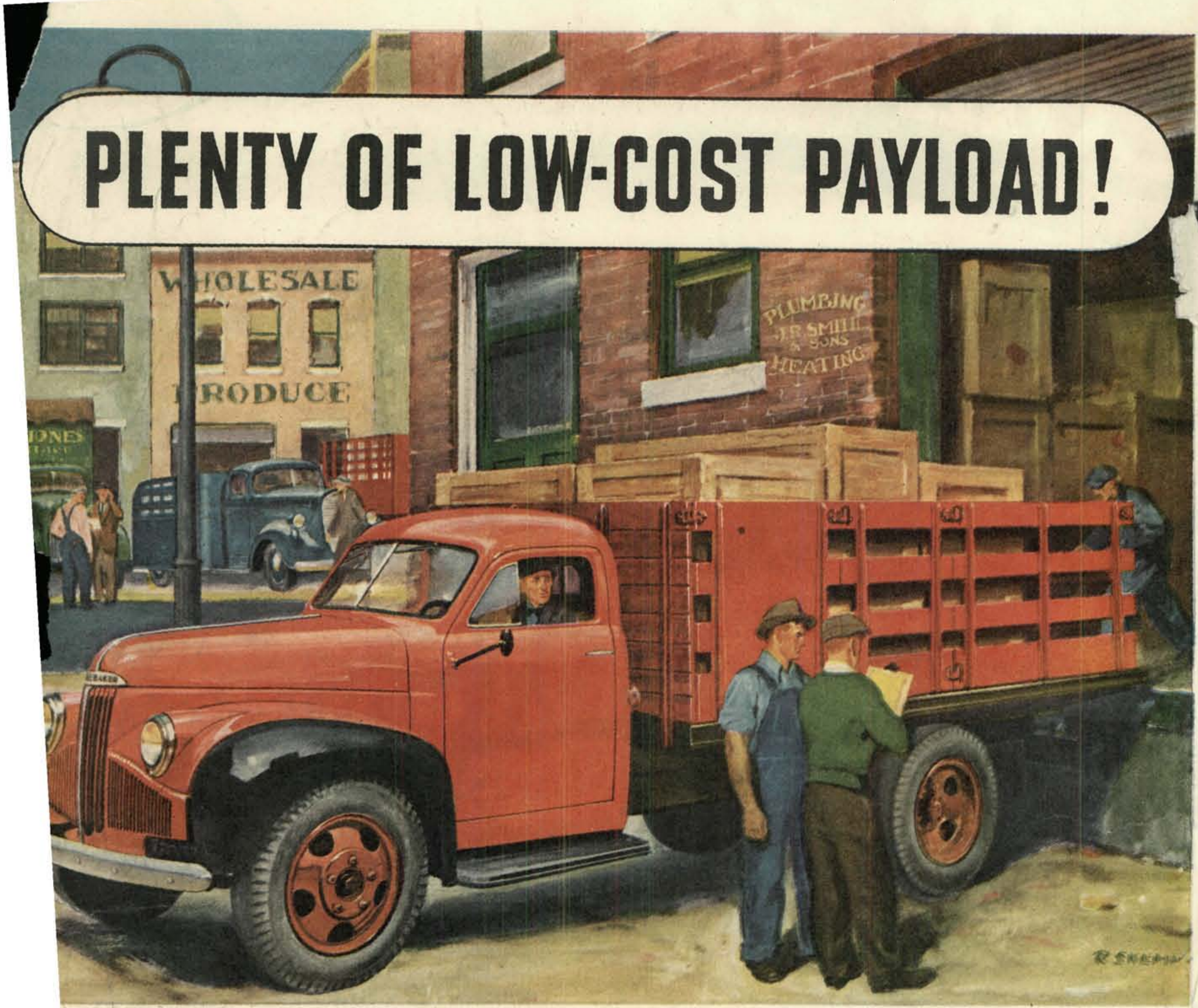
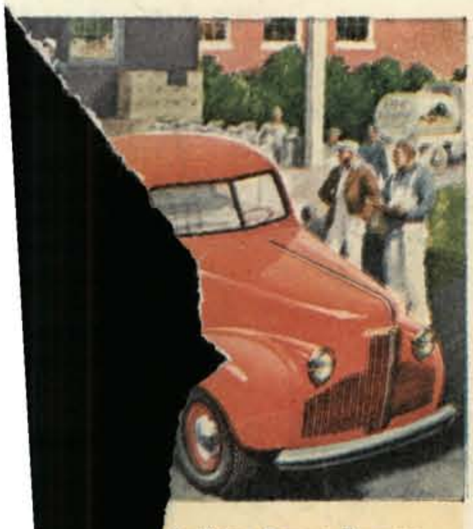


Studebaker's 1½-ton truck with 12-ft. stake body

gged, powerful, thrifty new Studebaker Trucks



half-ton Coupe Express
for general utility use in city
It's powered by the same
rtime Studebaker Weasel.

EXPERIENCED truck operators the nation over are glad to see the pace-setting Studebaker organization back on the job of building civilian trucks.

They know that Studebaker sets the highest quality standards in the motor truck industry—standards that are a constant challenge to all other manufacturers of motor trucks.

They know further that Studebaker has blueprinted a new pattern for truck operating economy by introducing advanced engineering principles, such as the successful elimination of needless dead weight.

You can rely on Studebaker

One Studebaker truck model that's especially well-suited to today's needs is the rugged, powerful, 1½-ton Studebaker pictured above, available as cab-and-chassis for standard and special 12-foot bodies.

This economical, husky Studebaker has the same kind of sound, solid quality throughout that won highest commendation for nearly 200,000 rugged Studebaker military trucks on some of the toughest assignments in the war.

Studebaker is now also producing half-ton and one-ton pick-up trucks—as well as 1½-ton models in several wheelbases.

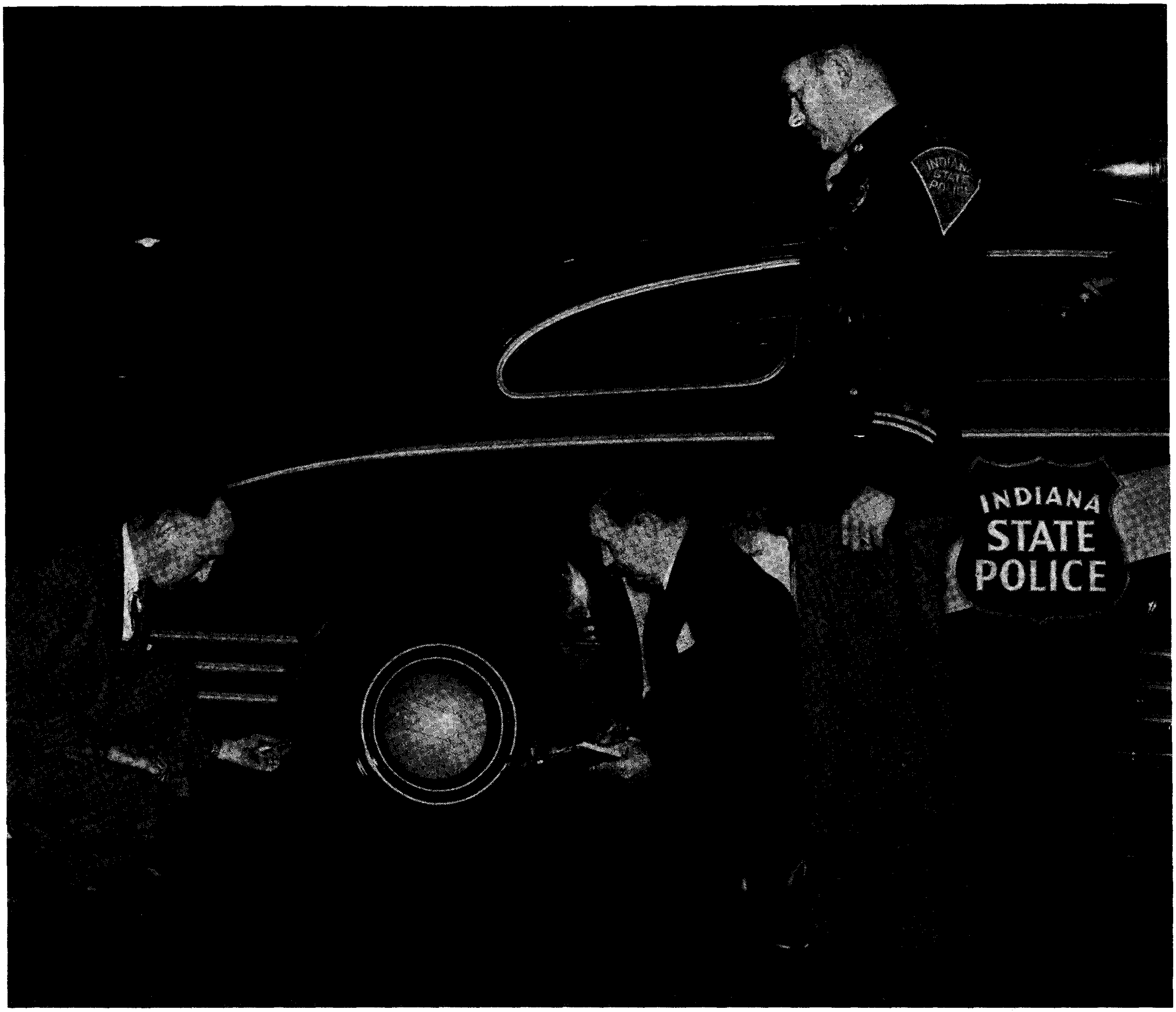
And you can depend upon it that every truc which carries the Studebaker nameplate is c signed to add new luster to the time-tes Studebaker reputation for trustworthy, low cost transportation.

Nearly 94 years' experience in supplying America with outstanding hauling equipment stands behind Studebaker's ability to offer you the utmost value for your money in a truck. See your nearby Studebaker dealer about yo particular requirements.

Studebake

South Bend 27, Indiana, U.S.A.

PIONEER AND PACEMAKER IN AUTOMOTIVE PR



Even at high speeds these new tires

OUTWEAR PREWAR TIRES

They're today's best tires for your car

THE new B. F. Goodrich tire *is* made from synthetic rubber, but it is not a "wartime" tire. It has passed nearly 17 million miles of tests . . . on taxi fleets . . . on police cars (like the one above) and on the B. F. Goodrich test fleet.

Many of the tests required constant running, day and night, at sixty miles an hour. Few, if any, drivers are ever going to ask this kind of wear of a tire.

Yet the new B. F. Goodrich synthetics not only outlasted prewar tires—but they did better than new tires of natural rubber built to prewar specifications!

These tires are made from a new kind of synthetic rubber that runs cooler, wears better, than other types. The tread is made wider and flatter so that the tread wear is distributed over more tire surface.

The tire body, or carcass, is stronger, too! By using a new kind of stronger cord—and by using more cords in each tire, B. F. Goodrich has perfected a stronger tire body.

B. F. Goodrich started making synthetic tires 18 months before Pearl Harbor, and offered tires containing synthetic rubber to American motorists three years ahead of any other tire manufacturer.

They were the first such tires ever sold in America. This extra experience is reflected in the best tire for your car today . . . the B. F. Goodrich *Silvertown* that actually outwears prewar tires. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

More miles with
B.F. Goodrich
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FOR JANUARY 5, 1946

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ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*
JOHN SCHAFFNER *Fiction*

this week

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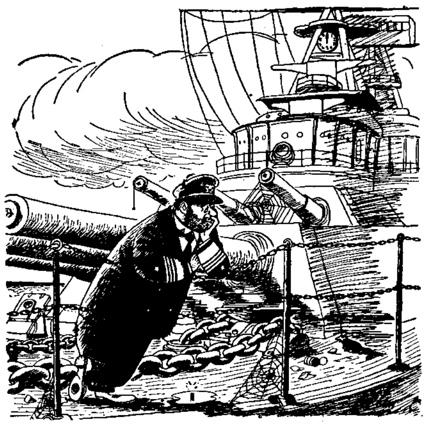
any week

HEREBY we warn quite a few of our most important government authorities that what they're saying and what we obscure citizens are thinking don't match. This desk is all littered up with scoffings from customers. We close our eyes and grab one—a letter from Mrs. Gordon Le Blang of New Orleans, Louisiana. The unhappy lady has been reading the papers. "I see," says she, "that Senator Boohoo says that a realistic attitude toward Russia is *vital*. And Judge Hoho says that a UNO agreement on the atom bomb is *vital*. Likewise Governor Teehee insists that a unified agreement on Palestine is *vital*. In three days I have read statements from orating job-holders that thirty-seven things are *vital*. Now if we could get some of all this vitality out of headlines and into the headliners we might get somewhere—somewhere *vital*."



HATING to dismiss all this lovely mail like that, we blindly grab another. Mr. Ed Throbbing of Seattle, Washington, just can't seem to make head or tail out of a wrenching sob from the estimable Admiral Ernest J. King who says that it is his expert opinion that "our Navy is so badly disorganized by demobilization that it could not now fight a major battle." Mr. Throbbing emerges from his quandary just long enough to want to know "what major battle," and "the name of the other guy who could give us a battle, major or minor."

OUR customers are wondering why our generals and admirals are not content to retire silently on their well-earned laurels. "Take football coaches, for example," writes Mr. B. F. (Cloudy) Day who used to play at Susquehanna (Pa.) University. "When the football wars are over for the year, football coaches retire to their caves with their needles and thread and bicycle pumps, and mend uniforms and blow up footballs, and nothing is heard of them until the next season rolls around.

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Vol. 117, No. 1 Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, A. H. Motley, Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1945, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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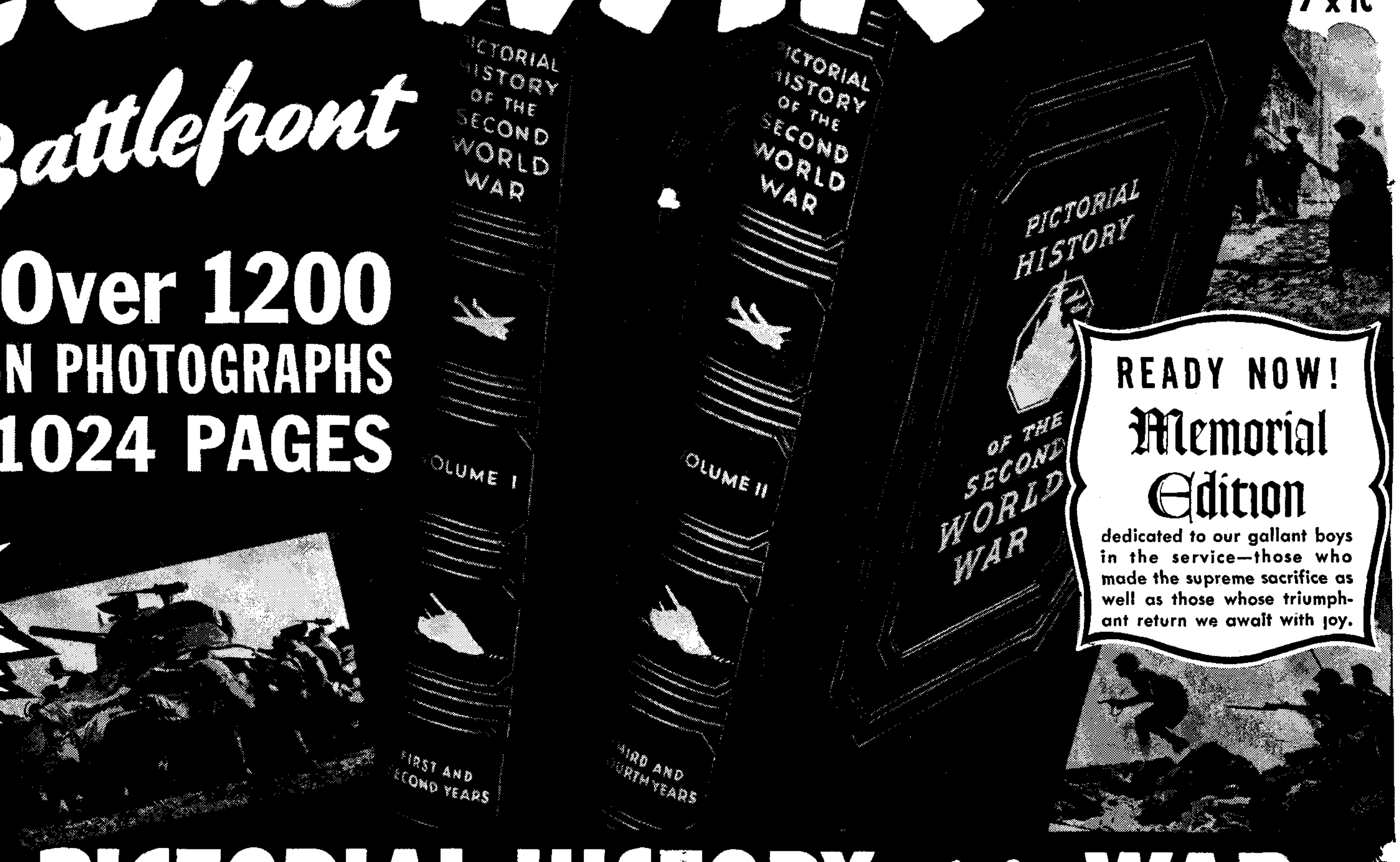
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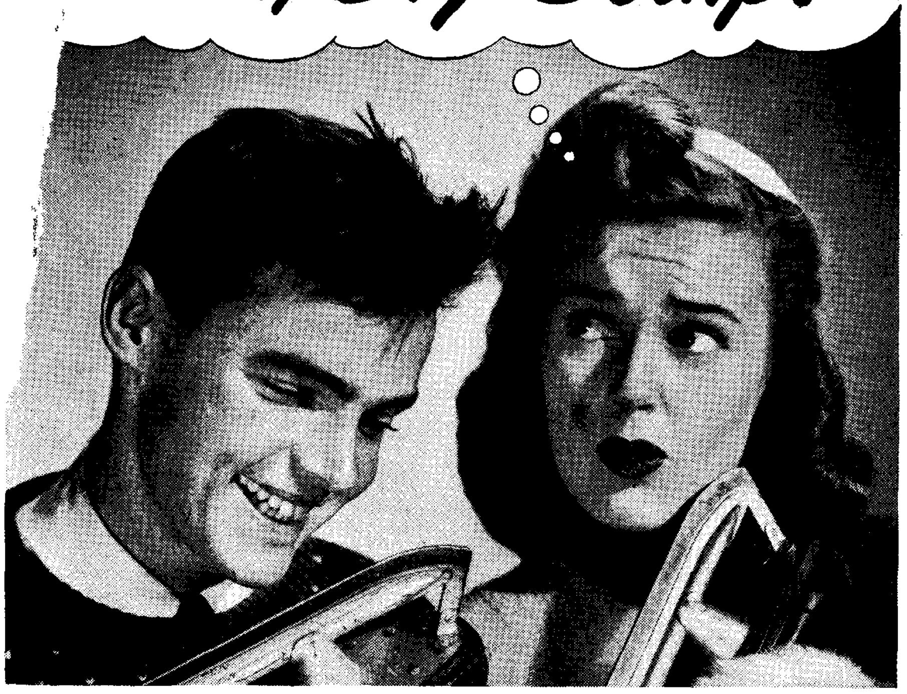
oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHY WILL A MAN let his hair go like that? It's so dull and lifeless. Must make a neat haircomb next to impossible. Yes, just as I thought, loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp all right. Should I let him dream on or should I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic?"

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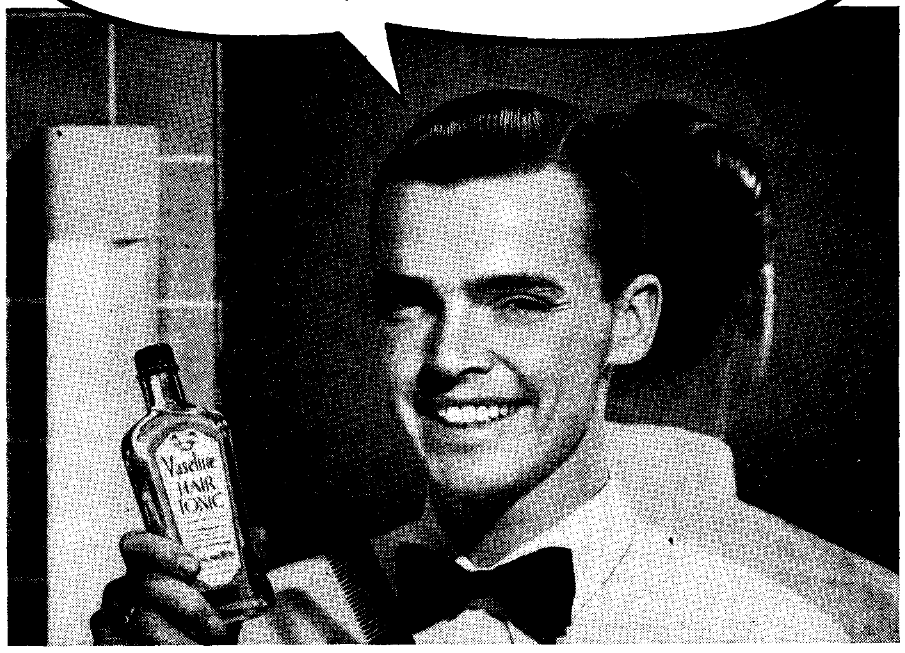

THIS STORY has a happy ending. Yours can, too. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by supplementing natural scalp oils. You see the difference in your hair. You feel the difference in your scalp. Loose dandruff disappears. Your hair stays neat, looks natural. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature — contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care — both scalp and hair.

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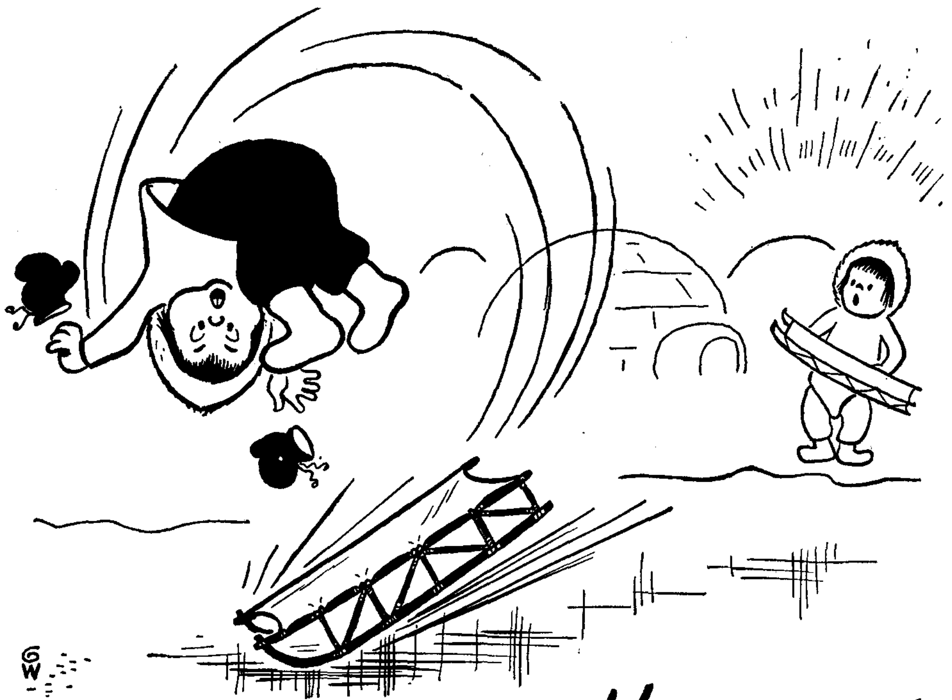

GEORGE WOLFE

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Of the dozen or more varieties of snow classified by scientists, the oddest is *sand snow* which has been observed in the arctic regions by explorers. Consisting of fine particles, this snow, when falling at very low temperatures, takes on the characteristics of sand, becoming so hard and rough that neither sled nor ski can glide on it.

Door locks for large hotels are more complex and costly than those used in any other kind of building because they are operated by seven different keys instead of the usual three. Besides the regular key for the guest, a hotel lock has a submaster key for the chambermaid of each section of rooms, a master for the supervisor of the floor, a grand master for the housekeeper and a great grand master for the manager, the last being the only key which will open a door that has been locked by the sixth or seventh key—the "display" key given a guest who does not want any employee to enter his room, and the "shutout" key with which the hotel locks out a guest who dodges the office when his bill is overdue.

Although the lyrics of some 1,000 songs have been taken from the 37 plays of Shakespeare, none of the numerous scores which he used in the original productions have survived except Thomas Morley's music for It Was a Lover and His Lass in As You Like It.

Throughout Europe, the belief that storks bring good luck is still so strong that many households, when live storks do not build a nest on their chimneytop, erect an artificial nest inhabited by a family of wooden storks.

To aid in the apprehension of more than 200,000 war criminals who are still at large, an international warrant, bearing their description, has been issued for each one by the Allied War Crimes Commission in Paris, and 5,000 copies of each document have been circulated among Allied authorities. Sooner or later, these wanted persons will be forced to identify themselves and thus be caught in this net which has been tightly drawn around the world in the greatest man hunt of all times.

A recent survey of the present political organizations in 57 countries, excluding Germany, shows that five of them have no political parties, six have only one, 25 have from two to five, 18 have from six to ten, and three have more than ten parties.

The United States has 192,000 railroad bridges, or one for every two miles of track.

America's greatest case of incredulity was the refusal of the press to believe, for nearly five years, that a man-carrying, power-driven airplane had been flown by the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903. One reason was the publication of an article three months before, in which a famous mathematician "proved" that it was impossible to fly a heavier-than-air machine. Therefore, during the next four years, invitations to witness their numerous flights, sent by the Wrights to editors, were disregarded; and the same 500 persons who happened to see the plane in the air, failed to convince anyone of the fact. Finally, at the request of the Army, the brothers gave their first formal demonstration at Fort Myer, Virginia, on September 3, 1908. A few hundred skeptics attended and their surprise at the plane's ability to get off the ground exceeded their astonishment at its ability to maintain flight.

Probably the only creature whose development results from environment and food instead of heredity is the queen bee. As an egg, she is no different biologically from the infertile female or worker bee; yet by being housed in a larger cell and fed royal jelly instead of nectar and pollen, she becomes a queen, differing considerably from the other females in color, physical construction and mental traits.

A chancellor is the governing official today in fifteen large American universities. Fourteen of them no longer have a president, while the fifteenth institution—the University of Chicago—still has such an officer but his administrative authority is second to that of the chancellor

While the College of Arms in London admits that an Englishman's right to use his coat of arms is inherited and cannot, like a medal or any other honor, be taken from him, the organization sometimes refuses to grant one to a qualified individual, such as a servant, clerk or bus driver, on the grounds that a coat of arms "is of no necessity" to him.

Because Uruguay is on the east or "oriental" side of the River Plate, it is officially named República Oriental del Uruguay. . . . Dirt and foreign matter may constitute as much as 70 per cent of the weight of fleece taken from sheep before washing.

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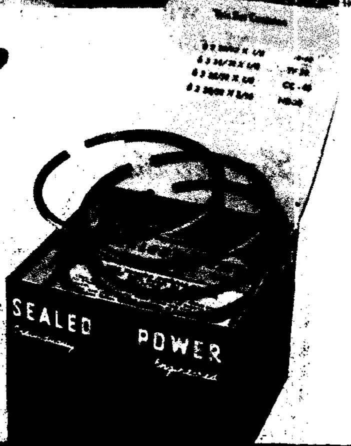

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KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Lt. Col. George E. Akerson, author of this week's Wing Talk, who took part in the recent historic Hokkaido to Washington flight of B-29s

GENERAL FRANK A. ARMSTRONG motioned for me to take the controls of the Superfort. He picked up his microphone and, in his soft North Carolina drawl, began calling one of the four B-29s strung out in column formation just short of Attu, Alaska, en route to Washington on the first nonstop flight from Japan.

"Hello, Hyena Two, this is General Armstrong. Is that you, 'Sandy'?" Colonel K. O. Sanborn of Annapolis, Maryland, pilot of the second Superfort, said it was.

"Listen closely, Sandy," said the general in a tone portending a momentous decision. "You put 'Stormy' Strom (the flight weather forecaster) down in the nose of your airplane and once every minute for the next half hour I want you to give him a good swift kick in the pants. That's an order!"

Every crew member heard the message and the tension was broken. For nearly five hours everyone from the general to the enlisted men had become more and more downhearted. The weather forecast, made not only by our own weatherman, Captain Gordon A. "Stormy" Strom, of Harris, Minnesota, but by all of the experts between Japan and Washington, had predicted a tail wind of 30 miles an hour on this first leg of the great-circle route between Japan and Washington. But the wind was exactly opposite—about 45 miles an hour right on our nose.

We passed Attu and it seemed we were crawling. It was almost dark and we could just see the barren rocks of that Aleutian outpost. A half hour past Attu, Lieutenant John Courtwright of Washington, D. C., one of our two navigators, called me back to his small worktable.

"Don't say anything to the old man yet," he smiled, "but I think we've not only lost the head wind but picked up a tail wind."

Johnny called up the other navigator, Captain Louis Collins of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who was resting in the back of the airplane. Together they began taking fixes, plotting our position every few minutes by means of stars and radio. Finally with a grin a mile wide Johnny said, "It checks all right. With a 40-mile-an-hour wind, dead on our tail, we're doing about 285 miles an hour and we'll make it okay if it holds."

The wind held and even became stronger behind us. The four Superforts picked up speed, raced over Kodiak and Sitka and finally into National Airport at Washington, on the night of November 1st. The total time from Hokkaido, Japan, to Washington was 27 hours and 30 minutes.

The next morning's newspapers hailed the trip as heralding long-distance commercial flights over that and similar great-circle routes. I read the reports with much interest because all through the weary flight I had thought of the progress that must be made before commercial lines could attempt such flights on regular schedules. It was pure luck that the wind changed when it did and enabled us to make up for lost time. That luck made the trip possible, and extensive preparation by General Armstrong gave it some measure of safety. But commercial lines cannot bank on luck. And they cannot have the safety facilities provided General Armstrong without prohibitive expense.

We could not have made it to Washington without a helping wind. If there had been a dead calm over the entire route we would have run out of gas just as we arrived over Washington, leaving no time for an approach or for an instrument letdown if the weather had been bad. We needed an average tail wind on the entire route of at least 12 miles an hour to give us a sufficient gasoline reserve on reaching Washington.

EVEN though the prevailing winds on the great-circle route from Japan to Washington are westerly, winds out of the east are not rare. An airliner must be prepared to buck head winds and still arrive at its destination, not only with sufficient gas to make an instrument letdown but with enough reserve to proceed to an alternate airport where the weather is clear. And, of course, airliners must fly the other way too—from Washington to Japan, against prevailing winds.

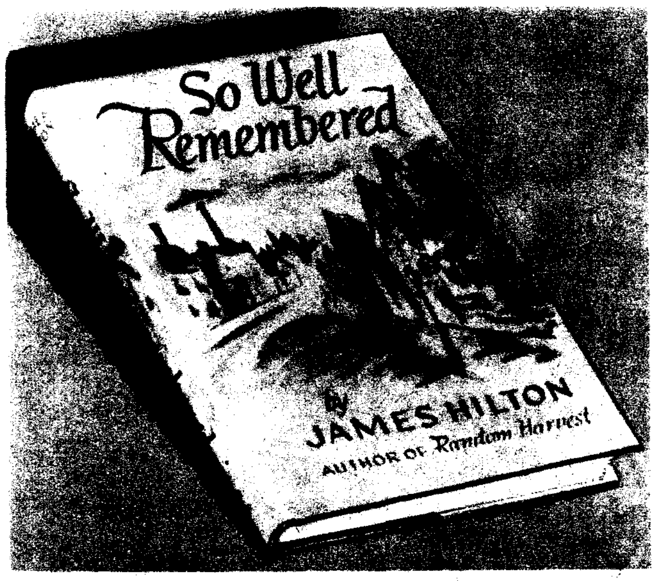
We carried 10,500 gallons of gasoline, much more than a Superfort normally takes on, because General Armstrong had substituted lightweight fuel tanks from the wings of C-46 Commandos for the heavier self-sealing, smaller capacity combat tanks normally carried in the B-29s. Also he had given us more weight for gasoline by removing all the heavy armament on the bombers. Yet we arrived in Washington with only 800 gallons; and that was due to a strong helping wind. We had planned to arrive with only 300 gallons.

Plainly, then, what the airlines would need for such a long trip would be a larger airplane than the B-29, with a gasoline load and a range that would permit reaching the destination with a reserve despite head winds.

The longer the trip the more comfort would be necessary for the passengers. The airplane would have to be large enough to contain sleeping, dining and recreation facilities. A foolproof heating system is a must. The B-29 has an air-conditioning and heating system coupled with its pressurized cabin that is among the best in existence today; yet it broke down in the cold arctic air. Even with our winter flying clothing we were cold the whole trip. I looked back once and saw Captain Robert McConnell of Monroe, Louisiana, our flight engineer, with his feet high in the air, pressed against the voltage regulator cover. He claimed the cover was just a little warmer than the rest of the airplane.

The long-range commercial airplane must be pressurized like the B-29 to enable stratosphere flight over the worst weather. And,

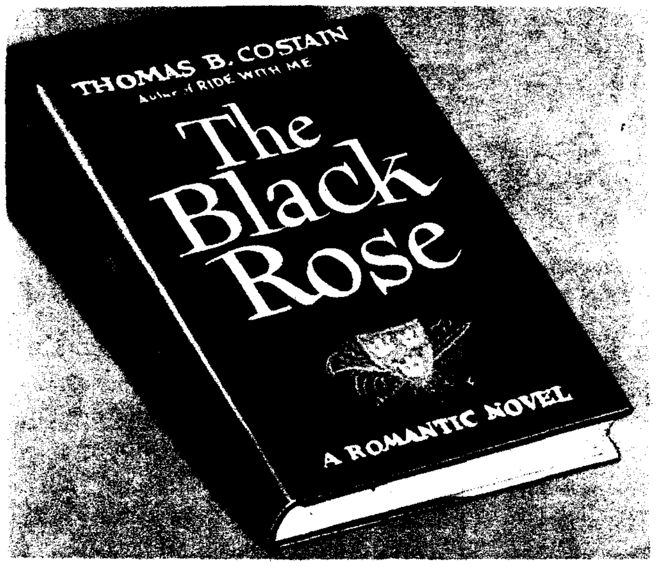
(Continued on page 26)



"SO WELL REMEMBERED"

By James Hilton

When Livia married George Boswell no one was more surprised than he! But after their baby died, she tired of him and his small town pride — and left him for the playboy son of a prominent statesman. Selfish, possessive, she betrayed her second husband too, in a crisis. Then she came home — and in another selfish frenzy tried her utmost to prevent her son's marriage. By the author of "Random Harvest," "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," "Lost Horizon." Over 800,000 copies already in print. "Beautifully conceived and beautifully written . . . James Hilton has done it again." —*Chicago Sun* Book Week.

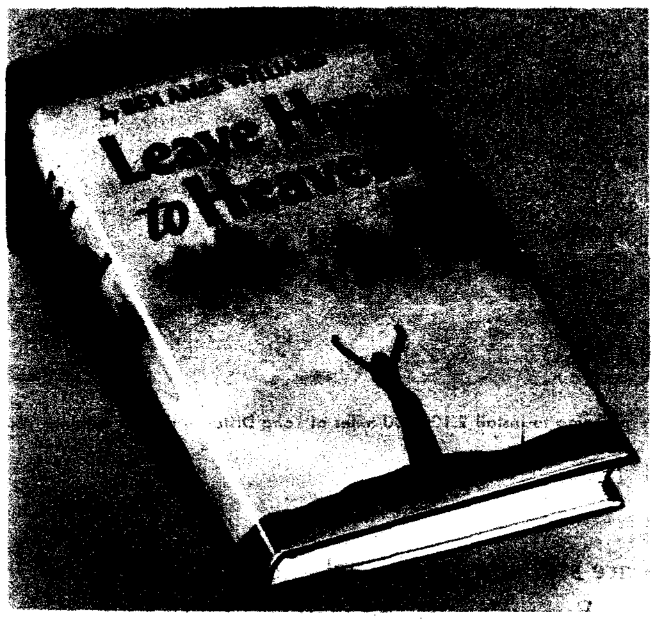


"THE BLACK ROSE"

By Thomas Costain

Doomed to life in a harem, beautiful Maryam begged to be saved. And Walter of Gurney, surrounded by blood-thirsty Mongolian guards, risked death to free her. Was it *pity?* Was it *passion?* Was it *love?* Why did he marry Maryam when his solemn vow pledged him to Engaine?

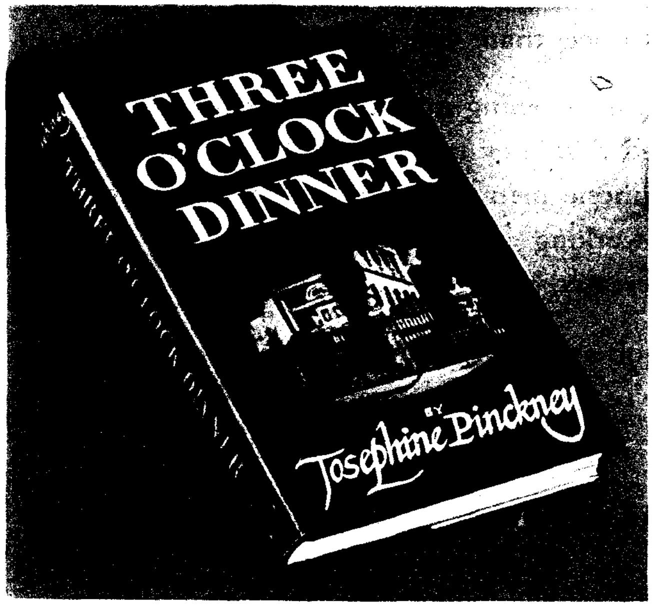
Nearly 800,000 readers are already acclaiming Thomas Costain's sensational new novel as the finest they have read in years! "A grand historical romance that swashbuckles with the best of them."—*New York Times.*



"LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN"

By Ben Ames Williams

Ben Ames Williams tells the devastating story of the Eighth Deadly Sin—of a jealous woman who stopped at nothing to keep her sweetheart all to herself. She lied, cheated, deceived—and worse—with a smile on her lips and laughter in her voice—until heaven caught up with her! A story that will bring the blush of shame to jealous, possessive women, and that will startle EVERY man or woman who is in love! "Will hypnotize you until you have turned the last page."—*New York Times.*



"THREE O'CLOCK DINNER"

By Josephine Pinckney

Beautiful, luscious, dubious Lorena Hessenwinkle married Tat Redcliff—shaming and humiliating the proud and aristocratic Redcliffs almost beyond endurance. But that was only the beginning! When Lorena hinted that another Redcliff hadn't been too proud to contribute to her "reputation," the problem *had* to be solved! How it was done—and the bickerings, jealousies, and recriminations that cropped out at the three o'clock dinner — make this one of the most enjoyable works of fiction published in years! " 'Three O'Clock Dinner' is a delight." —*New York Herald Tribune.*

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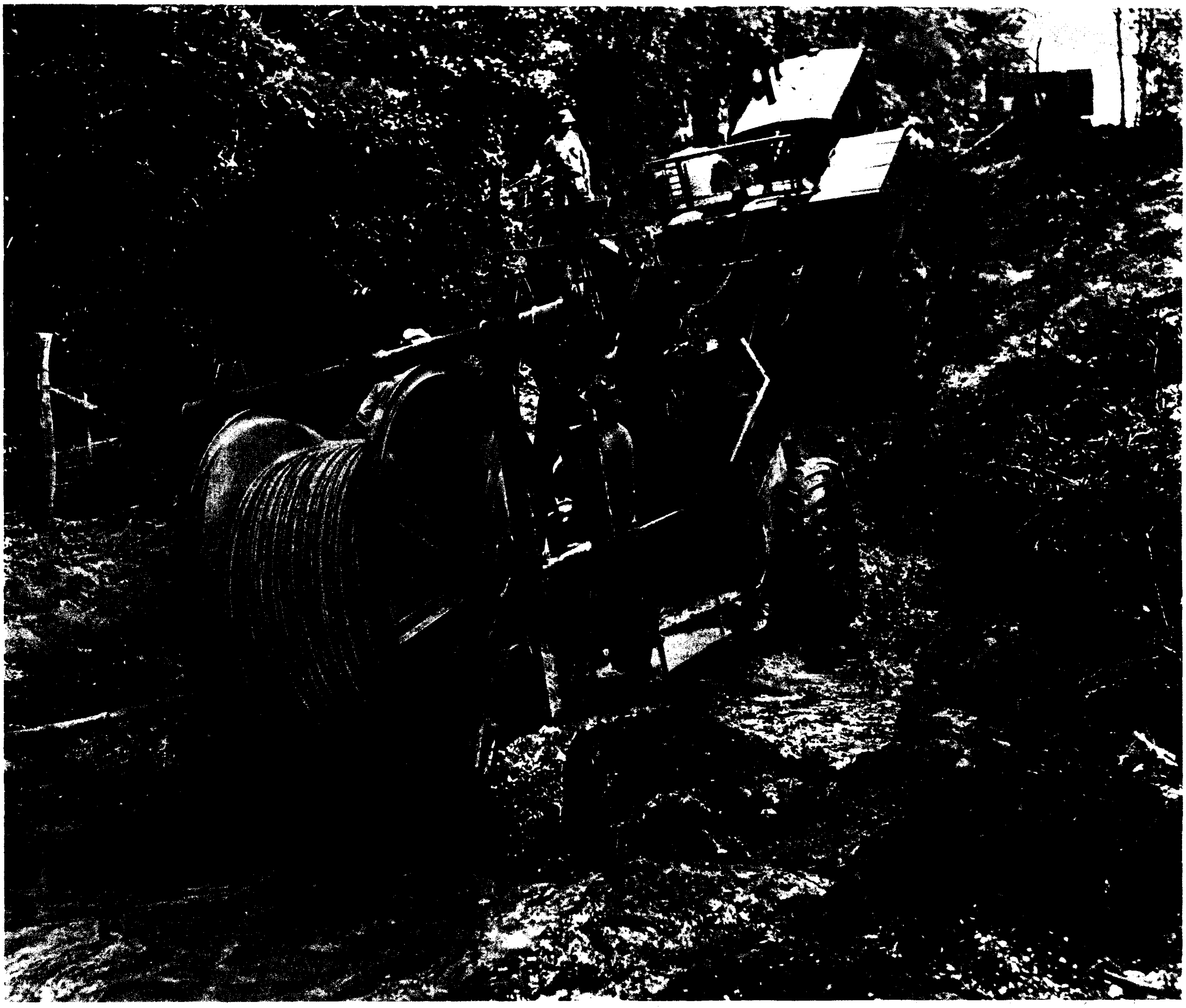

THIS LOOKS LIKE A WAR PICTURE but it's right here in the U. S. A. It shows a part of a telephone cable-laying job. We're planning to install 2,100,000 miles of Long Distance circuits within a year.

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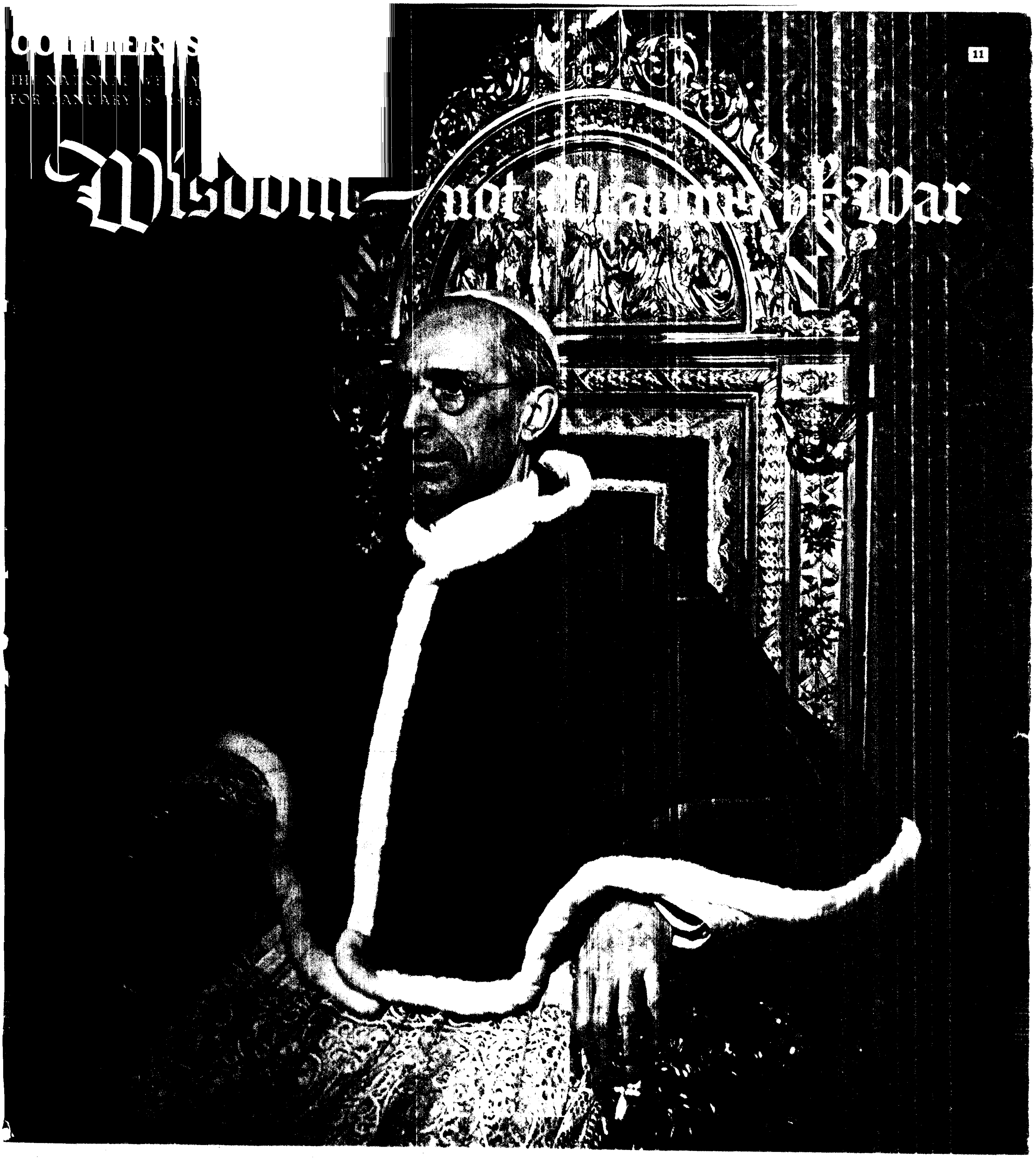
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 5, 1946

Wisdom—not Weapons of War



INTERNATIONAL

THE peoples of the earth have witnessed the perfection of the science and the art of destruction through a war which has not only changed the physical map of the world but has profoundly altered the spiritual countenance of humanity itself. Every Christian sentiment has been crushed, the light of reason eclipsed, and fulfilled have been the words of Wisdom: "They were all bound together with one chain of darkness."

It is true that the road from night to full day will

Countless times, countless people throughout the world have asked me questions regarding the opinions of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, on problems of vital interest and concern to all peoples. I have accepted the invitation of Mr. Henry La Cossitt, Editor of Collier's, to present the viewpoints of the Holy Father on some of these problems.

Francis J. Spellman **Archbishop of New York**

be long, but he who would have the Star of Peace light the world must help to give back to the human person the dignity given to him from the very beginnings; he must oppose the herding of men as if they were a mass without a soul; he must protect man's political, intellectual and moral rights. Peoples must no longer disdainfully deny the fact that moral principles are a guide to life. The terrible torrents of the war years have refuted, in a more tragic way than one could ever have imagined, those who shared this belief and spread this doctrine. Deliberately blind to the brilliance of Him Who is the splendor and light of the Father, willfully straying from Christ, man has fallen into chaos and into the denial of his own dignity.

War is an unnatural condition for mankind. Fed by hatred, envy and jealousy, the war spirit reached a peak of insane action. If mankind and democracy are to be saved there must be a return to Reason and to Charity. There must be a return to God. Otherwise there can ensue only the repetition of the horrible experiences and consequences of brutality, iniquity, destruction, annihilation. The world threatens to perish in violence because too many men lack heart—heart that is the courage and strength to govern other men with right and justice and to open their own hearts to God's great causes and man's great miseries. To enjoy true peace, men responsible for the government of peoples must renounce the cult of might against right; they must thrust aside greed and evil; they must accept the supreme authority of the Creator as the basis of all morality.

We will not renounce our confidence that the peoples who have passed through war's school of suffering will remember the heart-rending, anguishing lessons war has taught. We must not remain helpless in the midst of these ruins. The Power of God has lost nothing of its force to heal humanity. It has triumphed before over paganism. Why should it not triumph again today when sorrows and delusions demonstrate the vanity, the deception and the tragedy along the roads hitherto followed in public and private life! Peoples of this war-wrecked world now searching for new ideals have learned one supreme lesson: that an end must be put to the criminal game of war. In every land, the soul of the people draws back in horror from the cult of violence and from the brutality inherent in the methods of total warfare, whose condemnation is implicit in the welter of death and destruction that they have wrought.

A will is rising within the spirit of man, growing ever more evident and strong—the will to make this World War the last, the starting point of a new era and the impulse towards a new world in harmony with spiritual ideals and the needs of the human family. This is the one passionate desire of the martyred peoples of the world who feel a deep yearning to satisfy the need of their agonized hearts, the need for the rebirth, throughout the world, of the spirit of Christmas—the spirit of Peace on Earth to men of good will.

World peace will not by itself be born. It must be born of the Spirit. It must be rooted, nurtured, guarded and preserved in the soul of man. Hatred and the lack of mutual understanding in peoples have formed a fog too dense for Reason's light yet to penetrate. But with wisdom will come crystal-clear the realization that there is only one way of escaping from the mesh in which war and hate have wrapped the world. That way is return to unity, a unity not restricted to any one people, but a universal solidarity established on the foundation of mutual interests and common destinies of all peoples.

The gravest obstacle to this unity is the disruption of the family. War has struck at the heart of human society which is family life and wounded it unto death! War has forcibly separated husbands and wives, parents and children. It has let youth escape from the normal discipline of home and school. It has weakened the bonds of wedded life. It has released a flood of lusts. It has caused the greatest and most tragic migration of peoples in all history. It has created a vast multitude of exiles, deluded, disheartened, desolate, chained in a servitude not less despotic than the very tyrannies that the war aimed to shatter. In these homeless masses is the yeast for revolution and disorder. Sensitive to the costs of war in blood and goods, every man and every woman must realize that the fate of the family, the fate of human society, the fate of world peace rests within their hands. The women of the world especially must help reconstruct the family, resanctify the home, restore society, re-establish peace.

The Church teaches that a sound democracy is based on the changeless, unchallengeable principles of natural law and revealed truth. The Church contradicts and condemns various forms of Marxist Socialism and Atheistic Communism as enemies of Christian civilization and world peace. She contradicts and condemns them because it is her right and duty to safeguard men from currents of thought and influences that jeopardize their earthly peace and eternal salvation. She contradicts and condemns State Absolutism based on the false principle that the authority of the state is unlimited and controls the entire field of public and private life, invading even the realm of ideas, beliefs and conscience. Such denial of liberty can have only those catastrophic consequences that experience sadly shows! Whether this slavery arises from unfair exploitation by the power of the state or by the misuse or abuse of any other power, the result is the disastrous same.

In the very order of nature the world is one universal, organic society divided into social groups, nations and states, severally independent and mutually interdependent. The indispensable element in all peaceful living among nations—the very soul of the juridical relations among them—is Mutual Trust based on the belief that each party will respect its plighted word and the conviction that "better is wisdom than weapons of war." To insure and safeguard peace, peoples must be bound by moral and juridical ties builded on the solid rock of natural law and Divine Revelation; welded into a great commonwealth obligated to smother at its source any threat of isolated or collective aggression; ruled by laws which, immune from selfishness and passions, protect unity, preserve independence and promote prosperity. Tearing peoples and nations from their anchorage in this Divine Revelation—even scuttling the Law itself—has brought agony, affliction, darkness and depression, inevitable consequences of the abandonment of God.

We have always maintained and proclaimed the principle that war as a means of solving international differences is obsolete, and We have constantly striven to make Christian and religious men reject modern war with its monstrous means of conducting hostilities. Nations and their leaders must be governed and govern by God's laws if the world is to have peace, that peace which St. Augustine describes as ordered harmony among men.

A peace worthy of the name can only be a peace built and consolidated in sincerity and loyalty, in justice and reality; a peace of resolute force to overcome or preclude those economic and social conditions which might, as they did in the past, lead to new conflicts; a peace that can be approved by all right-minded men of every people and every nation; a peace which future generations will gratefully regard as the happy outcome of a fearsome period; a peace that will restore human dignity and liberty.

A peace worthy of the name must be a peace with justice which, with impartial measure, gives to each what is his and exacts from each what he owes; a justice which does not give all things to all, but to all gives love and to no one does evil; a justice which is the child of truth and the mother of freedom and greatness; a peace that under the merciful guidance of God may let us so pass through temporal prosperity that we may not lose eternal happiness.

In October, 1936, a transatlantic voyage afforded Us an opportunity of catching a glimpse with Our own eyes, of America, so young, so sturdy, so glorious. The American people have a genius for splendid and unselfish action, and into the hands of America, God has placed the destinies of afflicted humanity. May the noble flame of brotherly love be kindled in your hearts. Let it not die quenched by an unworthy, timid caution in the face of the needs of your brethren, let it be not overcome by the dust and dirt of the whirlwind of anti-Christian or non-Christian spirit. Keep alive this flame, increase it, carry it wherever there be a groan of suffering, a lament of misery, a cry of pain, and nourish it evermore with the heat of a love drawn from the Heart of the Redeemer.

Armed with the arms of spirit and heart, the merciful weapons of peace: wisdom, justice and charity, we must stand united against the wanton weapons of war: tyranny, hatred and greed. Then the griefs of the world's bereaved and the graves of their martyred dead will be sealed with the tranquillity and the glory of God's peace. ★★★

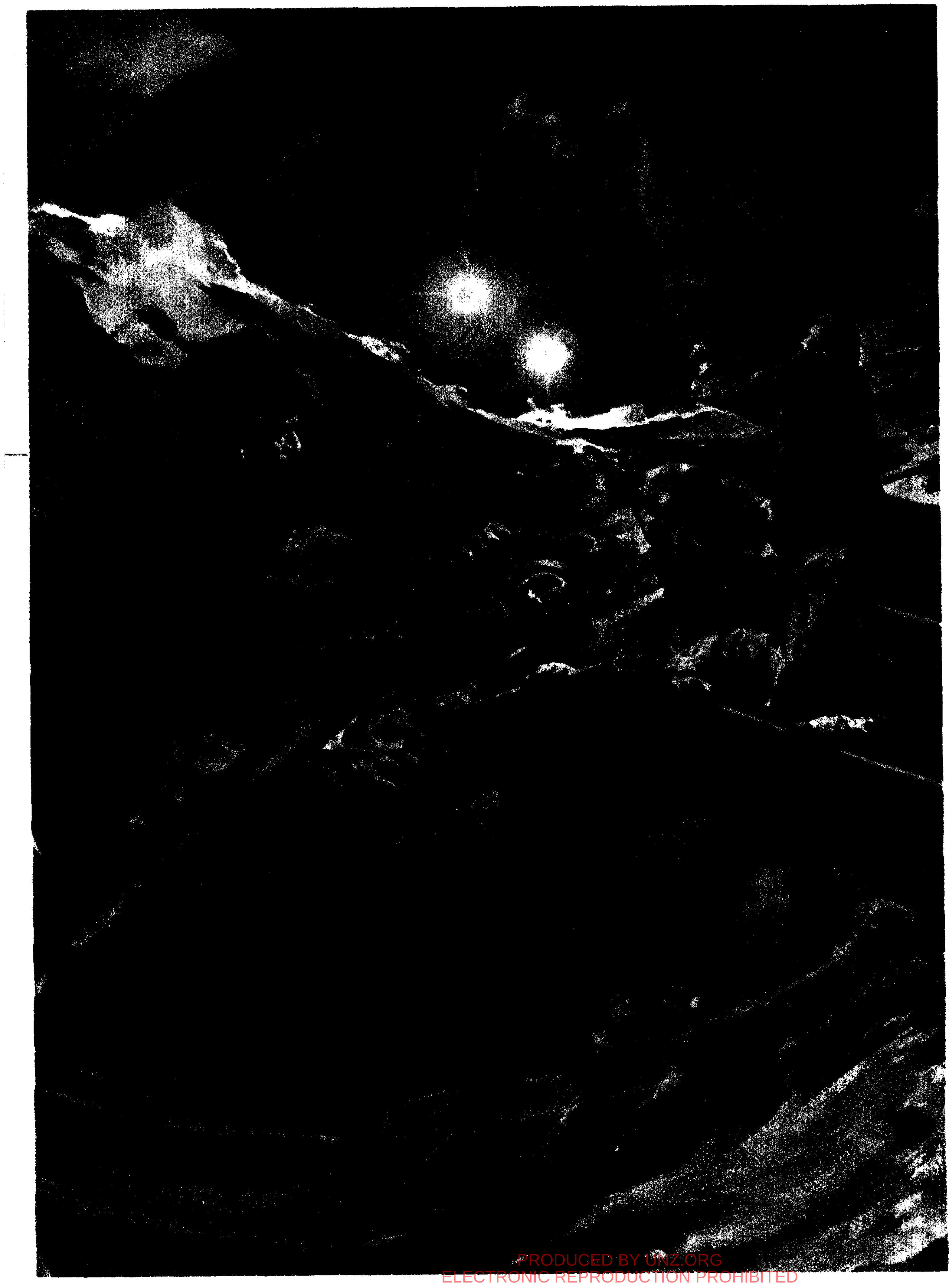
In appreciation for this article which was contributed without compensation, Collier's has made a donation to WAR RELIEF SERVICES, INC., which, without distinction of race, creed or color, distributes food and clothing to the suffering throughout forty-two war-stricken countries of the world.

MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Beginning a baffling and stirring mystery romance—the story of a girl's escape from the terror that stalked the hospital ship which rescued her and her strangely assorted companions from disaster at sea



The darkness was broken into by a sort of glow ahead. All of them watched it—dully, at intervals, preoccupied with that increasing struggle to keep alive another minute as Mickey began to send up rockets

THE three women sat miserably in the cramped stateroom and waited for orders to abandon ship. The stateroom creaked and the tiny Portuguese cargo vessel groaned and strained and came down in the trough of a wave with a shaking, trembling series of shudders so strong that Marcia held her breath, listening, thinking: Now—now the ship will be torn apart; this time it will go. Its rotten timbers cannot hold together; its long-worn and rusted bolts must pull apart.

Marcia knew that the others shared her thought. Daisy Belle's thin, fine-drawn, over-civilized face wore a taut and listening look, too, and Gili's enormous green eyes slanted to one side, warily, like those of a cat which senses danger creeping upon it.

The Lerida was three days and two nights out from Lisbon, for Buenos Aires. They had passed the Azores with all its windmills whirling; they were on the broad dark Atlantic and there was no help anywhere.

The ship gave a plunge and lurched ahead; Gili's long yellow hair hung over her face as she looked down again at the coat she was wearing; she was hunched together in the upper berth, her handsome legs drawn up to her chin. Marcia and Daisy Belle shared the lower berth which was a trifle wider. The stateroom was very small and in frantic disorder, with suitcases open and clothing strewn about. They'd had to select quickly such small articles as they could take on the lifeboat with them, when and if they had to take to the boats. Nobody had taken much, naturally: passports, such money as they had. Daisy Belle had pinned a chamois bag full of jewels under her sweater and brassière and now sat in slacks and a mink coat, her thin hair tied up in a woolen scarf, smoking a small cigar coolly and—always—listening. She'd put a flask of brandy in the pocket of her mink coat; and some morphine and more cigars. Gili had given her own battered box one contemptuous look and taken nothing from it. She, too, wore slacks and a fur coat which Daisy Belle had given her—another mink coat. Only Daisy Belle Cates, thought Marcia a little wryly, could emerge from five years of warring Europe with two mink coats. And only Daisy Belle would have presented one, casually like that, to Gili.

"You may as well take it," she'd said ten minutes ago. "If you don't, it'll only go down with the ship."

GILI had snatched the coat and put it on, looking down at herself and stroking the fur, greedily. "Suppose the ship doesn't go down. Suppose somebody picks us up. Will you want it back?"

A queer expression flickered over Daisy Belle's face. "Then you can keep it," she answered.

"Oh," said Gili, twisting around to get a glimpse of herself in the small, fuzzy mirror over the washbasin. "Good, then. Of course, if we ever get out of this, you'll have all the fur coats you want."

Daisy Belle's mouth tightened. "I doubt it."

Gili, exactly like a cat at an unexpectedly profitable garbage can, seemed almost to lick her full lips. But then you couldn't really blame her, thought Marcia wearily. In all probability Gili had actually scavenged for food, literally in garbage cans. Gili had not talked of her past during that short, now interrupted voyage; she never made an allusion or said a word that could indicate even that she had a past. She might have sprung into being just as she appeared at the dock there at Lisbon—brightly blond, luxuriantly curved, with a heavily handsome face and full, round chin and long, bright green eyes. Her blond hair had been dyed and was getting rapidly darker at the part; her eyebrows and lashes were darkened. She had a certain strength that was rather attractive in a queer way, for it went with the frank rapacity of some small, harried and hunted animal. Nobody who had not had to go without them, could enjoy food or warmth or clothing as Gili obviously did.

But then Daisy Belle Cates—with all her money and her internationally famous and social name—probably had had to scrounge for food, too, while France was occupied. . . .

Marcia, like the other women, wore slacks and two sweaters and heavy seaman's shoes. Even at that time of year it was cold on the water at night. She felt bulky and overstuffed with clothing; if the lifeboat swamped she wouldn't have a chance with all that clothing. But there wasn't a chance to keep afloat, swimming in a sea like that anyway.

If the lifeboat didn't turn over while they launched it, if it didn't capsize at the first wave, they might drift for days, before they were seen and picked up.

And they might never be picked up.

WELL, there was no use thinking of that. She got up quickly; merely to move, to stop thinking, to do something. There was nothing to do, of course; she went to the mirror and reached automatically for lipstick, pretending she wasn't afraid—and was not in the least fooled by her own pretense. How many times had she lipsticked the mouth she saw now in the mirror!

It was a good mouth—warm, and sweetly curved. It was a good face, as a matter of fact, very tanned, so her blue eyes with their black, heavy lashes, looked intensely blue. Her hair was black, smoothly drawn to a chignon at the back of her neck; she wore a snug, black beret. She didn't look frightened; she looked mainly puzzled, the black slender arches of her eyebrows drawn together.

Daisy Belle was watching her, understanding. Marcia turned and caught her clear, hard gaze. Daisy Belle said: "Seems queer, doesn't it? In another hour perhaps—all the same, you'd better get your coat on, Marcia. We're not dead yet."

Marcia lurched to the bunk and put on her fur coat; she caught a glimpse of the label, Meisser Frères, London, Paris, New York, and remembered when she'd bought that coat; it was a crisp fall day in Paris, and she'd met Mickey later in the cocktail room of the George the Fifth; they'd gone for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, with the trees a hazy pinkish bronze, and he'd bought her violets. The Maginot Line was still standing, and outwardly Paris was unchanged. By the time the next fall came around the Germans were in Paris and Mickey was in a concentration camp and she was in the cold little villa near Marseille.

Mickey suddenly opened the door and as he did so the ship plunged down, down into the trough of a wave again and nobody spoke, nobody moved until that terrible shuddering and groaning and straining ceased and, sluggishly, as if with a great effort, the ship began to climb another wave. Mickey said loudly and roughly above the tumult: "Are you ready?"

Marcia felt a sudden surge of pity for him, he looked so white. He had looked like this the day, almost a month ago now, that he'd come to her in Marseille, stumbling, white and hungry, wearing a hunted look as if the Nazis were still after him. They weren't, of course; he'd escaped and now the Americans were in Marseille and the war was over, but Mickey couldn't comprehend it physically.

He knew it in his mind, but his tortured, starved, sensitive body still cringed; he hated lighted places and people; he slunk along, his blond head bent and his shoulders slumped and his eyes darting quick, surreptitious glances this way and that. It had made her heart ache to contrast this present war-scarred Mickey with the Mickey she had once known—who walked so confidently, head up, shoulders back, smiling and easy upon a concert stage; who bent so effortlessly and yet so full of power over the keyboard. And his hands! She couldn't bear even to think of his hands, those beautiful, strong, square-fingered musician's hands, now so scarred and mangled.

She got up again, staggering as the ship staggered; Gili slid down from the upper bunk and lurched toward Mickey and seized his lapels in her strong hands. "Mickey, Mickey," she cried. "This is horrible. I don't want to leave the ship. I'm afraid."

The captain's voice snapped out like a whiplash. "Mr. Messac," he said, "I am master of this ship. Please allow me . . ." "You are making it unnecessarily hard for Miss Colfax," said Mickey

It was queer how alert, how receptive to small impressions your mind could be in a moment of danger. Marcia thought swiftly that Mickey had learned patience; he had been patient, even kind, with Gili, ever since she had joined their small party. Luther and Daisy Belle Cates, herself and Mickey, Gili—all trying to get away from Europe, joining forces in Lisbon because they had drifted together, because they had got passage together on this small, dirty cargo boat, which was now going down.

Mickey said, patiently, looking down at Gili: "We've got to abandon ship. Come on—"

Daisy Belle put out her cigar as carefully as if she intended to return. "Where is Luther?"

"He's on deck. Hurry."

"I hope he's wrapped himself up. He catches such frightful colds. He's had pneumonia twice. And with his heart—"

"Hurry," said Mickey again. "They're waiting—"

"I won't go," screamed Gili suddenly. "I won't go—"

There were sounds from the passageway beyond Mickey; somebody ran past shouting something in Portuguese. Mickey dragged Gili's clutching hands away and shouted above the tumult: "Come on—I tell you they're waiting—"

So this was what it was to abandon ship; something you never thought to find yourself doing. The passageways were no different; just as narrow and dark and smelling as strongly of stale cooking, as they'd been all along. These steps, this ladder—Marcia followed Mickey, and Gili followed her and Daisy Belle came last. They got on deck, and wind and spray and darkness flung themselves upon their faces so they leaned against the nearest bulkhead. Mickey shouted: "Keep together—"

There was no sign of the ship's captain; there was tumult, voices shouting all around them, but Marcia could distinguish no words. The lights were thin, diffused, so running, moving figures were blurs of blackness. She felt Mickey's hand and reached backward vaguely for Daisy Belle but Luther came out of the chaos, his thin, bony face vaguely white. "Where's Daisy Belle?" he shouted. Marcia tried to tell him she was near. There was a rattle and clatter as if of chains, and something bumped hard against the ship. There was a loud kind of shriek and scream of metal somewhere near. Daisy Belle's voice rose shrilly, telling Luther not to leave her. Then seamen were lifting Marcia through the furious darkness and chaos and clamor of storm and night and wind. She could feel their arms and swift motions and could barely see their faces. Suddenly she was in the lifeboat.

She moved over on the seat; Daisy Belle was beside her. Others, dim shapes, with blurred white faces were in the boat, too. Two of them, seamen apparently, were shouting at each other in Portuguese, their voices angry-sounding and rough with terror.

When they began to lower the lifeboat it was horrible to feel motion and to be able to see so little. The lights of the ship were tilted crazily, perhaps they themselves were tilted. The whole world resolved itself into an insane pattern of noise, of light, of darkness, of tumult, of spray—and of cold. "She's going down," shouted Luther suddenly in a high, shrill voice. "For God's sake, hurry."

Mickey was there; quite suddenly he came, lurching from the roar and tumult and crazy quilt of motion. "It's okay," he was shouting. "It's okay—now then—" But they dropped down, down, down, as if there were never any end to that drop; a wave broke; there was salty cold water everywhere. They were going to be capsized.

MARCIA reached backward into the wetness and darkness. Mickey wasn't there. She clutched the seat beneath her. Some force seemed to come up strongly under the little boat, pushing it upward, and there was air again in their faces. Luther Cates was swearing and Gili somewhere was screaming. And then Marcia knew the lifeboat was moving, pulling away from the ship which already stood out a black bulk with lights above them. "We made it," said Daisy Belle harshly. They started then, again, down the long, long, horrible glide into the trough of a wave.

Nobody in the lifeboat knew when or even if the ship went down. Sometime in the maelstrom her few tilting, blinking lights simply disappeared and nobody noticed it. If other lifeboats were successfully lowered they did not know that either. Their only preoccupation was the darkness, the waves, the cold, the sea water; the long, sickening glides down, when it seemed that every second was to be that second which would pitch them into the sea—and then the equally long and equally sickening thrust upward. All existence became a matter of clinging to the boat, of huddling together—of trying to row, of trying to bail out sea water. It was a completely instinctive, and completely primitive struggle with wind and waves and cold.

Marcia did not know when she became aware of some of the others in the lifeboat: Alfred Castiogne was there and giving orders about rowing and bailing. He was one of the ship's officers, and a sudden, more or less violent flirtation had sprung up between him and Gili on the ship. He was behind Marcia now, at the rudder. She could occasionally hear his shouts above the crash of the waves. There were herself and Mickey, Gili, and Luther and Daisy Belle Cates. There were two of the Lerida seamen. It was a small boat but it was not full. Once she wondered vaguely why more people from the Lerida had not accompanied them, but they were the only passengers so she supposed that the others, the seamen and ship's officers, had either remained with the ship or taken other lifeboats.

Once there was a sort of lull, and Daisy Belle made them drink from her flask of brandy. Marcia's hands were so numb she could scarcely feel the flask. They passed it around, from one awkward, fumbling hand to another. From time to time the men changed places, moved about; Marcia was aware only of the motion, not of the time and order of any of it. Alfred Castiogne and Luther seemed to be directing the efforts of the men to keep the boat from being swamped. Luther had had some experience with small boats. Alfred Castiogne was a big, dark ruffian of a man, strong as an ox; he took long turns rowing. Once Marcia caught the flash of his white teeth and smelled garlic as he crowded between her and Daisy Belle to crawl forward. Not that there was much use rowing, Marcia thought dimly, but she supposed it was better to try to attack the waves than to be resigned and swamped by them.

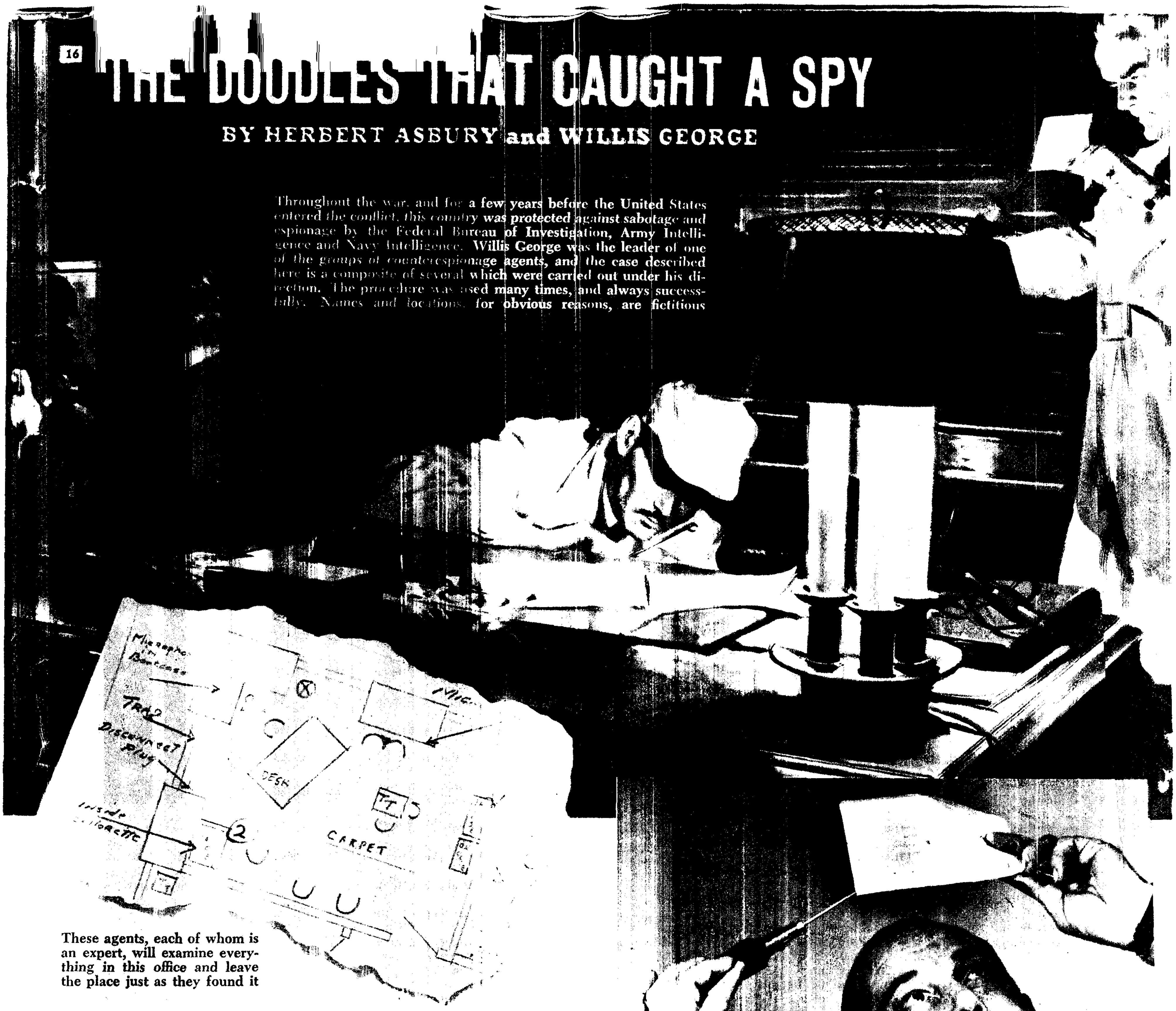
Marcia never knew, either, when or how she began to feel that they might ride out the storm. Not that, by then, she cared. Nobody cared; they were too numb, too cold, too desperately tired. Sometime, years and years and years after they had gone down into that black and heaving water, Marcia thought in some faraway recess of her mind: I can see Mickey's shoulders. How horribly tired he looks.

(Continued on page 32)

THE DOODLES THAT CAUGHT A SPY

BY HERBERT ASBURY and WILLIS GEORGE

Throughout the war, and for a few years before the United States entered the conflict, this country was protected against sabotage and espionage by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Army Intelligence and Navy Intelligence. Willis George was the leader of one of the groups of counterespionage agents, and the case described here is a composite of several which were carried out under his direction. The procedure was used many times, and always successfully. Names and locations, for obvious reasons, are fictitious



These agents, each of whom is an expert, will examine everything in this office and leave the place just as they found it

ONLY the superintendent knew that the two men who came into the building every night shortly before midnight, and then spent the next three or four hours working in a small room in the basement, were American counterespionage agents. The other employees—it was a large office structure in Chicago and half a dozen men worked on the elevators and elsewhere at night—at first thought they were engineers testing a new air-raid detection device. But finally an elevator operator asked one of them bluntly what he was up to.

"Well," said the agent, "you know how it is. A rich dame wants to get something on a guy, so . . ."

"Oh," the operator said, "a couple of divorce dicks."

The building employees had frequently been questioned by private detectives about the movements of various tenants, and to them a divorce case was old stuff. Beyond speculating as to who the guy might be and how much money the rich dame was spending, they thought little about the activities of the agents, because they fell into a familiar pattern. And that was precisely the sort of cover the agents wanted; it enabled them to carry on unhampered by dangerous curiosity.

Each night they found the little basement room literally bulging with burlap sacks, all properly labeled. These sacks contained scrap paper and other refuse collected by the building's cleaning staff from offices on the tenth and twelfth floors. There was a huge quantity of the stuff, but most of it was a blind.

The agents were interested only in the material from an elaborate suite on the twelfth floor, occupied by Stephen K. Ziggly, who had come to this country from a neutral European capital a few months before the United States entered the war. Everything that came from Ziggly's offices was examined under magnifying glasses, tested for invisible writing and, if necessary, photographed. Whatever could be identified as having been collected from Ziggly's own wastebasket was set aside for further study.

Ostensibly, Ziggly's business was banking and insurance, in both of which he had an international reputation. But American authorities suspected that he had other and more important business, that he had been sent to this country to organize and operate a Nazi spy ring. Unknown to him, Ziggly had been under investigation by American agents in Europe for almost a year, and while nothing had been discovered that could be described as legal evidence, his activities had aroused suspicion. He maintained his own banking and insurance in the neutral capital, but most of his connections were in Germany.

(Continued on page 27)

IFOR THOMAS

Willis George demonstrates a light with which a letter may be examined without opening the envelope. If the contents are suspicious, the letter will be opened and the envelope resealed without a chance of detection

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

BY RICHARD STERN

After all, you can't really blame Charlie—the girl was much too smart to be beautiful, and a great deal too beautiful to be safe

THEY met the morning Troy returned to the plane factory after her vacation. Charlie, prowling the drafting room after a two-hour conference with his assistant project engineers, saw her for the first time, perched on her high stool with a sharp pencil in her hand and her curly hair rumpled, bent over an opened blueprint. She was frowning at the print as if she did not like what she saw there.

Charlie leaned against a pillar and watched her idly for a moment and then he saw the badge clipped to the waistband of her trousers and saw, by its shape, that she was not a clerk or a draftsman, but a salaried engineer, and the realization jarred him with more than casual force. Economy burned in his eye. He looked around until he located Bert Tukes, the equipment group engineer, then summoned him peremptorily and together they stood in the lee of the pillar. Charlie pointed cautiously. "Who," he demanded, "is that? The one with the hair?"

Bert looked. He took the pipe out of his mouth. "That," he said, "is the genius who thought up and laid out the air-conditioning system you've been gloating over."

Charlie eyed him severely but found no levity. "Andrews," he said slowly. "Troy Andrews."

Bert nodded. "She's been on vacation since before you were reconverted." He looked at Charlie over the top of his glasses. "You left her on yourself, as a matter of fact, when you swung your ax and laid off half my people."

"I left Troy Andrews on the basis of the air-conditioning idea," Charlie said. He peered around the pillar again, like a squirrel around a tree. "But she's a woman." And his tone clearly implied fraud.

Bert nodded solemnly. "I've noticed that myself," he said dryly. He took his pipe out of his mouth. "You want this flying hunk of luxury of ours to be air-conditioned, or don't you?"

Charlie said nothing. He stood against the pillar and rubbed his lean face pensively.

Bert called: "Troy!" He saw the sudden frown on Charlie's face, but he ignored it and beckoned to the girl. She climbed off her stool and came over to them, a slim, proud, graceful figure, with the frown still on her smooth face and her short, curly hair still rumpled.

"This," said Bert, "is the legendary C. Peters, our new project boss, back at Atlas again after settling the recent international unpleasantness. Miss Andrews, Mr. Peters."

Troy said politely: "How do you do, Mr. Peters?"

Charlie nodded and clung to his pillar and glared at Bert.

BERT got out a match and struck it and applied it to his pipe with careful deliberation, enjoying the silence. He loosed clouds of smoke and blew out the match and looked from Charlie to the girl and back to Charlie again. He said, finally: "Mr. Peters is happy about your air-conditioning ideas, Troy. He is not happy about your sex." He waved his hand airily. "Mr. Peters is shy," he added, "so I speak for him."

Charlie said grimly: "I wish you'd shut up, Bert."

There was more silence. Bert puffed thoughtfully on his pipe. Troy stood quietly, her hands relaxed at her sides and her slim shoulders square.

"I," said Charlie, "uh—"

Bert nodded understandingly. He took the pipe from his mouth. "I've known him since he came here fresh out of M.I.T.," he explained to Troy, "bursting with ideas to revolutionize the industry. I learned to understand him. What he means to say is that he is allergic to all women, and particularly to those in pants."

Troy said tartly: "Perhaps it would be better if I didn't wear pants."

Charlie writhed against his pillar. "It's an idea," Bert said.

Troy said angrily: "I mean—"

"It's all right," Bert said soothingly. "I'm a married man. I understand these things."

"I like your air-conditioning design," Charlie blurted.

"But you don't like my sex," Troy snapped, "and I don't know what I can do to change it." Her smooth face was set and there was deep anger in her eyes.

Bert got out another match and relighted his pipe and let the silence hang like a fog. And when his pipe was bubbling happily, he brushed the smoke away with his hands and moved for adjournment. "I think we've settled about all we can at this meeting," he said. "Maybe we'd better break it up." He turned back to his group and Troy followed him and Charlie loosed hold of his pillar and went brooding back to his office.

He sat for a time and then he buzzed for his secretary and asked her to bring him the file on air-conditioning and when it was on his desk, he went through the correspondence from the airlines and through the Atlas replies and the half-dozen tentative design presentations, none of which was worth the powder and shot to blow it up, a fact which the airline correspondence pointed out with emphasis. The first letter in the file was dated 1940; the discussions, then, had raged all during the five years of Charlie's absence from Atlas. He squirmed and dug farther through the file and found the interdepartmental communications from the sales branch, pointing out to the engineering department that in the face of rival company promises to these same airlines, Atlas had better whip up something to keep the passengers cool and warm and happy in the air and on the ground, or just forget the whole thing and trot out a design for a good washing machine.

Charlie put the file aside, dragged out the new design layouts and isometrics, and studied them with care. They were good. They were first-class. They were not startling, not revolutionary, but they were sound. The airlines would like the new design; the sales department would like it; even the tooling people would like it as much as they ever liked any change. And at the bottom of each vellum, written in neat, capable lettering, was the name Troy Andrews. Charlie frowned at the name and rubbed his lean face hard and long and thought unpleasant thoughts about women who forsook their femininity and invaded men's bailiwicks.

He was still glaring at the vellums when the phone rang in the outer office; after a moment his own buzzer sounded. He picked up the phone. "Peters," he said.

It was Jones, the tough little chief project engineer. "Sales," said Jones, "is shouting for help. Again. They have a contingent from South America with a fat loan in their pockets and a yen to buy some airplanes. Sales has been hauling them around and feeding them liquor and rumba music and showing them pictures and giving them demonstration rides. It isn't enough. Sales wants to know do we have any new gimmicks up our sleeve that might clinch the deal."

Charlie's eyes were still on the vellums spread out in front of him. He thought of the file he had gone through. He said slowly: "Like an air-conditioning design?"

There was silence for a moment. Charlie could almost see Jones hauling facts out of that amazing memory of his, pushing the Atlas bombers and the Atlas fighter and the two Atlas bombers and the four Atlas experimental jobs out of his mind and concentrating on the transport and on the history of its development. Jones said: "I've seen a lot of proposals in the last five years and none of them was fit to air-condition a doghouse. Which one do you have in mind?"

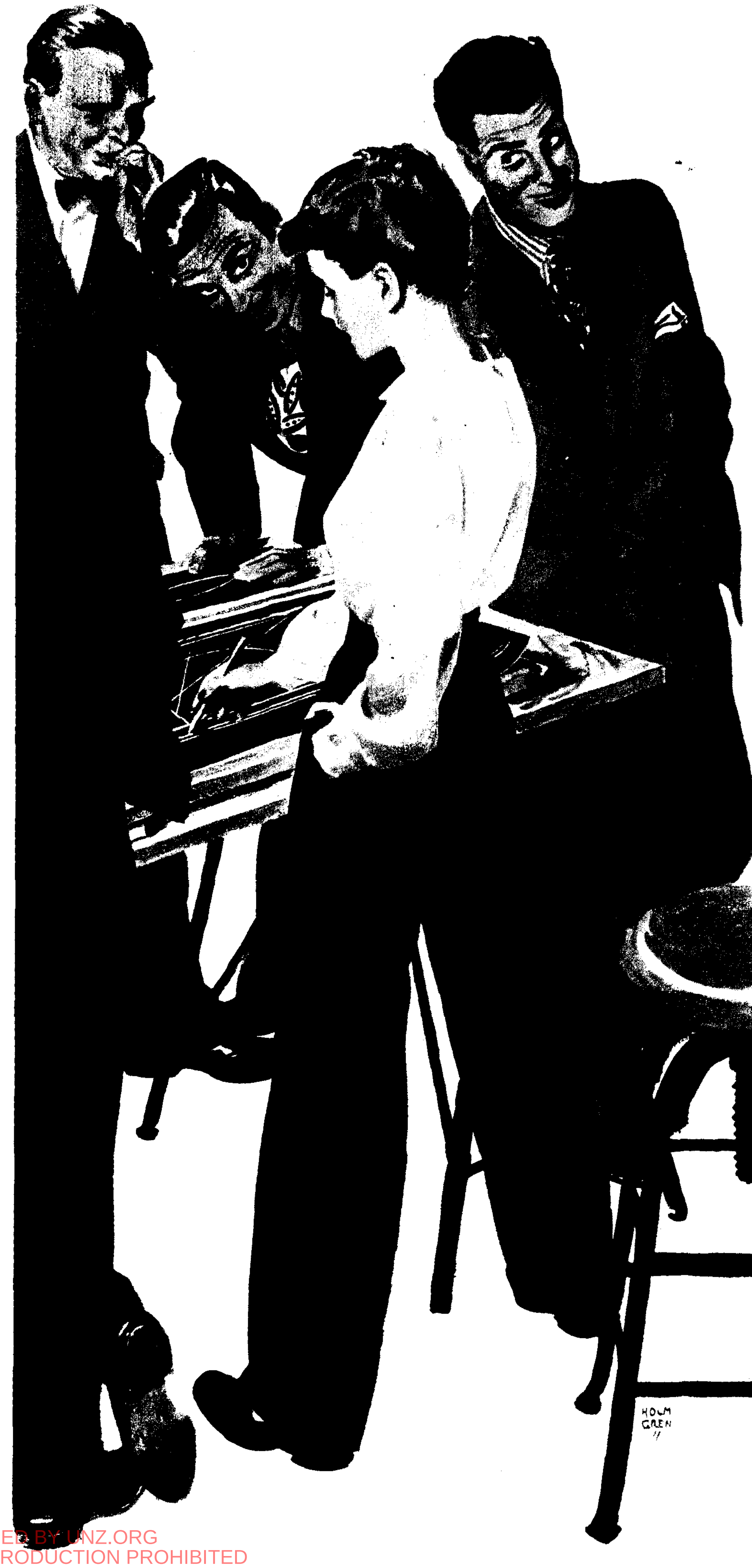
"A new one," Charlie said. "A brand-new one that will work." He hoped he was right. The design looked good, but in the details there might be bugs that would ruin the whole idea. He had seen that before. "Will that do it?" he asked.

"It'll do it," Jones said slowly. "If you're right, that is. These Latin Americans aren't stupid." He paused for a moment. "All right," he said finally. "I'll call sales and tell them to bring their pigeons to you."

Charlie said: "You want to see the layouts first?"

"No," Jones said flatly. "You're the project

(Continued on page 54)



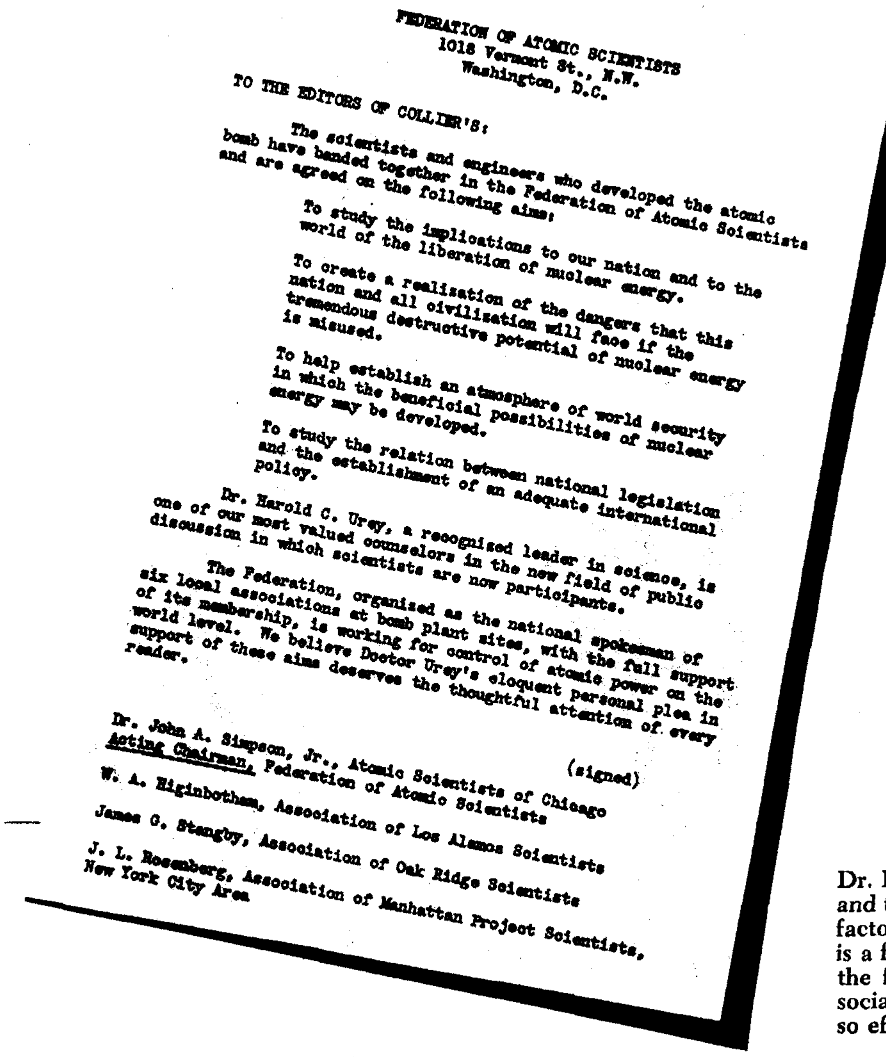
Charlie watched Troy's moving pencil and found himself listening to her and forgetting that she was a woman with no right to know such things

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I'M A FRIGHTENED MAN

BY DR. HAROLD C. UREY

As told to Michael Amrine



FEDERATION OF ATOMIC SCIENTISTS
1018 Vermont St., N.W.
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS OF COLLIER'S:

The scientists and engineers who developed the atomic bomb have banded together in the Federation of Atomic Scientists and are agreed on the following aims:

To study the implications to our nation and to the world of the liberation of nuclear energy.

To create a realization of the dangers that this nation and all civilization will face if the tremendous destructive potential of nuclear energy is misused.

To help establish an atmosphere of world security in which the beneficial possibilities of nuclear energy may be developed.

To study the relation between national legislation and the establishment of an adequate international policy.

Dr. Harold C. Urey, a recognized leader in science, is one of our most valued counselors in the new field of public discussion in which scientists are now participants.

The Federation, organized as the national spokesman of six local associations at bomb plant sites, with the full support of its membership, is working for control of atomic power on the world level. We believe Doctor Urey's eloquent personal plea in support of these aims deserves the thoughtful attention of every reader.

(signed)

Dr. John A. Simpson, Jr., Atomic Scientists of Chicago
Acting Chairman, Federation of Atomic Scientists

W. A. Higinbotham, Association of Los Alamos Scientists

James G. Stangby, Association of Oak Ridge Scientists

J. L. Rosenberg, Association of Manhattan Project Scientists, New York City Area

IKE VERN—P.M.

Dr. Harold C. Urey is a professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago. He achieved world fame, and the Nobel prize in Science, for his discovery in 1934 of the heavy isotope of hydrogen, an important factor in nuclear energy research. Dr. Urey is probably the most social-minded American scientist, and is a former chairman of the University Federation for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom. He joined the federal atomic energy project in 1941, and has since been deeply concerned with the political-social implications of the atomic bomb. Testifying before Congress, he said that world control must be so effective that no nation can manufacture atomic bombs without instant detection and punishment

I WRITE this to frighten you. I'm a frightened man, myself. All the scientists I know are frightened—frightened for their lives—and frightened for *your* life.

For the past few weeks we have been in Washington giving our advice—when we are asked—concerning the potentialities of the atomic bomb. In so doing, we have naturally learned a good deal about the potentialities of politics. What we have learned has increased our fears.

I say to you—and I wish I could say it face to face—that we who have lived for years in the shadow of the atomic bomb are well acquainted with fear, and it is a fear you should share if we are intelligently to meet our problems. We were dealing with unknowns in the structure of matter. Now, in thinking about world control, mankind is dealing with new and unknown factors in the structure of international civilization. Here political leaders must pioneer as scientists have pioneered. At present they are extremely reluctant to do so, partially because they have not lived daily with this subject as atomic scientists have done for years. It is hard for anyone who did not live through it to comprehend the suspense of that atomic arms race.

As soon as it appeared that scientists would accomplish this mission, we lived in fear that Germany might capture the secret before we did. We knew enough to know this would mean the end of our countries as we loved them—the obliteration of London, Washington, New York, Detroit, or Los Alamos and Oak Ridge. That terrible fear was heightened whenever we read newspaper reports of "mysterious explosions" along the French coast, or commando raids on "research stations," which we later learned to have been V-2 laboratories.

My point is this: A few years from now, that fear may come home to you. By that time you will no longer feel so relaxed and carefree—happy that the war is over. A few years from now, *you* may be wondering what is going on behind the locked doors of laboratories all over the world, just as we once wondered, night and day. Then you will understand our suspense and know why we were frightened—but then it may be too late. Now, in Washington, we have learned a new fear: We are afraid of what politicians and diplomats may do with the atomic bomb.

Perhaps you are thinking this scientist is not going to talk about science—he is going to talk about politics. He has no right to do that. What does he know about politics?

I know this: I hear people talking about the possible use of the atomic bomb in war.

As a scientist, I tell you *there must never be another war.*

As to how to avoid war, you do not want any detailed opinions on a World Government or the machinery which might be set up by the Big Three or the Security Council of the United Nations. A scientist is not fitted to do the job of the diplomats and the politicians. We are now seeing world diplomats rising to new levels of statesmanship in their understanding and leadership in atomic problems.

Technical and Political Viewpoints

But there are certain aspects of this thing which are both technical and political—for example, the question of international inspection. In addition, we scientists can speak as citizens. As citizens we are people who have had more time than the rest of you to think about the political possibilities of the bomb. We do not begin to know all the answers. But by this time, we know the questions.

Our stay in Washington has shown me that, despite all the reams of material which have been written about this, a dangerous proportion of politicians apparently does not know or understand *the questions.*

For example, they keep asking us, "Won't there be some defense against the atomic bomb?"

I have never heard—and you have never heard—any scientist say there is any scientific defense against the atomic bomb.*

In the world as we know it there is no conceivable barrier which could keep any possible plane from somehow getting through from one country to another. Furthermore, the mere presence of the bomb cannot be detected by any "magical" means, and it is of such a size that it could fairly easily be smuggled in pieces from one country and assembled in another to await explosion at the touch of a distant radio control.

I do not know that it would even be necessary to knock out 40 or 50 cities with 40 or 50 bombs. In a country possessing excellent news communications, is it not possible that when a few cities are atomically destroyed, panic might empty the remaining cities and thus destroy the power of that country to resist?

You may say that bombing failed to reduce the will-to-resist of the British or even of the German people. But the atomic bomb is entirely different from other bombs.

Ordinary bombs do damage in a relatively small area. Relatively few persons are killed by any single bomb of the older type. If an ordinary bomb, even a block-buster, explodes in a city block, that block is horribly shattered, but unless the bomb lands near a theater or public meeting place, relatively few persons die. The bomb may kill, say, 500 persons, and wound others. Ambulances rush to the scene. Rescue crews dig through the rubble. Wounded are sped to a hospital. Survivors thank their lucky stars and continue to hope the next bomb will also miss them.

But in an atomic explosion, thousands die within a fraction of a second. In the immediate area, there is nothing left standing. There are no walls. They are vanished into dust and smoke. There are no wounded. There are not even bodies. At the center, a fire many times hotter than any fire we have known has pulverized buildings and human beings into nothingness.

The report of the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey showed that in Germany, incendiaries did *eight times the damage done by high explosives.* A single atomic bomb has the effect not only of 20,000 tons of TNT, but in addition starts a fire of hurricane intensity. Through the blitz, London saved itself with an army of volunteer fire fighters. In the war of the future there would be precious few fire fighters

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**See Air Power in the Atomic Age, by General Carl A. Spaatz, in Collier's for December 8, 1945.*

left. For the majority of wounded, there would be no hope of hospitals. The heart of a great city like London, representing centuries of human struggle and art and sacrifice, would simply vanish in a flash of fire and light. As atomic bombs are further developed, the will-to-fight will not lengthen the life of an attacked city five minutes. If such a bomb fell on London, there would be no London. There would be few Londoners.

A British scientist, Dr. M. L. Oliphant, has publicly stated that much bigger atomic bombs may soon be achieved. The Hiroshima bomb was equal to 20,000 tons of TNT. He thinks bombs of the future will be equal to a million or two million tons of TNT.

Against this the only imaginable "scientific defense" would not actually be a defense, but a retreat. I refer to the dispersion of cities. America has 200 cities with populations of more than 50,000—altogether we have a population of more than 50 million living in cities. To move them in a fantastic flight from the consequence of our evil genius would be an incredibly large project, larger even than the mass migrations of peoples of Europe since the rise of Hitler. No one can scientifically estimate such a project in terms of money—but someone has made a guess at $250,000,000,000.

Because America is such an industrialized country, with such large populations concentrated in exposed cities, *the effect of the atomic bomb will be to weaken America's military position.* Military weakness will be measured in an interim stage not in terms of industries or navies or air power, but by the amount of urban concentration. In this interim period England's position, for example, will be all but hopeless.

An atomic arms race would soon reach a saturation point. If we are determined to make them, we can have a stock pile of 10,000 atomic bombs. So could other great powers. As soon as opposing nations have enough bombs to ruin one another's cities, you will actually have an armaments race which ends in a tie. The side which shoots first will win.

Such thinking leads scientists to say this bomb must not be used again for any purpose, not even "to enforce international justice." Suppose a small nation should begin mistreating its neighbor, in defiance of international law, treaties, or common decency. Regardless of how guilty the *rulers* of that nation might be, do you think it would be right for the great powers or an international police force to strike that nation a blow which would kill tens of thousands of innocents and cripple the culture and economy of that small nation for generations?

Intelligent men say no! Mankind's solution does not lie in overwhelming force, any more than the safety of individual persons in a large city lies in their knowledge of jujitsu, or their ability to throw hand grenades. The safety of countries in the future, like our personal safety in cities, must rest on the *law and conscience of man,* backed by a vigilant world patrol, and the intelligent use of light arms.

Yet the scientists in Washington hear people talking of the possibility of another war. They read statements of generals and admirals which imply there could be another war. Let us do some more thinking about *that next war which must never be.*

Two outstanding things to remember about the bomb are:

1. It is much more powerful than anything previously known.

2. It could be a weapon of complete surprise—and probably will be.

Military men, who proverbially "prepare for the last war," frequently think of the bomb in terms of air power, as dropped from an airplane. It is much more apt to be used as a war head in a V-2 rocket traveling faster than sound.*

A Combination with Terrible Possibilities

As England knows, with present knowledge it is impossible to devise means of intercepting V-2s. The V-2 and the atomic bomb, militarily speaking, are made for each other—the V-2 at present cannot land on a precision point, but it can land in a general area. The atomic bomb is a weapon which needs only to go off in the general area to demolish its target.

But remember that if we continue to think of a world of force instead of law, still more likely is the use of an improved model of the atomic bomb as a mine. Some congressmen are slow to grasp this thought: such an atomic bomb exploded at Washington's Union Station would blast the marble of the Capitol into powder finer than flour.

We might not even know who had set that bomb. We might have been in a diplomatic crisis with one nation while yet another aggressor had planted the actual bomb. So we could have something new in the world, indeed—an Anonymous War. This could be the ultimate blindness brought to a world which would not open its eyes to the possibilities of a new age.

Many of us thought the possibilities would be so apparent that when humanity saw what science had done, it would see immediately that here was the end of war; that this must be the end of war forever and ever. When we went into this project we hoped that we would find and prove that it could not be done. When it seemed possible, we worked to get it before Japan or Germany. We thought the democracies would use it wisely to end the war to end all wars.

One idea was to drop the bomb on some vacant territory in Japan just to show that we had it. That might very well have ended the war. After all, Japan did surrender with an intact army, proving that it is possible to knock out a nation psychologically. I am certain one bomb would have knocked out Japan if its political leaders had been in a position to listen to the nuclear physicists. Apparently the Japanese did not listen, any more than some of our leaders have listened to America's physicists. Jap slowness of comprehension cost them dearly. At Hiroshima, men were killed. At Nagasaki they committed suicide. Further slowness of comprehension will mean further and more terrible mass suicide.

Several of us have listened to men who studied the damage at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They confirm our belief that ending this menace—this menace to New Orleans or London or Paris—is the most important thing in the world today. As the scientists see it—and they are remarkably near unanimity—there is only one answer: *World Control.*

Slowly we are losing our original illusions. There is no secret. There is no defense. The bomb is essentially cheap—compared with the cost of other weapons and their comparative effectiveness the bomb is the cheapest war weapon in the world.

When you are talking about World Control you are, in a sense, talking politics. Most scientists, I think, prefer to view their present interest as "social awareness." It is as if a bacteriologist had discovered a dread disease which might lead to a disastrous epidemic. He would not be a "politician" if he asked that the city health commission take measures to deal with a plague. He would merely be demonstrating common decency and social awareness of what his discovery meant to human lives. So in this case the discoverers plead for a commission.

In the past, most attempts to set up an international agency for world co-operation have broken up over one main issue. Soon you will be hearing much about it: national sovereignty.

The desire for national sovereignty, the right of a nation to do as it pleases, was of course behind the "veto power" given in the Security Council of the *(Continued on page 50)*

**See Tomorrow the Moon, by G. Edward Pendray, in Collier's for September 22, 1945.*

IKE VERN—PIX

Dr. Leo Szilard was a member of the National Defense Research Committee, which supervised all work in the field of atomic energy before the government took over. "The biggest secret was given away with the use of the atomic bomb," he informed congressmen. "The bomb profoundly and unfavorably affects our military position"

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, former professor of physics at California Institute of Technology, now directs the government's Los Alamos laboratory. He assembled the first atomic bomb at the test-firing site. Testifying before the Senate, he said: "There are no specific countermeasures for atomic bombs. There never will be"

ALBERT FENN—PIX

Dr. Arthur Compton was chairman of the committee appointed in 1941 to evaluate the military importance of uranium, and was in charge of fundamental studies of the chain reaction during the development of the bomb. He told Congress that control must insure that nations which have atomic bombs will never make use of them

The Flowers that Bloom—Perhaps

BY RUTH CARSON

Orchids can make a girl's heart beat faster, and they can break a man's heart if he's growing them. Here's the lowdown on the loveliest and most exotic of blooms

IT TAKES patience and a gambler's spirit to raise orchids. Start from seed, and you wait seven years at the very least for blooms—meanwhile tending those plants like babies. If you've started, what's more, by crossing one orchid with another, heaven alone knows what the offspring will look like. Orchid raisers have waited eleven years to see.

But such is the fascination of these exotic, unearthly blooms, that thousands of avid amateurs all over the world raise them, almost worshipfully. And even commercial growers, who make every pot of orchids pay its way, put heart as well as cash into the business.

Take the Thomas Young Nurseries in Bound Brook, New Jersey, where most of these pictures were taken. Thomas Young is the biggest grower of orchids in the country. The mile and a half of greenhouses comes close to resembling the assembly line in a factory, from ranks of test tubes growing seedlings, through continuous lines of red clay pots filled with insignificant spikes of green, to the final plants with their cloud of heavenly bloom, totaling half a million blossoms a year. Any plant that weakens and can't promise to produce flowers to pay its keep is knocked right off the assembly line. But there's nothing hard-boiled about the way Godfrey Erickson, head of the greenhouses, handles his plants.

He droops with the weaklings. He expands with joy over the healthy ones. In a crucial season he stays up all night, checking temperatures and humidities in the greenhouses, taking no chances with night watchmen. In the spring he goes through a panic of decision, watching the sun and figuring just how much cloth to draw under the glass of the greenhouses for shade. In the fall, he worries in reverse.

Loving Care Pays Dividends

"You have to like them and they grow," he says. It works. Thomas Young orchids thrive and pay.

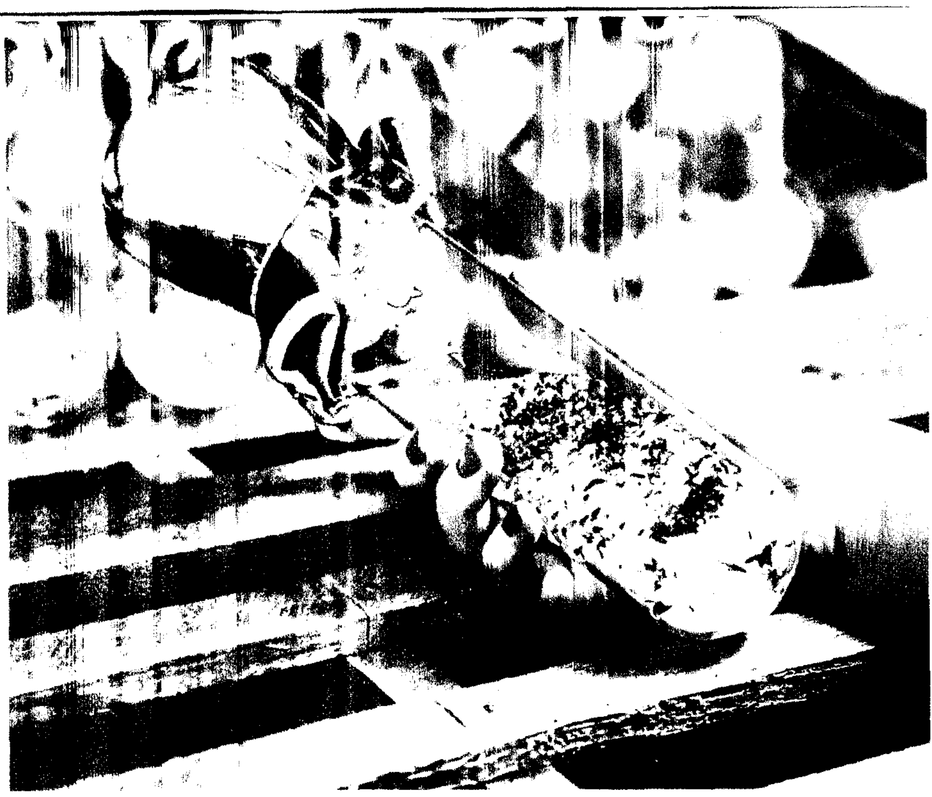
When you raise orchids for fun, you don't have to care whether they pay. You don't even have to have a greenhouse. One amateur in Florida rigged up an orchid house out of some secondhand windows. Glass cases often house orchid collections. Of course, orchids, like the lady's-slipper and the fragrant, delicate lady's-tresses, grow in your own woodland without any trouble at all. And Captain Robert Scully of the U.S. Army and Columbus, Ohio, has grown orchids in pots in his living room. Orchids are the coming number-one house plant, he says.

But don't get yourself that house plant unless you're willing to face the consequences, for it's possible you'll find yourself with a full-time hobby on your hands. That's what happened to Mr. Rodney Wilcox Jones, a New York businessman whose wife presented him with a pot of orchids for his birthday, twenty years ago.

Now, Mr. Jones has over 4,000 varieties of orchids in the greenhouses back of his house in New Rochelle. You see a few of them in the picture across the page. He maintains nine different temperatures and humidities in the greenhouses, so that his plants can enjoy the same atmosphere they had in their native haunts, whether in cool upland or steamy jungle. They come from all over the world.

He has gone into the jungles of South and Central America to fetch some of them. Sol-

Orchid seeds, fine as flour, come half a million to a pod, are grown six to nine months in sterile test tubes on agar agar soaked with nutritive solution



Stoppered with cotton covered with oiled silk, tubes are kept at 66°. Seventy per cent loss may occur when seedlings move to community pots

diers in the Pacific have sent him orchids, too. He has one from Corregidor and several from Saipan.

One joy of being an amateur instead of a commercial grower is that you can grow what you please out of the 15,000 or so species of orchids. Thomas Young specializes in Cattleyas, those giant orchidaceous orchids that most people mean when they say orchid.

Mr. Jones grows Cattleyas, too. But his favorites are a collection of orchids from South and Central America that he calls botanicals. Some of these orchids are no bigger than the nail on your little finger. One is a lovely spray of blooms called "Birds in Flight."

A Blossom for Every Day

"There isn't a day of the year that I don't have some bloom," he said, plucking a dusky Cymbidium from Java, with curious long-tail petals hanging down like a mandarin's whiskers; a spotted, china-white blossom off a plant sent from New Guinea by a soldier; a spray of orange blossoms with reddish hearts. . . . Orchids come all shapes, and are not all orchid in color.

Until they acquired a thousand orchid plants, the Joneses tended them alone. Now they have two helpers. Mr. Jones is glad that two of his four sons are gradually taking over his knitting-mill business, for he'd rather stay home with his orchids. He has a lot of extra homework to do, too, because he is president of the American Orchid Society, an organization of 1,500 members, chiefly amateurs. He contributes regularly to the monthly bulletin of the Society, and answers mail that may run into a hundred letters a day. Sometimes his daughter Catherine helps him with it, and she keeps up his membership file.

He enjoys his mail. People write to him from all over the world. Letters often beg for seed. He corresponded with as many as two hundred servicemen during the war. He says he has directed at least a hundred of them to schools for training to become orchidologists.

People send in valuable information, and they also ask all kinds of questions like: "Some of my Cattleya plants are loose in the osmunda. Should I repot?" He gives careful, detailed answers.

Mr. Jones has six shelves of books dealing only with orchids. But he is distressed to find that none of these books really answers a beginner's questions. When he gets time, he's going to write a book for beginners himself.

People come from all over the world to see the Jones orchids. They come bearing gifts of vanilla beans, spices and tropical fruits; and of course, orchid seeds. Mexicans have seen in his greenhouses, Mexican orchids they've never seen at home. Many orchid growers specialize.

"But they expect to find everything here," says Mr. Jones.

Most amateur growers are content to stay amateur—in fact it seems to them practically sinful to be commercial about anything so exquisite and unworldly. But some of them slip just the same, when they get a good crop of plants going.

When you sell orchids, their durability is important. Curious, enchanting little orchids that bloom and fade in a day are not for you. Fortunately, for all their delicate looks, most orchids are tough. Many will bloom for a month before fading on the plant. For best cut-flower results, an orchid is cut the day after it reaches full bloom, then kept in water in a refrigerator for a few hours to toughen up some more. After that, you can keep it fresh for a week of corsage-wearing by refrigerating it, between wearings, packed away from the air in its original wrappings. Carefully tended this way and kept in water, a spray of the small Cymbidiums can serve as table decoration for a month. Makes orchids not so expensive, the growers cannily point out. Say $15 for a spray of Cymbidium, and from $5 to $10 for a lovely big Cattleya. You can tell a fine orchid by its fresh color and strong, outstanding petals and sepals—nothing flabby about it.

For the Easter and Christmas Trade

To the orchid seller, another major concern is timing. Orchids have been bred to produce at every season of the year, but there still aren't enough for some seasons. It's possible, especially by holding or forcing bloom a little either way, to have a rush of blossoms for Easter, the biggest orchid day. The Christmas and New Year holiday time, the second biggest orchid season, does pretty well, too.

In the past three years there has been a brisk demand for Mother's Day orchids—and scarcely an orchid in bloom. That second Sunday of May is just too late for the Easter-blooming plants; just too early for the wealth of orchids that persist in blooming for Memorial Day, when few people feel orchidaceous.

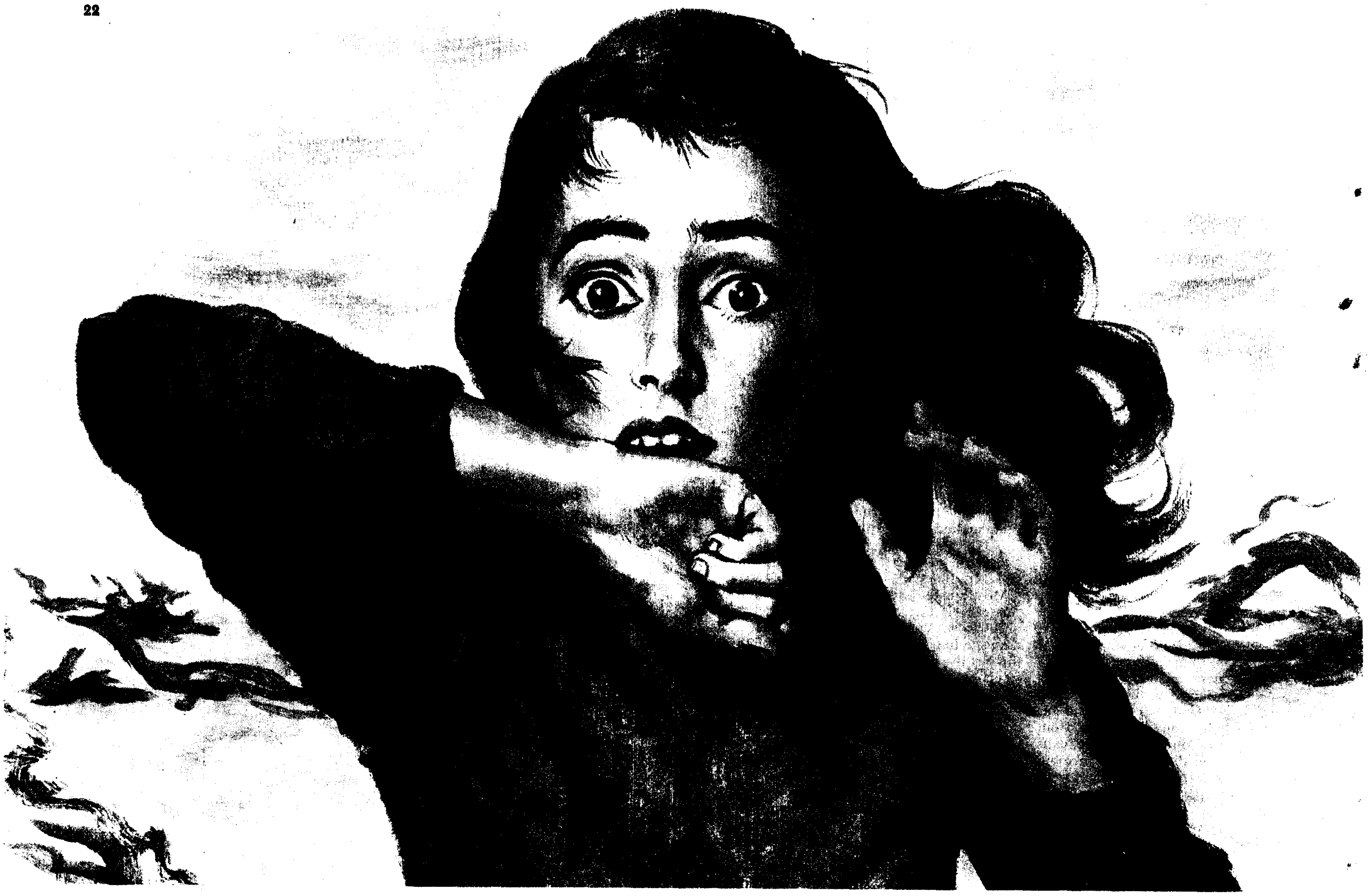
Anyone who can make orchids bloom in July and August will be in the money. Before the war, no one foresaw soon enough the big orchid demand that grew out of gala midnight sailing parties, when florists were known to hire ten extra trucks to haul flowers to the docks, and when by midnight every man in the party was in the mood to buy orchids for every girl in the party, only there weren't enough to go around.

But maybe six years or more ago some grower crossed a spring-blooming orchid with a Christmas-blooming one. Maybe the result, any year now, will be a summer-blooming, sailing-party orchid. You never know in the orchid business. That's one of its fascinations. ★★★

After two years, survivors rate separate pots, are repotted every two years. Leaves slowly stiffen, taking on final orchid foliage character

The hybrid orchid Goderic, named for Godfrey Erickson, of Thomas Young greenhouses, came to bloom from seed after eight years of tending

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER



Jennie stared at the sea. A wave rose like a wall of glass and she could see a man, outlined in the wave. A sailor, with his clothes on . . . swimming

Lost and Found

BY FELICIA GIZYCKA

This woman did not know she was running away from her husband and from life until her child shocked her into realization of the truths that she had tried to deny

JENNIE stood outside the circle of bright green crab grass. There, in the center, was the neat white beach house and there beyond lay the sea. From here she could watch her father's departure, the way you peel off a section of black paper from an ant aquarium and see, suddenly and clearly, the life within. It was almost as if the beach house were transparent, showing her father sitting at the bedroom window, typing, typing the last-minute words before stuffing them into the brief case and catching the train. And there in the kitchen was the colored girl preparing lunch. And now, here was her mother, bursting through the door like a bright rebellion, angrily, in her red-orange slacks. Her mother saw her, as if in surprise, and waved to her abruptly, closing the door again. The dry light hammer strokes of her father's typewriter pervaded everything, like his own voice on the radio going out and out through the air.

Jennie stood there, lean and skinny and brown, with her straight hair. In listening she held her mouth open a little bit. She looked too young and thin, too vulnerable, as though one cruel truth would blow her away. She walked slowly across the road, her sneakers sinking into the thick, hot, black dust. Here outside the green circle of watered grass there were no beach cottages. It was wild. The dried swamplands of Florida stretched on forever, and everything in the flat expanse was paper-dry, thorny, freakish, rustling.

A fish duck flew by and she watched it. I am outdoors, she said. And she got that feeling again that she was searching, searching for something terrible, unbearable. She was always being pulled out into the open, away from the neat cottages, the clean palms, the green grass, the pleasures of the people in them. And here, out here, it *was.* The danger filled her now. But she could run back to her father, she could touch him, the way you touch base in some game.

"Hello," he said.

She came to him and stood, so that he could put his arm around her the way he always did. She felt his warmth and she saw his tired face and the way his shirt looked as though he'd sat up all night.

"Do you have to go?" she asked.

He looked at her, and then at the page in the typewriter. "I'm sorry, Mouse," he said. "But you see, after a war there is a lot to do."

He passed his hand over his eyes, rubbing them wearily. "There's so much to decide now," he said. "I have to write about it so people will read it and understand. I have to talk about it, too, and explain things. We have so many things to do, all over the world."

"Yes," she said, staring at him.

Now, suddenly, her mother was there, standing in the doorway. The orange slacks blazed up brightly, like a fire, in the door, and her mother's pretty head with its black curls, her black eyes and her white face, all looked full of energy, held in.

"Lunch is ready," she said as if it were a criticism.

Without waiting for them she walked away, going out to the porch and sitting down at the table. Jennie and her father followed silently. The table had green linen mats and there were the flowers her mother had picked.

"Well, this is nice," her father said.

Her mother didn't answer. Then as Daisy came in with the broiled fish she turned to Jennie and said, "Ask your father if he didn't promise to stay a week." Her voice sounded gay but underneath you could hear the tight-pulled straining anger.

"Didn't you promise to stay a whole week?" Jennie asked, begging him.

He looked at her, as if he didn't see her. And then he turned to her mother and said, "Look, Cordelia, I have to go. I'm sorry. You know we're short in Washington, with Sam Seivers going to London."

"'I promise, Cordelia, darling. I promise I'll take a rest. I promise I'll stay with you, one little week. Just one week,'" her mother said in her gay, angry voice, and her eyes danced over Jennie's head. They were looking at each other, and Jennie sat there, forgotten.

"Did Father really say all that?" Jennie asked.

"He certainly did!" her mother said, and

(Continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY CAROLYN EDMUNDSON

CHURCHILL'S FUTURE

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

At seventy-one, there is little likelihood that this doughty Briton will ever again be Prime Minister, but he is already legend, not only here, but among his people

RADIOED FROM LONDON

WINSTON CHURCHILL does not like his job. He is very busy. Four or five days a week he has to be in Parliament, thinking up disconcerting questions to put to the government of his former Deputy Prime Minister, Clement Attlee. At least as often, he has to be making what Hollywood calls personal appearances. He attends luncheons and dinners nearly every night. He is given medals, the freedom of innumerable cities, and is otherwise feted. He has to accept all of the tokens and symbols and to say his thanks to lord mayors, royal societies, old school comrades and all the rest who seek to prove their admiration and devotion.

Everybody apparently wants to let him know that no offense was intended by that unfavorable vote last summer. Even Professor Harold Laski, the villain of the recent election, said in public expiation or apology, "As long as I live, I shall realize the debt the country owes him."

But listening to friendly gentlemen telling the world how good he was is not quite enough to hold the interest of Winston Churchill. Neither is the post of leader of His Majesty's opposition. That would be very satisfactory to a number of men who lack Churchill's talents and prestige, but for him it is not satisfying. The opposition lacks the authority that gives flavor to his words.

Of course a man seventy-one years old, who has been a Member of Parliament for 42 years—and what years!—might reasonably think of retirement. Mr. Churchill doesn't like that idea either, though he calls himself a retired person. He brushes aside the suggestion of giving him a title and pushing him upstairs. He wants no titles. After seeing what he has seen, why should he put up with being called "My Lord"?

In spite of his recent illness, Mr. Churchill is vigorous physically. His hair—what is left—is still red and not a faded gray. His cheeks are still the unwrinkled pink of a baby's skin. His step is full of spring and his figure is as burly as ever. He is nimble, too, as he kneels to light a fire in the small office in the Parliament building set aside for his use as the leader of the opposition.

Mr. Churchill admits that his present job is not so pleasant as the old one. Still it is quite a job in a country run by a debating society. He is given all the honor and, outside of the Commons, all the deference that might be accorded on suitable occasions to the bronze replica of Oliver Cromwell that marks the door of entry to Parliament. There is a new crowd inside and a crowd that concedes little to the spokesman of the Conservative Party.

That's Mr. Churchill today. He is the political voice of the Conservative Party. So, when he gets up to speak a word on behalf of Tory principles, he is as likely as not to be shouted down by a couple of hundred leather-lunged members who got their training in the mines, the docks, and the union halls. They and their colleagues from the intellectual middle classes—despite assertions to the contrary, there are intellectuals in the British middle classes—are running Britain now.

They have small patience with Tory ideas whether uttered by Mr. Churchill or some less persuasive member of the aristocracy. So, in parliamentary fashion, they give Mr. Churchill what we call the Bronx cheer. It is not polite, but is generally within the limits of the strange code of parliamentary courtesy. It is entirely within the rules for the entire Labor benches to groan or bow or say "Sit down," and they do so on slight provocation. So, too, do Mr. Churchill's smaller group of followers. When it comes to exchanges of abuse or courtesy, the nobles, too, have been taught what to say. It is not designed to encourage the orator.

But Mr. Churchill overshadows Parliament quite as much out of office as he did when he was Prime Minister. He is still the most colorful figure present, the most eloquent, and the most persuasive with the right cause. W. J. Brown, once a Labor member, now an Independent, remarked on the difficulty the new fighting members have in disliking Mr. Churchill. As Socialists new to power, they want to hate Mr. Churchill and all his works. Most can't escape liking him.

After a long series of ups and downs and some very hard times, Winston Churchill became Prime Minister on May 10, 1940, at the blackest moment in English history since William the Conqueror set out from France to take over the island. That England did not fall to Hitler is surely due as much to Mr. Churchill's vision, courage and magnificently heartening words, as to any other man or circumstances.

Those words he spoke on June 4, 1940, after the dreadful defeat at Dunkerque expressed a courage and a determination that few who heard him can ever forget. Remember the gloriously defiant words, "We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France. We shall fight on the seas and oceans. We shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island

(Continued on page 42)

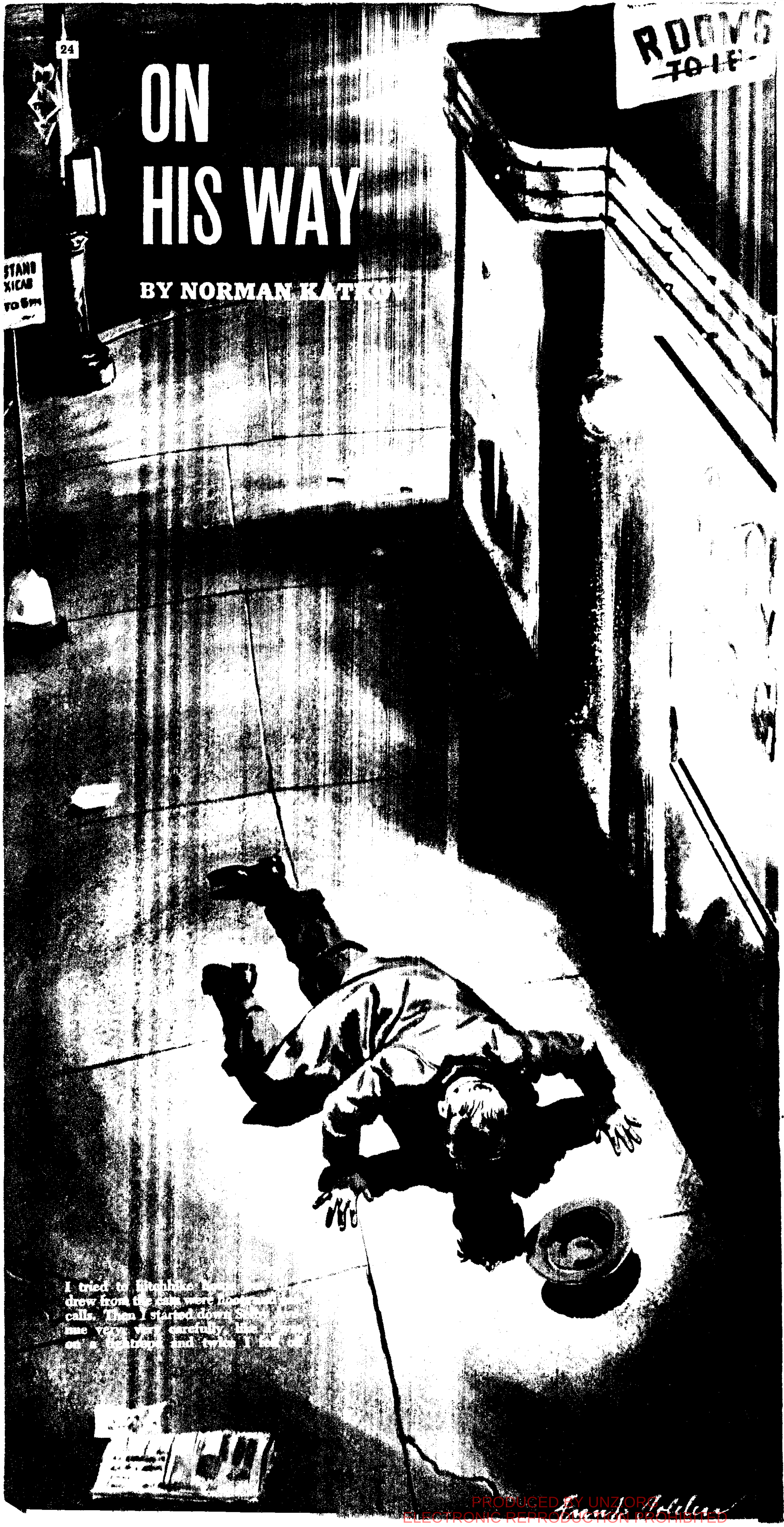
Churchill and his aunt, Lady Leslie, in 1878. The word on his cap is "Invincible"

Mr. Churchill smiled as he stepped down and out the morning after election

BLACK STAR

ON HIS WAY

BY NORMAN KATKOV



I tried to hitchhike home [illegible] drew from the cars were hoots and catcalls. Then I started down Selby Avenue very, very carefully, like I was on a tightrope, and twice I fell off.

This is a story about a thoughtless son who had to learn from bitter experience how to deserve his father's confidence and respect

AT FOUR o'clock Friday afternoon I was sitting in the advertising offices of the Metropolitan Department Store, a pencil in one hand, a cigarette in the other, and a hundred questions in my head.

At five after four I'd exchanged the pencil for an envelope with eighteen dollars in it, all the questions had been answered, and I was out of a job. Andrew Toth, the advertising manager, had given me the job last week, the first guy to say yes since I'd graduated from the journalism school at the university. He'd told me he was going to teach me the racket from the bottom up. He'd made it sound like an advertising campaign.

Then today Toth yelled at me to run some more mats over to the Daily News' composing room. I'd spent a week being a messenger boy and I told him I'd like to do something else.

"You don't know how to do anything else," he said.

"How do you know? You've just whipped me around running errands." Maybe it was cocky talk. I was a newspaperman, damn it, and if I was going to run copy, I wanted to do it in a city room.

"You're going to run errands for a long time, boy." He sounded like a grade-school teacher.

I slammed the pencil on the desk. "Not for you, I'm not." I wasn't finished talking before I began thinking of my family and what they'd say. They'd spent a lot of money putting me through school, and when I'd been elected editor of the Daily in my senior year, the old man acted like I was going to Congress.

"Get your pay," Toth said.

I found a phone booth on the main floor of the building and called Pa at the store. I was mad telling him like it was all Toth's fault. He didn't say a word until I finished.

"Get a trolley and come out here," he said then. "I'll drive you home."

"I don't want to go home. I'll be home late." I waited for an argument.

"Sure, Joe. I could use you out here tomorrow. It's just me and Andy, you know." Andy's my kid brother.

"I'll *be* there. What else am I good for?" He let me hang up. I lit another cigarette and headed for a bar.

By six o'clock I was having a hard time lighting my cigarettes and by ten o'clock I had no cigarettes, no money, and no self-respect.

I tried to hitchhike home from Sixth and Main but all I drew from the cars were hoots and catcalls. It took me almost an hour to get up the hill to the cathedral and I sat there for a half hour getting some air in my lungs. I went down Selby Avenue very, very carefully, like I was on a tightrope, and twice I fell off.

I don't know when I got home, but it was that short space of time when it's light enough so the street lamps aren't needed, but they're still on. I crawled into the house and I finally fell into bed. The pillow was like a lover's hair against my cheek.

I was in bed just long enough to turn over twice when the alarm went off. I lay there with one eye half open, watching Andy get out of the bed next to mine. I saw him put on his shoes, and his legs looked ten feet long.

Pa came into the room, pushing his shirt down into his pants. I wasn't so drunk that I didn't know they could use me in the market when the old man was buying vegetables.

"How about Winchell there?" he asked.

"Can't you smell?" Andy snarled.

The old man walked to the windows and pulled the shades all the way down. "Let him sleep. Man's got a right to get drunk."

"He told you he'd work today," Andy said.

"He'll be out by eight. Time enough. He don't belong in that store anyhow. That boy's a newspaperman."

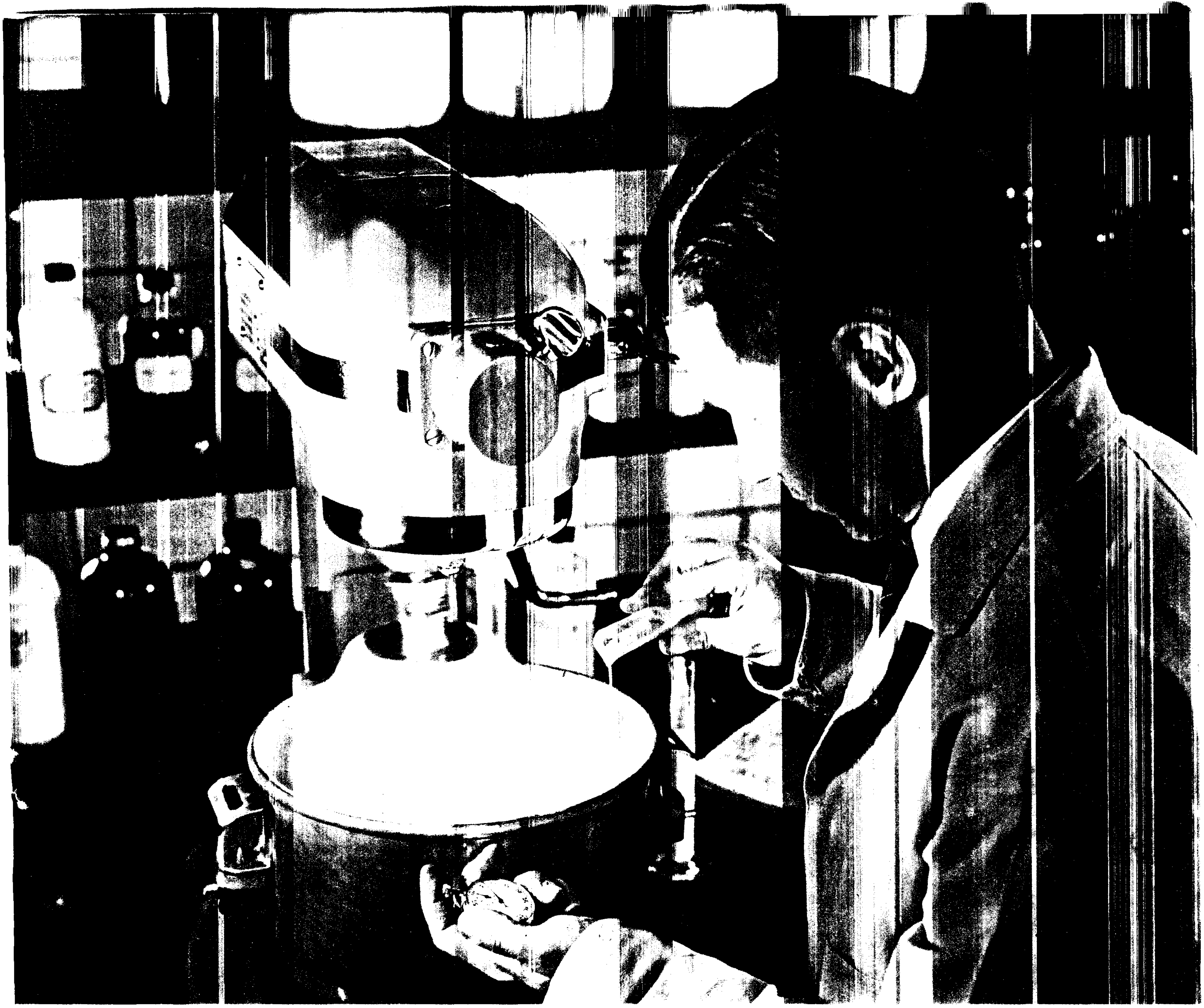
Most of the time I just wanted to touch my pa's hand to make sure he was real. Once in a while he made me want to kiss his feet. They left the room and a few minutes later I heard the truck's motor catch. It took me a little time to get back into position and a longer time to fall asleep. I knew I should have gone with them, but me, I worked hard at being a heel. I was a city editor, a foreign correspondent, and I was halfway through writing a book before I dropped off.

MA WOKE me around eight-thirty. She'd let the shades up and was sitting on Andy's bed, a glass of orange juice in one hand, a letter in the other, and a look on her face that I hadn't seen since the day I modeled the cap and gown. The juice was Sunday treatment for Andy and me, and I couldn't figure it. I pushed myself up so that the pillow was at the base of my spine and drank the juice.

She gave me the letter. "From Chicago, son," she said. I couldn't have been more awake if she'd pitched a bucket of water in my face. It was from the Journal there. For a minute my hands didn't belong to me. I had the envelope frayed on all four sides before I got the letter out.

It was from an assistant city editor. I'd filled an application at every daily paper from St. Paul, east to Kalamazoo, on a hitchhiking trip a couple of (*Continued on page 57*)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN



He takes sap from a tree without the tree!

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

NOT long ago, Goodyear experts made history by producing an entirely new kind of cushioning material—Airfoam. They took liquid latex—the sap of the rubber tree—and "beat it" until it frothed up into air-filled foam.

When war stopped the flow of this sap, Goodyear attempted to make Airfoam from the man-made latex used in the production of synthetic tires. It was no go. Instead of remaining frothed, the synthetic latex flattened out. So Goodyear chemists started out to create—in the laboratory—a new "sap."

It took two years to do it. But, today, Airfoam made from this new synthetic latex gives you the same luxurious comfort you knew before—in pre-war Airfoam. It has that same remarkable resiliency or "comeback" that helped characterize Airfoam as "the greatest improvement in cushioning in one hundred years!"

Here, again, is a striking demonstration of how Goodyear research experts work to overcome all obstacles—in order to bring greater comforts and conveniences into your every-day living.

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also is an experienced worker with fabrics, metals, chemicals, plastics . . . constantly developing new products that will be more useful to you.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

CASE OF THE WILY WIFE — and the nonstop flight

7 A. M. "Gosh! We take off at 9 and I feel awful!" says the ace pilot—who needs a laxative. "Cheer up," replies the missus. "I'll fix you a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica—right now, before breakfast!"

9 A. M. The plane makes for the runway, a bright pilot at the controls. Sal Hepatica, taken first thing in the morning, usually brings ever-so-easy relief within an hour.

Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

This refreshing saline laxative is recommended by 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed in a survey. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficiency of this famous prescription: Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

incidentally, the higher the long-range airplane flies the more gas it needs.

A distinct improvement in weather forecasting is another necessary development for long-range flights. The weather we encountered did not even remotely resemble the forecast. But there are two reasons for poor forecasting. One is that it is not yet anything approaching an exact science, and the other is that meteorologists are not furnished enough data to apply efficiently what little knowledge they do have. Future long-distance airline operations must have better forecasting to make flights safer and schedules surer.

Perhaps the most comforting minutes during the long flight from Japan were the times when a Superdumbo rescue plane sailed along beside us in formation, keeping watch just in case we were forced to ditch or bail out over the North Pacific. Three such airplanes, B-29s equipped with the latest rescue equipment, followed us over the most dangerous stretches. At other points B-17s hovered over a point they knew we would pass. They carried motor-driven lifeboats and were prepared to drop them to us if we were forced down.

Every 500 miles over water there was a Navy surface vessel, providing not only rescue facilities but also serving as a navigation check point. Over the wastes of Canada, the entire Air-Sea Rescue system was alerted for us, and we were plotted clear across the continent. Even when we took off from Hokkaido, an airplane circled at the end of the runway, waiting to spot our position in the event of a crash.

Airlines must have all these facilities and more. But they could not provide them because of the terrific cost. Nets of radio beams, radio-direction finding systems, homing radio beacons located on anchored boats and a "Coast Guard of the Air," an Air-Sea Rescue organization, must be furnished.

(The Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization now meeting in Montreal has this matter high on its agenda. —Ed.)

Our trip was on the ragged edge from beginning to end—in other words if anything had gone wrong it would have been just too bad for crews and airplanes. For instance, we were so heavily loaded (70 tons) that had one engine failed or partly failed on take-off, we would have had to crash straight ahead. With our weight we had no chance whatsoever of sustaining flight on three engines. That condition existed until we had burned enough gasoline and lost enough weight (at 6 pounds per gallon) to permit three-engine flight. Then there was another period when we would have been forced to ditch or bail out if two engines had failed.

I envision the long-range airliner as a six- or possibly eight-engine airplane, capable of carrying a tremendous gas load, yet at the same time able to sustain flight if one or even two engines failed on take-off or at some other critical time.

It must be able to operate through all weather and all temperature ranges. Our four B-29s, veterans of the air war over Japan, had come from the tropical climate of Guam, then to the mild autumn of Hokkaido and through the sub-zero temperatures of Alaska and Canada to the 65-degree "heat" at Washington. Any great-circle route between temperate countries has to pass through sub-zero ranges.

Throughout the entire trip Technical Sgt. Genaro Tamez of Mexico and Staff Sgt. Jay Hood of Pittsburgh, the two radio operators, were in constant touch with Army Airways Communications stations. Even when we were over Alaska they were still talking to Guam. They began working Washington shortly after we crossed the Canadian Rockies.

M/Sgt. Clinton R. Dudley of St. Louis, Missouri, our crew chief, spent most of the trip close to Tamez, who was a Mexican announcer over Station KRIS at Corpus Christi, Texas, before the war. Dudley was expecting a message announcing the birth of a child. His wife was in a hospital at Bakersfield, California, and he had been informed prior to take-off that the baby was expected to arrive during the flight. However, no message came through, and Dudley did not know until he reached Washington that he was the father of a boy.

WORRIED as he was about his wife, Dudley still fretted over the pet engines he had babied ever since the planning stages of the flight. Over Saskatoon, Canada, three of the four engines began backfiring due to the very low power setting being used to conserve gasoline. A backfire is very serious in a B-29 because it is the primary cause of engine fires. Dudley and McConnell, the engineer, finally worked out a power combination that stopped the backfires and still saved gas.

At Washington National Airport a reporter remarked to Dudley: "A few years from now and you might have bought a ticket and flown home to your wife on a superairliner."

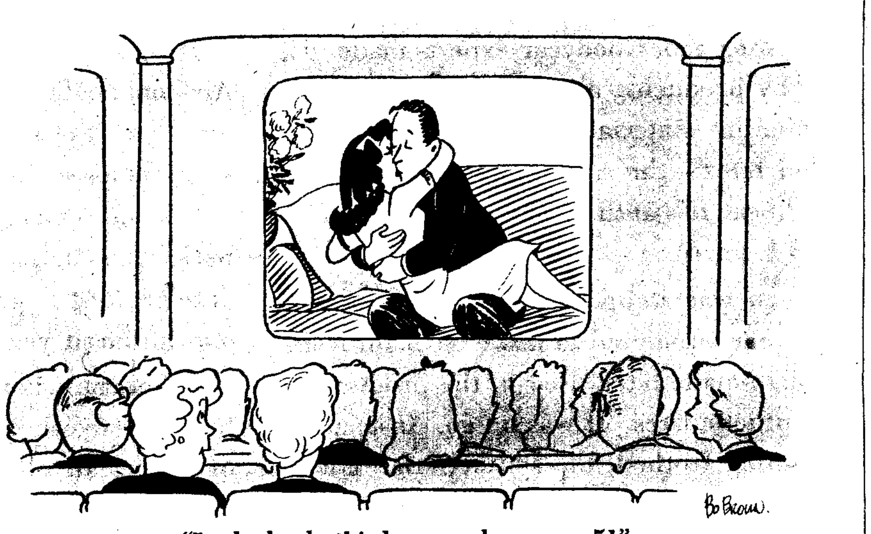
"Sir," Dudley replied with unnecessary deference, "I love my wife but they'll have to improve a lot of things even before I ride free. That trip worried me more than any of my combat missions."

The reporter glanced questioningly at General Armstrong. The general nodded—and for him that was an eloquent speech.

LT. COL. GEORGE E. AKERSON, A.C.

(Colonel Akerson has just been relieved from active duty and is now assistant to the publisher of the Boston Herald-Traveler. He was a reporter on these papers when he entered the Army Air Corps in 1940 and he had had no previous flying experience. But he rose rapidly and was placed in charge of all four-engine training in the Eastern Flying Training Command at Maxwell Field, Alabama. Last June he went to Guam as deputy chief of staff to General Armstrong with the 315th Wing, which specialized in night radar precision bombing of Japan. Colonel Akerson piloted five of these missions. Born in Minneapolis, he is the son of the late George Akerson, secretary to President Hoover. He is 28 years old and lives with his wife and 4-year-old son at Wellesley Hills, Mass.)

THE END



COLLIER'S "In the book, this happened on page 51" BO BROWN

The Doodles That Caught a Spy

Continued from page 16

He had made two trips to Berlin just before embarking for the United States, and he was known to have had very profitable business relations with high Nazi officials. He claimed Austria as his birthplace, but he was a naturalized citizen of the neutral country which had given him a passport. This and other papers were in perfect order when he arrived in New York; even if they hadn't been, a way would have been found to let him enter the United States. For the only way to trap him, if he should prove to be a Nazi agent, was to let him show his hand here.

Ziggly spent a week in New York, living quietly in a good hotel and, as far as the authorities could learn, seeing no one except three or four businessmen to whom he presented letters of introduction. None of these men was involved in his later schemes. Then Ziggly went to Chicago, where he signed a five-year lease on offices in the Middle Building, in the Loop district. He insisted upon extensive alterations, rearranging the suite so that a visitor, to reach his private office, had to undergo the scrutiny of employees in four rooms.

The Suspect Takes Precautions

Soon after moving in, Ziggly complained to the building management that careless cleaning women had ruined a valuable document, and insisted upon employing his own cleaning staff. A little later he entered his office late one night and found the night watchman inspecting the premises. Although the watchman was only making his usual rounds, Ziggly became greatly upset, and soon thereafter installed new locks on all inner and outer doors of the suite. He put a particularly intricate lock on the door of his private office, and for this lock only two keys were made. Ziggly kept one, and gave the other to the chief of his new cleaning staff, who personally tidied up the room. Later Ziggly and his accomplices were to learn the truth of a statement made by an American lock manufacturer, "No lock ever invented is absolutely pickproof."

Although Ziggly's fussiness about his office had increased the suspicions of counterespionage agents, they let him pretty much alone for several weeks. No matter how expert men engaged in surveillance work may be, there is always some danger of a slip-up, and the American authorities didn't want Ziggly to become alarmed. They wanted him to make his American contacts, if any, establish himself and get to work. They gave him a month or six weeks; then they went to work. A check was kept on all his banking and business transactions; a close censorship was placed on his mail, telegrams and cables; his telephone wires were tapped; and he was put under a twenty-four-hour surveillance.

But nothing of importance developed. His business affairs were legitimate, and so were his conversations and correspondence. His social contacts were few, and about what might have been expected of a man in his position. He talked and wrote little about the war; when he did, it was to express his detestation of war, and a horror of the instruments and machinery of war. In several conversations and letters he said that the war had so greatly affected him that he was unable even to look upon a gun or an airplane without a shudder of revulsion. Later all this was determined to have some significance.

Surveillance, censorship and other methods having failed to produce any evidence of espionage, the authorities decided to examine the scrap paper from Ziggly's office, a procedure which has turned up many criminals. For this, some preparation was necessary. The superintendent of the building, whose co-operation was essential, was investigated, and was found to be a good American citizen. Then he was approached by an agent, who said frankly he was a government man searching for spies.

"We suspect some of the tenants of your building," he said, "and we want to look over all the scrap paper taken from their offices."

"I'd like to help you," the superintendent said, "but all wastepaper is destroyed as soon as it is collected."

"We can fix that," said the agent. He gave the superintendent a list of some twenty tenants, among them Ziggly, but did not name Ziggly specifically. Several times during the next few days the superintendent told his cleaners that many complaints were being received of papers swept from desks into wastebaskets and so carried downstairs to be destroyed. A day or so after that, he told them that a new system of wastepaper disposal would be followed. Thereafter all scrap would be put in bags and sent to the basement, labeled with the office number from which it had been taken. It would be kept for two days, so that a search might be made if anything was reported lost. The superintendent himself, each night, sorted the bags and carried into the basement room the scrap collected from the offices on the agent's list.

For three months the counterespionage agents examined every scrap of paper taken from Ziggly's offices. And found nothing. But they learned quite a lot about Ziggly. They learned, for instance, that he was much given to musing, and that he was an inveterate doodler.

And as the investigation progressed, the agents became more and more interested in the fact that most of Ziggly's doodling had to do with war, a habit greatly at variance with his often expressed opinions. As he sat and mulled over his plans, Ziggly doodled, and his doodles were nearly always neat little pictures of guns and ships, of airplanes and bombs. And occasionally there appeared among these figures a design which bore a striking likeness to a radar apparatus, and another which resembled a piece of laboratory equipment. Finally there came a night when the agents found, on a torn scrap of paper, half a dozen of the radar doodles and some words and fragments of words:

"Important . . . rad . . . meet . . . importa . . arriv . . ."

Later the counterespionage agents learned that this jumble of words reflected Ziggly's worry over the arrival of a German agent carrying information about American and British radar. But at the time, the words seemed meaningless, although it was obvious that they indicated the coming of someone whom it was important for Ziggly to meet.

Deductions and a Decision

When the evaluators, men trained to interpret material found in such examinations, prepared their reports for counterespionage headquarters, they called special attention to the words and to Ziggly's mysterious out-of-character doodles. They also expressed the opinion, based on these things and on the whole picture of Ziggly's activities here and abroad, that his work in this country was approaching a climax. On the basis of the agents' reports, the counterespionage authorities decided upon a "surreptitious entry," which means that a group of American agents, numbering from four to a dozen men, would invade Ziggly's offices, carefully examine and photograph everything in it, and retire without leaving a trace of their visit.

In counterespionage work this is a common operation, and during the war was carried out many times. It is also a very dangerous and difficult operation; unless every detail is carried out perfectly, the whole investigation breaks down and the suspect escapes. The group chosen for the Ziggly job was one which had made more than fifty such entries, all successful. It was composed of eleven men:

An agent-in-charge, to organize and direct the operation.

A safe expert, able to open any safe by manipulation.

A lock expert, able to pick any lock within thirty minutes.

A camera expert.

A flaps-and-seals expert, able to open any type of wax or envelope seal and replace within half an hour. And to do it so skillfully

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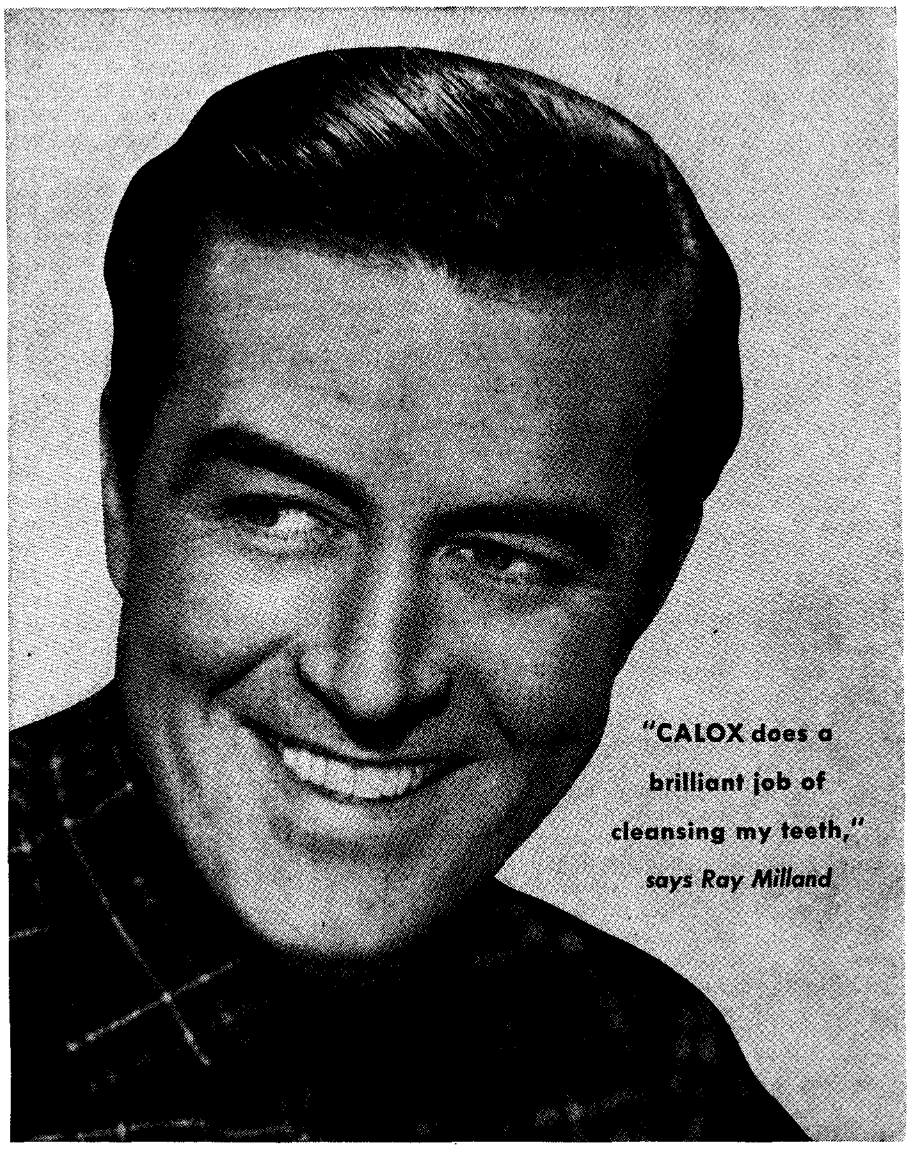

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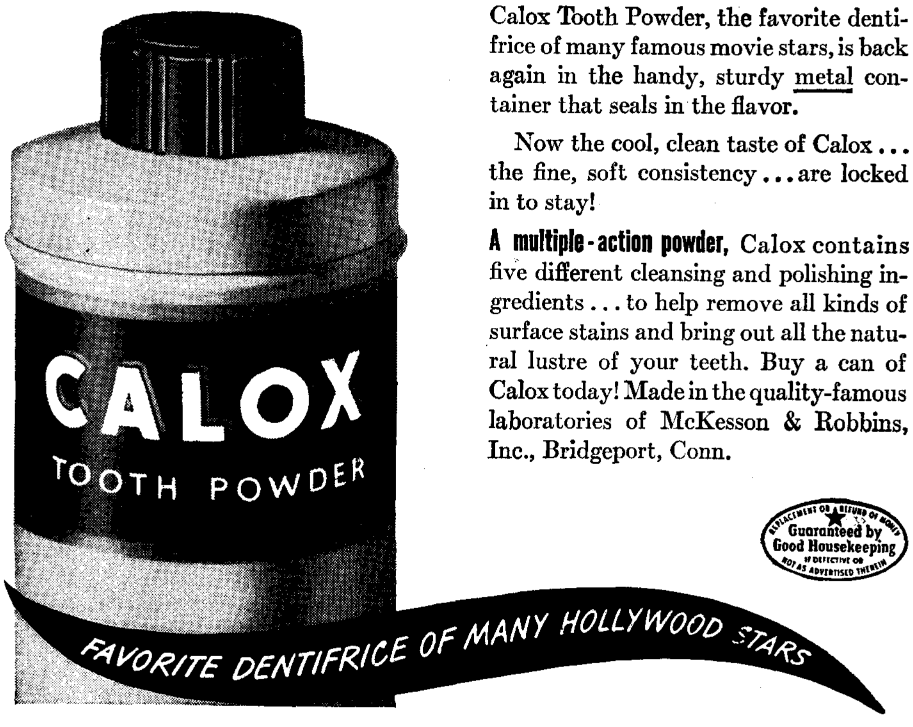

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An expert evaluator, able to run through documents and papers and to decide instantly what must be photographed.

Three security men, to act as lookouts and guards.

Two radio operators.

Each man was provided with the equipment necessary for his particular job. The armament of such a group depends upon the estimated danger involved; in the Ziggly affair the agent-in-charge and the three security men carried revolvers and blackjacks. Each of the others had a gas gun, pencil type.

The first task of the agent-in-charge was to obtain the consent of the owner of the building, and the further co-operation of the superintendent. It would have been possible, though considerably more difficult, to search Ziggly's offices without the knowledge of either the owner or the superintendent. But since the latter already knew that some of his tenants were under suspicion, it was decided to pursue the easier and safer method. The owner, who had previously been investigated, was very helpful; and readily gave his consent to the entry. He insisted, however, that the searching party invent a reasonable excuse for entering the building, and the agent-in-charge suggested that the group take the cover of engineers who were testing the sway of the building.

"All buildings," he explained, "develop cracks at stress points from swaying, and the possibility of air raids makes it plausible for you to want the stress points tested. Also, using this cover will enable us to shut down or control the elevators, and so discourage traffic in the building during the search. We will tell your night staff that the vibration of the elevators would affect the delicate testing instruments."

Risks the Superintendent Took

To the building superintendent the agent-in-charge explained that a search of Ziggly's offices was a thoroughly illegal procedure and a quite different matter from examination of scrap paper. He pointed out that if the entry was discovered, especially if no evidence was found, the government would disclaim responsibility. The superintendent would face possible criminal prosecution, a suit at civil law, loss of a tenant, and loss of his job and reputation. The superintendent listened carefully. Finally he said:

"Okay, I'll help you."

"Do you want money?" the agent asked.

"No! I've got two boys over there. Just make it look good."

"It'll look good," the agent promised.

An investigation was now begun of the five building employees on duty at night. One, whose background was not quite satisfactory, was transferred to the day staff. By a fortunate coincidence, he had already requested the transfer. Meanwhile other members of the search group were active. The radio experts tested their apparatus in the vicinity of the building and selected parking places, and two of the security men, in painters' coveralls, were sent to clean and paint the walls in the hallway just outside Ziggly's suite. Two days later the "painters" reported that they could identify all of Ziggly's personnel.

When all these tasks had been completed, the superintendent received a letter from the owner of the building, which he showed to his night staff. It advised them of the sway tests, and directed them to assist. The owner ordered all elevators to be put under the control of the engineers and, to reduce traffic in the building to a minimum, instructed the superintendent to check personally all tenants and visitors who entered during the tests.

The next night the superintendent went quietly through the building and turned on the lights in several offices above, below and on either side of Ziggly's suite, so that a light shining from Ziggly's window would attract no attention. An hour later the agent-in-charge and the lock expert came into the building to make a preliminary survey of Ziggly's premises. Very quietly, for he knew that if Ziggly were really a spy there would be traps, the lock expert picked the fancy lock on the outer door. He had the door open in less than fifteen minutes, and immediately sat down on the floor just outside the doorway and began making a key.

Working with a floor plan furnished by the owner of the building, the agent rapidly sketched in all of the partitions installed by Ziggly, and noted the location of chairs, desks, file cabinets and other pieces of furniture. All this was done in complete silence. When it had been completed, the agent searched for traps. On a window sill behind Ziggly's desk he found a large suitcase, from which a concealed wire ran to a base plug. He disconnected the plug and opened the suitcase. It contained a sound-recording device, with an extremely sensitive switch. This switch was thrown automatically whenever a word was spoken in the room and the sound, picked up by microphones, was recorded silently on film.

One of the microphones was found on a shelf behind Ziggly's desk, and another was hidden beneath a small table in the center of the room. A cellaret in a corner of Ziggly's private office, when opened, was found to contain a "burglarproof" safe. The handle number of the safe was noted by the agent.

Before leaving the office, the two agents made a careful check to be sure that everything had been restored to its original position. The polished floor, which bore the marks of their rubber heels, was repolished. A thin layer of dust which had covered the suitcase was replaced with a dark powder, made of talc mixed with powdered charcoal and sprayed from a small atomizer. On the way out the agent-in-charge investigated all possible escape routes in case of interruption, and for his camera expert to work in, chose a washroom a few doors from Ziggly's office.

"And see that he gets to bed when he's through with San Francisco"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Three days after the preliminary survey, about one o'clock in the morning, the eleven members of the counterespionage group drove up to the building in several cars and a large enclosed delivery truck on which was lettered, "The Northwest Engineering Corp.," with a street address and a telephone number. Incidentally, a small office with the name of the corporation lettered on the door was maintained at the address given, and the telephone number was listed in the Chicago telephone directory. The place was used as a cover for several operations.

From the truck the agents unloaded a dozen boxes and suitcases, each stenciled with the name of the corporation, and containing not only the equipment necessary for searching Ziggly's offices, but also instruments for measuring building sway. Nine of the agents carried the boxes and cases into the building. Two remained hidden in the truck—a radio operator with a two-way radio set, and one of the security agents who could identify Ziggly's employees. From a concealed slot in the side of the truck, the security man had a good view of the entrance to the building.

The agent-in-charge approached the superintendent in the lobby as a stranger, showed him the group's credentials, including identification cards and a copy of a contract for the tests signed by the owner of the building. He asked that elevator service be suspended until the tests had been completed. Two of the elevators were turned over to the "engineers," though they continued to be run by the regular operators, and the others were stopped. Carrying their equipment, the agents went upstairs, getting off at various floors and then walking up or down to the twelfth. Their coats, hats and shoes were left in the elevator, and the operator was told that even the thud of heels on the floor caused enough vibration to affect the instruments.

One of the agents, with the key made by the lock expert, went ahead to open Ziggly's door and make certain that the group was not walking into a trap. If he found himself in trouble, he would pretend to be a burglar and escape as best he could. But the way was clear, so he immediately entered the room, pulled down the shades, and turned on the lights. Then he disconnected the sound recorder which the agent-in-charge had found during the preliminary survey. At his signal, the other agents entered Ziggly's offices, and each man went to work on his particular assignment. The radio operator established communication with the truck in the street, the cameraman set up his equipment in the washroom, and the lock expert picked the lock of an office across the hallway. This was to be used if flight became necessary.

It was well that the entry had been carefully planned, for some fifteen minutes after work had started, the radio operator in the truck reported that one of Ziggly's employees had entered the building. Swiftly, but without haste, the agents gathered up their equipment and retired to the room across the hall, and from there re-established radio communication with the truck. In less than ten minutes Ziggly's office had been vacated, with nothing there to show that it had ever been entered.

Meanwhile the two agents left in the lobby downstairs for just such a contingency were carrying out a prearranged plan of delay. One insisted that Ziggly's employee identify himself to the superintendent, and wasted more than five minutes telephoning empty offices, trying to find that official. Another agent went into a highly technical explanation of the sway tests, and told Ziggly's man there would be a delay because before he could be taken up in the elevator, the testing instruments would have to be disconnected. He asked the employee how long he expected to be in the building, and the man said not long.

"You're interfering with important work," complained the agent. "We not only have to disconnect our instruments, but it'll take us half an hour to connect them again after you've gone. Is your work so important it can't wait until tomorrow?"

"Well," said the employee, "the truth is I'm not going to work. I've got my girl in a bar around the corner, and I'm short of dough. I want to get a bottle of whisky out of my desk. I won't be but a minute."

So the employee was run up to the twelfth floor, and the elevator was held for him while he unlocked Ziggly's office and got his liquor. Then he left the building, and was followed by a counterespionage agent until he had joined his girl in the bar. When the agent reported by radio that all was clear, the agents resumed their work in Ziggly's office. They didn't know until later that Ziggly's employee, befuddled by a couple of hours of steady drinking, telephoned Ziggly about four o'clock that a lot of men were prowling around the office building with queer-looking instruments. All of which so alarmed Ziggly that he started immediately for his office.

Ziggly's "burglarproof" safe bore a manufacturer's notice that if the combination were lost or forgotten it couldn't be opened except with explosives. Nevertheless, the lock expert of the counterespionage group opened it in a little less than twenty minutes by manipulating the dial and tumblers. But nothing was removed until accurate measurements had been taken of the position of each article.

In the safe a new trap was discovered—a string laid in zigzag fashion atop a dust-covered tin box. Twenty minutes were required to sketch and measure the string and to make sure that it didn't lead to something else. Then the contents of the safe were removed, and all ledgers, papers, etc., were examined one by one by the evaluator. This procedure was followed with papers and documents taken from desks and filing cabinets.

Everything judged to be important by the evaluator, who knew four languages and used all of them before the search was completed, was sent to the washroom to be photographed. As soon as the picture had been taken, the article was put back where it had come from, and in exactly the same position. In the washroom the camera expert worked like the proverbial beaver—in a little less than four hours he made 2,000 photographs of letters, codes, reports and other material.

Removing All Traces of Search

By 5:30 o'clock in the morning the agents had completed their work, and the next half hour was devoted to cleaning up. While some packed the photographs and equipment, others carefully destroyed all evidence of the search. Everything in Ziggly's office was carefully replaced, the desks were rubbed with a cloth to obliterate fingerprints, the floors were rewaxed, the dial of the safe was set at its original reading, the string and the layer of dust were replaced on the tin box, and the window shades were adjusted to their original height. The last agent to leave swept the rug as he retreated, to destroy footprints.

In the lobby of the building, for the benefit of the employees, the agents made a considerable show of packing away the instruments used in the sway tests, and in putting down elaborate calculations in notebooks. They were about halfway through this job when Ziggly rushed into the building, hurried past the agents, and demanded that he be taken upstairs immediately. Confident that he would find no traces of their visit, the agents ignored him.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later Ziggly appeared in the lobby, very jovial and smiling broadly; it was obvious that he had found all his traps in place and suspected nothing. He showed great interest in the sway-testing instruments spread out on the lobby floor, and seemed pleased when one of the "engineers" told him the building was safe. Presently he departed, whistling gaily.

It was probably the last time he so whistled, for two days later, government agents went quietly into his office and led him away for internment and later deportation. It is still impossible to describe in detail the material obtained in the search of Ziggly's offices. But it included conclusive evidence that Ziggly had been operating a German espionage ring, using a dozen agents in six large American cities. Some of the letters and records taken from Ziggly's safe and photographed contained the names and addresses of most of these agents. Others were carbon copies of instructions in the use of microfilm, invisible ink, disguises, etc. Within a month, all of his agents had been rounded up and the espionage ring smashed.

THE END

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CALIFORNIA WHIZ KIDS

Like everything else in the Golden State, St. Mary's College football team is magnificent, stupendous, amazing. It was nigh colossal till it got trounced by U.C.L.A.

BY EMMONS BYRNE

TIME was when the St. Mary's football team of Moraga, California, was noted for its avoirdupois, the rainbow hues of its uniforms and its cross-country junkets to New York via Canada, Cuba, Mexico City and way points.

A man couldn't play tackle for the Gaels in those halcyon days unless he had to duck his head and turn sideways to walk through an ordinary doorway, and had enough hair on his chest to stuff a sofa. It took a quarter of an acre for the lads to huddle in, and the spectacle they presented between plays was not unlike the northern view of a herd of elephants going south for the winter.

Yet in their palmiest days those Gaels of old never so enthralled the sports-minded public as the present group of teen-aged St. Mary's Whiz Kids.

Even Los Angeles sports writers, notorious for the stiffness of their civic pride, bewailed the fact that the Rose Bowl plum couldn't be taken away from the Pacific Coast Conference and given to St. Mary's after its 26-0 victory over Southern California, the 1944 champions, but this hysteria subsided somewhat when U.C.L.A. slammed into the little Merriwells and handed them their only defeat, 13-7. However, the excitement arose again when St. Mary's was picked for the Sugar Bowl.

Substituting speed for bulk, these beardless wonders were galloping all over the Pacific Coast until U.C.L.A. stepped in. They operated from a very intricate offense rigged by Jimmy Phelan, their coach, and had as spearhead a gridiron genius from Hawaii named Herman Wedemeyer. Despite his name, Wedemeyer is a true Hawaiian, with statuesque frame and swarthy complexion.

Men who ought to know call Wedey the perfect halfback. Pop Warner, one of the game's old masters, came out of retirement to marvel at the lad's all-around brilliance. Amos Alonzo Stagg, whose career covers the whole course of modern football, described him as a "beautiful player, one of the best I have seen." Said Dick Hanley, coach of the El Toro Marines and formerly of Northwestern: "Wedemeyer could make any college or professional team in the country." Oscar Fraley of the United Press, beating the gun with an early November All-America lineup, placed Herman at left half. Buck Shaw, whose California team learned about Wedemeyer the hard way, compares him with his old teammate, the immortal George Gipp. And that's about as far as a Notre Dame man can go.

Phelan, who in 27 years as a head coach has won Missouri Valley, Big Ten and Pacific Coast Conference championships, rates Wedemeyer absolutely unique in his experience. "There isn't anything he can't do," Jim explains. "He picks up the whole team and carries it along with him."

Wedemeyer's father, a Hawaiian of German descent, was an outstanding baseball player and judo expert. Wedemeyer himself is said to be a better baseball prospect than a football player and has already turned down a contract with Oakland of the Coast League. There are faster men in the Pacific Coast Football Conference but what counts is getting first down, and there Wedemeyer is supreme. At left halfback in the basic Notre Dame box formation he takes the ball from center in ninety per cent of the plays and it is his threat either to pass or run that upsets the opponents and gives his own men a chance to run.

He has carried the ball himself 93 times in eight games for a total of 391 yards. In addition, he has completed 60 out of 93 passes for a total of 1,086 yards and has compiled a punting average of more than 38 yards. Some of his punts have gone 60 and 70 yards and he has an uncanny faculty for kicking out inside the ten-yard line. He kicks, runs, passes, blocks and is a whale on defense.

An All-Around Career Man

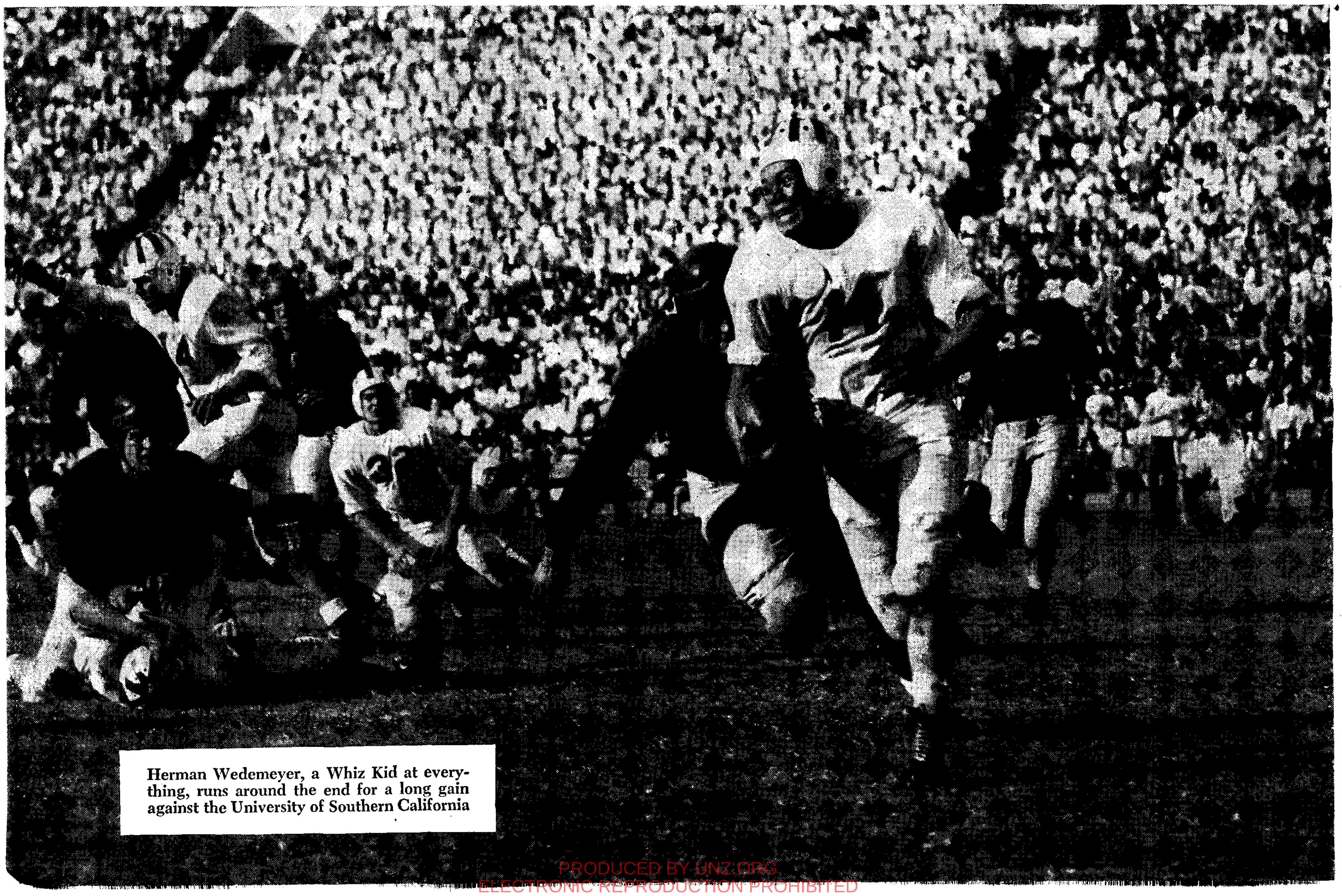
On the kid team, Wedemeyer is a solemn old man. He is married to a childhood sweetheart from Honolulu and has an infant daughter, who lives with her mother in San Francisco. Wedey was married when he first entered the Merchant Marine after getting out of the Navy V-5 program. He has his future mapped out to include professional football and baseball and after that a career as athletic coach in Hawaii. His fame in the islands is so great that he is only next to the famous Duke Kahanamoku as a hero. The excitement there because of the Sugar Bowl game is so great that the Honolulu Star-Bulletin is sending its sports editor, Willie Leong Hopp, to New Orleans for the event.

How strong is this 1945 St. Mary's team, composed as it is mostly of youngsters just out of high school? Phelan says he doesn't know, although it has won seven games, scored 237 points to the opposition's 32, and it dominated the Coast until it hit U.C.L.A.

"I know I've never coached another group like them," Phelan says. "For that matter, I've never coached a freshman team before. It's positively amazing, the load they carry. I have always looked for intelligence among my players, but these kids astonish me every day. I actually don't know the number of plays they've mastered. They're innumerable, for every basic play has its variations to provide for different defense setups. And it isn't just a question of each individual knowing his own assignments. These boys know what every other man on the field is supposed to be doing.

"I imagine the scouts who have been trying to figure out our offense have been having a bad time of it. We use the basic Notre Dame box with a flanker and shift either left or right. Any one of the four men in the backfield can be on the flank. About the time the scouts think they've got a certain play checked coming off a certain formation, the kids cross them and the other team with something entirely different."

The history of the Whiz Kids really dates back to 1942 when Phelan took over the St. Mary's job after Red Strader, who had succeeded Madigan, went into the Navy. Jim had been ousted at the University of Washington at the close of the 1941 season and looked upon his new post as merely a duration venture. His goal was not to win games so much as it was to keep the sport alive with youngsters who were waiting for the call to service. A fiercely practical idealist who practices the fine art of proselyting with religious fervor, he took his lickings from teams bol-



Herman Wedemeyer, a Whiz Kid at everything, runs around the end for a long gain against the University of Southern California stered by Navy and Marine trainees, without a murmur.

His first reward came in 1943 when Wedemeyer, having closed his prep career in a blaze of glory at St. Louis High School in Honolulu, came to Moraga. The Gaels won only three games, but Wedey was the standout player of the year, and as a freshman, was invited to play in the Shrine's annual East-West All-Star classic on New Year's Day in San Francisco. He stole the show, as usual, pitching two fourth-quarter passes to give the West a victory over a favored East team.

By the time the 1944 season had rolled around, Wedey had departed to enroll in the Navy V-5 program. Phelan had practically nothing to show in the way of athletes except Denny O'Connor, who had been discharged from the Army and suddenly decided that it was high time for him to continue his education.

Beginning the current season, Jim had two proven men—O'Connor and Wedemeyer. The latter had dropped out of the Navy program to ship with the Merchant Marine and arrived at Moraga a week after the opening of school. The coach also had a pretty good idea of the capabilities of Charles Albert (Spike) Cordeiro, Jr. This five-foot-six, 151-pound speed merchant who runs as if he has an outboard motor in each leg was Wedemeyer's only rival in Honolulu. If Wedey ran back a kickoff 85 yards for St. Louis, Spike would run one back 87 yards for Roosevelt. Spike sailed with the Merchant Marine during the war but every time his ship touched at San Francisco he hurried across the bay to Moraga and worked out with the Gaels.

The Kids Made the Grade

Ed Ryan, the big end from Vancouver, B.C., had played some football in Canada, and Phelan was hopeful that he would find enough men to fill the holes among the 17- and 18-year-olds who answered his opening call to practice. Forty-four men turned out, slightly more than half of the boarding students at the college. The grandpappy of the squad was O'Connor. On the program his age is listed as 23. Actually, it's several years over that figure, he having been a very busy man making a living following his graduation from high school. Exactly half the squad were only 17, and only three of the entire lot had had any previous college experience.

However, so great was the ballyhoo over the return of Wedemeyer that when the Gaels opened the season against California in nearby Berkeley, the stadium was filled to 80,000 capacity. The St. Mary's starting lineup, which has remained the same throughout the season except for Adair who was injured, was:

Left end—Don Schultz, 17; 186 pounds.
Left tackle—Al Beasley, 18; 213 pounds.
Left guard—Carl DeSalvo, 17; 195 pounds.
Center—Vic Cuccia, 17; 179 pounds.
Right guard—Bill Bland, 17; 184 pounds.
Right tackle—Harvey Adair, 17; 178 pounds.
Right end—Ed Ryan, 19; 200 pounds.
Quarter—Denny O'Connor, 26; 158 pounds.
Left half—Herman Wedemeyer, 21; 170 pounds.
Right half—Spike Cordeiro, 19; 151 pounds.
Fullback—Wes Busch, 17; 183 pounds.

The nine freshmen and two sophomores were victims of a slight attack of stage fright before the multitude, and they were put on the defensive when Wedey fumbled the kickoff and the Bears recovered. The entire first period was played in St. Mary's territory and before the Gaels could settle down California had a 6 to 0 lead.

That touchdown, instead of stampeding the youthful crew from Moraga, set them on fire. The Gaels jumped to midfield on two hops—a pass by Wedemeyer and an end run by Cordeiro. On second down Wedey spiraled a long pass to Cordeiro who couldn't quite reach it. Spike had been running on every play and was called to the bench for a breather, Paul Crowe replacing him. O'Connor called for the same play. Crowe took off, snatched the ball out of the air behind the defensive halfback without breaking stride and ran for a touchdown. Wedemeyer kicked the extra point and from there on it was St. Mary's ball game.

Not evident in the final score of 20 to 13 are two other touchdowns called back because of technical infractions of the rules, nor can the scoreboard describe the sleight-of-hand ball handling of the Gael backs. California, a 2 to 1 favorite, was completely outplayed for the last three periods.

This was the beginning. In quick succession the kids knocked off the Stockton Army Commando eleven, 26 to 0; Nevada, 39 to 0, College of Pacific, 61 to 0; McClelland Field, 58 to 0; U.S.C., 26 to 0; Fresno State, 32 to 6. In every game except the Pacific contest, the Gaels were outweighed, yet they could have added at least one touchdown to the score in every instance if Phelan had wanted to keep his first string on the field to run up the score.

Some observers who watched St. Mary's humble the proud Trojans rated Cordeiro a better back than Wedemeyer and damned O'Connor with faint praise. Yet Wedey and Denny are the two keymen in the Gael offense. It won't work without both of them in there.

On defense—and for a team that specializes on attack as this one does, it is a surprisingly tight and canny defense—the keyman is Vic Cuccia, a five-foot-nine center from Los Angeles. He calls the plays on defense, just as O'Connor does on offense, and then makes half the tackles.

Until the Southern California game, most of St. Mary's yardage had been made in the air. Passes had massacred every opponent. The Trojans were set to throttle Wedemeyer's forwards. So O'Connor sent his backs to galloping on the ground. Yardage for the afternoon: 80 on passes, 267 on running.

The Trojans had their chance in the opening minutes when, following an intercepted pass, they got a first down on the St. Mary's 26-yard line. Four plays later the Gaels took possession on downs—on the 34-yard line. In their street clothes, those teen-aged linemen may not look like football players but they know what to do when their goal line is in danger.

In the highly competitive field of college football no outstanding eleven happens by chance alone. The Gaels are probably the best-coached, best-conditioned and best-organized team on the Coast. During the war the enrollment at St. Mary's, a college for men, was reduced to little more than one hundred students. Phelan and his team have done much to preserve the identity of the college, which has been squeezed into one corner of the beautiful Moraga campus by the Navy Pre-Flight program and all but lost in a swarm of cadets.

A Good Job of Managing

The Gaels have played to more than 350,000 spectators, yet Jim and his line coach, Marty Kordick, manage to handle practically all the details and demands that pop up with a winning season. Whether it's a rush order for train reservations, 50-yard-line tickets or getting a boy special treatment for poison oak, they take it in stride. It does make for a long day, however, and only two hours of it is spent on the practice field. This is the easiest part of the day. The players are put through a stiff 15 minutes of calisthenics, then a session with a swinging bag to sharpen up the blocking.

The squad hasn't scrimmaged more than half a dozen times since the California game, and then for only a few minutes, although hardly a day goes by without some live tackling.

Kordick, who played guard at St. Mary's is amazed at every practice.

"It was different in my day," he mused one afternoon as the Gaels pranced out on the field. "We used to throw rocks at the first man to leave the dormitory for the gym. These kids show up half an hour early and we have to chase them into the showers."

A team composed exclusively of freshmen and sophomores ordinarily would have a bright future on the gridiron, but this season of 1945 will probably be the first and last appearance of the Whiz Kids. In 1946 most of them, having attained the ripe old age of 18, will be in the Army. ★★★

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Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 15

She could see him dimly. Other shapes were beginning to emerge dimly from the blackness. One of the two seamen, bending over an oar, made a short, thick outline; the other looked thin and wizened and wore a stocking cap. Daisy Belle had taken a turn at rowing and then crawled back to a place near Marcia. Her nose and chin were sharp and gray and haggard, etched in dreary stone. Gili was huddled ahead of them, her head down in her arms. It was getting to be morning. There was a faint gray light showing at the rims of the world. The waves seemed to be abating in violence.

There were no signs of other lifeboats, although once a barrel floated past and they thought at first it was a man, and another time it was a man, on his face—dead when they reached him. Alfred Castiogne bent down to drag the floating, dark bulk a little out of the water and to cast it back again.

GRADUALLY the darkness was broken into by a sort of glow, away ahead, dimly red, like a distant fire, or like the late reflection of a crimson sunset. Only it was toward the east.

All of them saw it and watched it—dully, at intervals, preoccupied with that increasing and frightful struggle to keep alive another minute—through another wave.

It was Luther who first said it was a ship, and then they shifted about confusedly, all of them searching in the dim, gray light for rockets. They found them in a small locker along with the inadequate supply of dry rations and brackish water, compass and knife and tarpaulin with which the lifeboat had been sparsely equipped. Mickey sent up the rockets. Long streaks of flame curled up above the lifeboat. Sometime about then Alfred Castiogne collapsed. He lay in the stern, and Luther and one of the seamen moved him, and Luther again took an oar, while the seaman whose thick, strong silhouette Marcia had noticed huddled over him in the dim light and tried to revive him. Apparently he did not succeed, for at length he gave up and tried to arrange the third mate fairly comfortably against a seat and went back savagely to rowing. The ship lay dead ahead now and had the strange rosy radiance all about her still, but it was not fire.

Marcia was past anything so human, so vital, as hope. She watched as if from delirium, as if it didn't matter to her. She heard the men talk and tried to help in a fumbling way to find the rockets. She saw the rocket streaks curve up at last over the distant ship —above the ship and above that strange rosy radiance, acknowledging their own signals.

Daisy Belle said in a faraway, hoarse voice, that mumbled the words: "It's a hospital ship. See the Red Cross on the side."

Mickey was then just ahead of her and Marcia; he jerked around toward Daisy Belle. His face looked queer, too, stony and drawn, his dark eyelashes coated with brine, his lips purple. His mouth was stiff from cold, too; his words were barely intelligible: "American—is she American?"

Marcia could have told them both, yes. She knew the hospital ships, she'd seen them often at Marseille. Words stirred faintly in her consciousness, but not strongly enough to induce numbed muscles and nerves to speech. As a matter of fact, when they were picked up thirty minutes later she was only dimly aware of it; she knew when she was slung over a shoulder and carried up a swaying Jacob's ladder. She knew when they lifted her from a litter to a bunk and warmth, and returning circulation made her cry with pain.

The others were in various stages of shock from exposure and cold, except for Alfred Castiogne, who was dead.

He had not, however, died of exposure.

"This man," said the doctor who examined him, looking at the knife wound in his back, "was murdered."

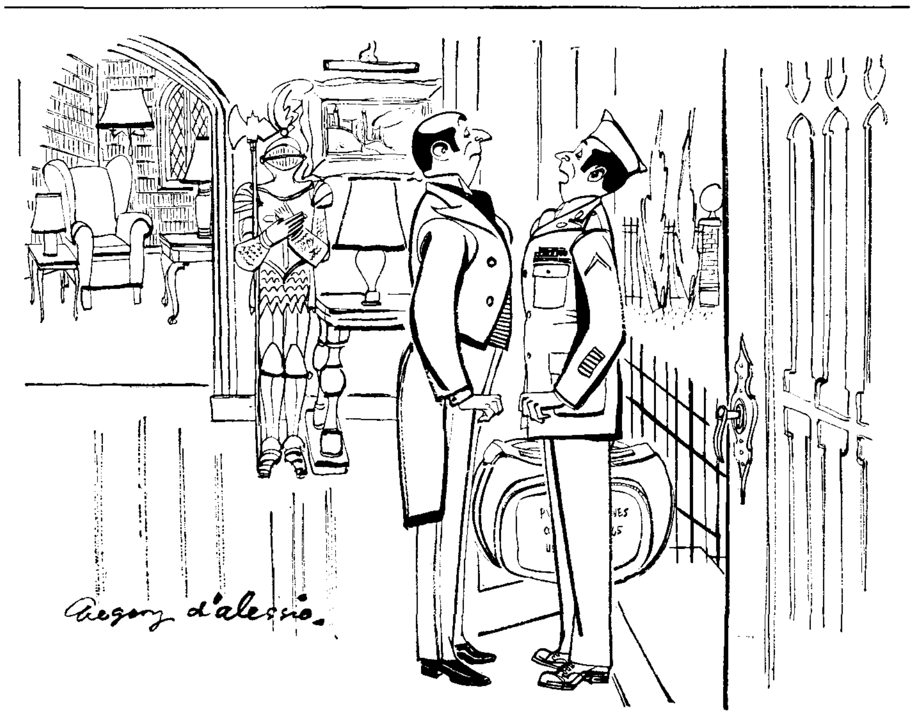
MARCIA opened her eyes. She was aware first of warmth and comfort, of soft blankets and clean, sweet-smelling sheets; she had been aware of that for some time really, and of the distant throb and vibration of engines.

For an instant she looked at the small, cheerful cabin. There were two double-decked bunks, gay, chintz-covered chairs, a bookshelf, a door which she thought must lead to the passageway and another, open, to a tiny bathroom; there were two round ports, and the light was on so it must be, again, night. She was still on a ship but it was so sharply different from the dirty little Portuguese ship, so clean and shining and warm and with such an atmosphere of comfort, that she savored it gratefully, not thinking. And then she saw a slipper, shabby, high-heeled, rimy from sea water, lying on the floor. It was Gili's.

Sharply then she remembered everything and sat up. Every muscle ached as if she had been beaten, but she was alive and warm. The miracle had happened; she was still Marcia Colfax, breathing, thinking, still linked up with her own destiny.

The two bunks directly opposite had been slept in and were still not made up; a tray with empty dishes and a coffeepot stood on the table. Someone had placed a maroon wool bathrobe across the foot of her own bunk. She was wearing, she discovered, pale gray flannel pajamas which smelled of soap. She reached for the bathrobe and wrapped it around her, and, as she did so, the door into the passageway opened quietly and a nurse looked in, saw that she was awake, smiled and came into the cabin. She was young and pleasant; she was in a crisp and clean uniform, and she carried some clothes over her arm.

WELCOME HOME! by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Is Mr. Van Gilding in, please? I'd like to see him about getting my old job back"

COLLIER'S

"Awake?" she said. "I'm Lieutenant Stoddard. How do you feel? I've brought you some clothes."

"I feel wonderful," said Marcia. Her voice sounded hoarse and weak. "I can't believe it. It really is a miracle."

"Not at all," said Lieutenant Stoddard. "People are rescued every day." She put down the clothes, carefully depositing a pair of brown Oxfords on the floor. "I'll just make sure you are all right," she said and came to Marcia and put her fingers on her wrist. "Well—no double pneumonia here. I'd better take your temperature though."

She shook the thermometer briskly.

"Where are the others? Is everybody all right? Is—Mickey—" Marcia suddenly remembered that on the Lerida she had had to address Mickey as André in order to square with the papers he was using; but that didn't matter now. If they were on an American boat, headed for home, they could tell the truth; explain why he was using a false name and false papers, explain everything, and everything would be all right.

The nurse put the thermometer in Marcia's mouth and said: "No double pneumonia anywhere, in fact. We got you just in time, I imagine." She must have thought that Marcia's eyes were questioning for she went on, pleasantly: "I expect you don't even know where you are. It's a hospital ship, the Magnolia. We are on our way home with wounded and sick soldiers. We picked you up just about dawn; you were unconscious, I think. We put you and Mrs. Cates and Miss—well, the other young lady in this cabin. Neither of them seems to be suffering any ill effects, although of course you'll feel pretty washed up for a while."

"The others—" said Marcia, around the thermometer.

THE young lieutenant turned to close the port behind her. "Quite all right, I believe. We gave everybody treatment for shock. Mr. Cates was the worst off; he had to have digitalis and I don't know what all but he's all right now except for a cold. Mr. Messac is up and about, too. He looks quite all right." She turned back but her eyes avoided Marcia's. "We let you sleep as long as you could." She waited another moment or two, removed the thermometer, glanced at it and said: "Perfectly normal. Now then, I'll get you something to eat."

She smiled again, gave a little nod and went quickly away. Marcia, still savoring the warm comfort of the bunk and the tiny shining cabin, lay back luxuriously on the pillow. Mickey was all right, then; everybody, she thought comfortably, was all right, and she slipped into a dreamy state which was not quite sleep but near it.

It was not, in fact, until she'd had hot food, and was bathed and dressed—in a nurse's uniform, as a matter of fact, which luckily fitted—that she had any warning that everything was actually all wrong. But even then she did not know that Alfred Castiogne was dead. The nurse said only that the ship's captain wanted to see her.

She had been thinking, naturally, of seeing Mickey. "The ship's captain?"

"Captain Svendsen." The nurse hesitated. "I think it is rather—important."

Something in the nurse's manner and voice seemed evasive, and Marcia looked at her quickly. "What is wrong? What has happened?" she asked.

Lieutenant Stoddard bit her lip. "I'd better take you to them. If you're quite sure you're up to it, of course."

This time Mickey's assumed name came out naturally, without intention: "Is it André? André Messac? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, no. Mr. Messac is quite all right. Really, Miss Colfax. It's only—they'd like to ask you some questions, I think."

Questions? Marcia considered it slowly. But naturally, she thought, there would be questions—my name, my destination, matters of record.

The nurse continued: "I brought you a coat too, Miss Colfax; I'm afraid yours is ruined with sea water. It's a nurse's coat. I guessed at size twelve." She held up the trimly tailored coat with its gay scarlet lining and slipped it around Marcia's shoulders. "This way, Miss Colfax."

The passageway was painted gray and glittered with cleanliness; the air was fresh and warm and there was an inviting, floating fragrance of coffee and the clean smell of antiseptics. Marcia caught a glimpse of a slender, crisply uniformed figure of a nurse going into a cabin ahead of them; then they emerged into a transverse corridor, from which led open stairs like very sound and substantial ladders with stout railings. There were people about—corpsmen in white, several soldiers in red bathrobes, and two medical officers talking to a transport corps officer. Over and above everything was an indescribable sense of warmth and cleanliness, happiness and home. It struck Marcia with a poignancy that was like a comforting hand. The nurse must have seen something of her feeling in her face for she laughed a little, softly. "I know what you're thinking."

"It doesn't seem real. It's all so—so American. Clean and efficient-looking and plenty of everything. It's like being at home."

"I know. You should see some of our patients when they get their first meal aboard. Milk. Eggs. Steak. Some of the cast cases gain so much weight that we have to change their casts . . . I'll take you through the wards sometime."

THEY climbed more stairs. They were easier for Marcia to climb than the first; her muscles were less stiff; sleep and a hot bath and food could work miracles, too. The whole ship seemed a miracle, with the radiance of its lighted Red Cross shining out over the sea. But a modern and a scientific, as well as a merciful miracle. They reached another deck; everywhere, above and below, she caught glimpses of men in uniform, nurses in uniform, going quickly and quietly about their business. None of them so much as gave her a glance. She had even then a sense of the organization, the detailed direction and never-relaxing activity that went on constantly, at every instant, all over the ship; later, gradually, a complete and awe-inspiring picture of that organization was to emerge —its scientific thoroughness, its personal devotion, its vigilance, and its immeasurable triumphs.

Lieutenant Stoddard, her bright bar shining on one collar tab and the nurse's caduceus, equally shining, on the other, again caught something of Marcia's thoughts. "It's a floating hospital," she said. "We have everything—laboratories, X-ray rooms, three operating rooms—I'll show you that, too."

Marcia said, "I envy you. To be able to serve, like this—"

"I wouldn't trade these three years for anything in the world," said Lieutenant Stoddard, her face shining almost as brightly as her lieutenant's bar. She took Marcia's arm lightly. "We go forward now. This way—"

They walked along another narrow, shining gray passageway at the end of which was the captain's quarters. Lieutenant Stoddard knocked, and the door opened; the nurse said, "This is Miss Colfax, sir," and a slim, young major said, "Thank you, Lieutenant," and held the door wider for Marcia to enter.

It was a small room, paneled, with built-in wooden cabinets and shelves; there were deep red leather-covered chairs and a sofa, a rack of pipes, a solid table built crosswise below the square windows opposite and laden with papers and books, photographs and lamps; it had a look of home and comfort. There were three men in the room and Mickey was one of them. He came to her at once.

"Marcia! Are you all right? They said it was better for you to sleep. I've been worried about you." He took her hand and smiled down at her; he was wearing an olive-drab Army uniform, but without insignia; he still looked rather white and drawn, but was cleanly shaven and obviously rested. "Something pretty bad has happened, Marcia. It's—"

"If you don't mind, Mr. Messac," said someone rather sharply behind him. A man had risen from the chair beside the table; he was in blue uniform with the four gold stripes denoting his rank across his sleeve. He was stocky and very powerful-looking, with very fair hair, eyebrows that were white and heavy, a red, weathered face and narrow, intensely sharp blue eyes. He said: "I am Captain Svendsen, Miss Colfax. This is Major Williams." The young major who had opened the door bowed briefly. Captain Svendsen indicated one of the red chairs with a thick, powerful pink hand and said: "Will you sit down?"

Mickey said: "May I tell her, Captain?"

But Captain Svendsen's hand remained firm until Marcia sat down. Then he replied shortly: "I will, Mr. Messac." He resumed his own seat and said: "Miss Colfax, did you know the third officer on the Lerida?"

"The third officer—" began Marcia, puzzled, looking to Mickey for enlightenment, and Mickey said quickly: "Castiogne. I told them, of course, that you had never—"

"Mr. Messac." The captain's voice snapped out like a whiplash. He leaned forward. "I am master of this ship, Mr. Messac. Please allow me—"

"You are making it unnecessarily hard for Miss Colfax," said Mickey.

"Mickey, what is it? What is wrong?"

"Castiogne—" began Mickey, and the captain said: "That is all, Mr. Messac. I'll talk to Miss Colfax alone. Major—" He nodded toward the door. The slim young major advanced imperturbably and opened it.

Mickey shrugged, started to speak, stopped, finally said: "I beg your pardon."

THE captain leaned back in his chair. His thick, white eyebrows were drawn angrily together above his deep-set, shrewd eyes. "I've no objection to your remaining, Mr. Messac, if you'll be so good as to keep quiet. . . . Answer my question, please, Miss Colfax. Did you know Alfred Castiogne?"

She glanced at Mickey, who was now staring at the rug, his hands linked behind his back as if to hide the deformity of tortured fingernails. She said: "He was on the lifeboat."

"Did you know him before you left Lisbon?"

"No. To my knowledge, I had never seen him before."

"You know, of course, exactly who was in the lifeboat?"

"Why, I—yes, of course. Myself and"—She started to say Mickey and sensed something very still and waiting about Mickey's bent head and quickly substituted—"and André. Mrs. Cates and her husband. Gili—that is, Gili Duvrey. This man, Alfred Castiogne. I think two seamen but I don't remember their faces and I don't know their names. That's all."

"Who among you knew Castiogne best?"

"But none of us knew him!" Suddenly she remembered Gili's flirtation with the man. Was that what he meant? But why? She said slowly: "I think Miss Duvrey saw something of him on the ship. We were only three days out when the storm struck. She couldn't have known him well. If you'll tell me, Captain Svendsen, why you are asking—"

The captain leaned forward. "It is no secret, Miss Colfax. This third officer, this Alfred Castiogne, was murdered."

It had no reality. She repeated, "Murdered—" almost politely, as if she had not heard it rightly.

"He was stabbed," said the captain slowly. "He died of hemorrhage from a knife wound in his back. Obviously—" He frowned and said, "Obviously he was murdered in the lifeboat."

IT WAS very quiet. No one moved; for a second or two it was as if no one breathed; as if the word itself had a paralyzing effect. But that, thought Marcia strangely, finally, was the thing they had left behind. Murder and more murder. Violence, terror and betrayal; bombs and guns and knives and torture. Her hands were digging into the red arms of her chair.

"But I don't understand—" A small blurred memory of the night returned to her. She cried: "He was rowing! He was directing everybody. And a dead man floated past and he—Alfred Castiogne—looked at him. I saw it. He lifted the body from the water."

"When was that?"

"I don't know." It was confused, horrible, all of it. She looked at Mickey for confirmation, and Mickey was trying to tell her something. She could see it in the warning look he gave her; but what was it?

The captain insisted: "You say you *saw* him lift the dead man from the water. It must have been light enough to see objects and movement. It must have been nearly dawn, wasn't it?"

She nodded, "Why, yes. Yes, I suppose so. I can't remember much of it."

"When did Castiogne collapse, then? How much later?"

She tore her gaze from Mickey's urgent look and met the captain's intent, shrewd eyes. "I don't know exactly. I believe that I noticed that he had collapsed about the time we sent up rockets."

The captain turned to Mickey. "Is that as you remember it?"

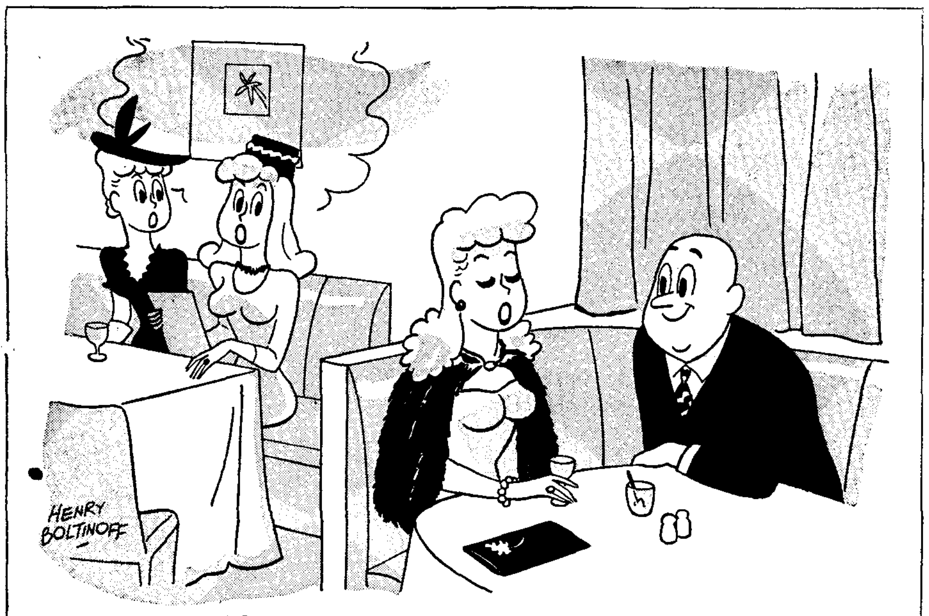
Mickey shrugged. "It's as I told you. I remember thinking that he'd collapsed and somebody tried to revive him, one of the other seamen, I think. Yes, it was about the time we sighted your ship."

The captain looked again at Marcia.

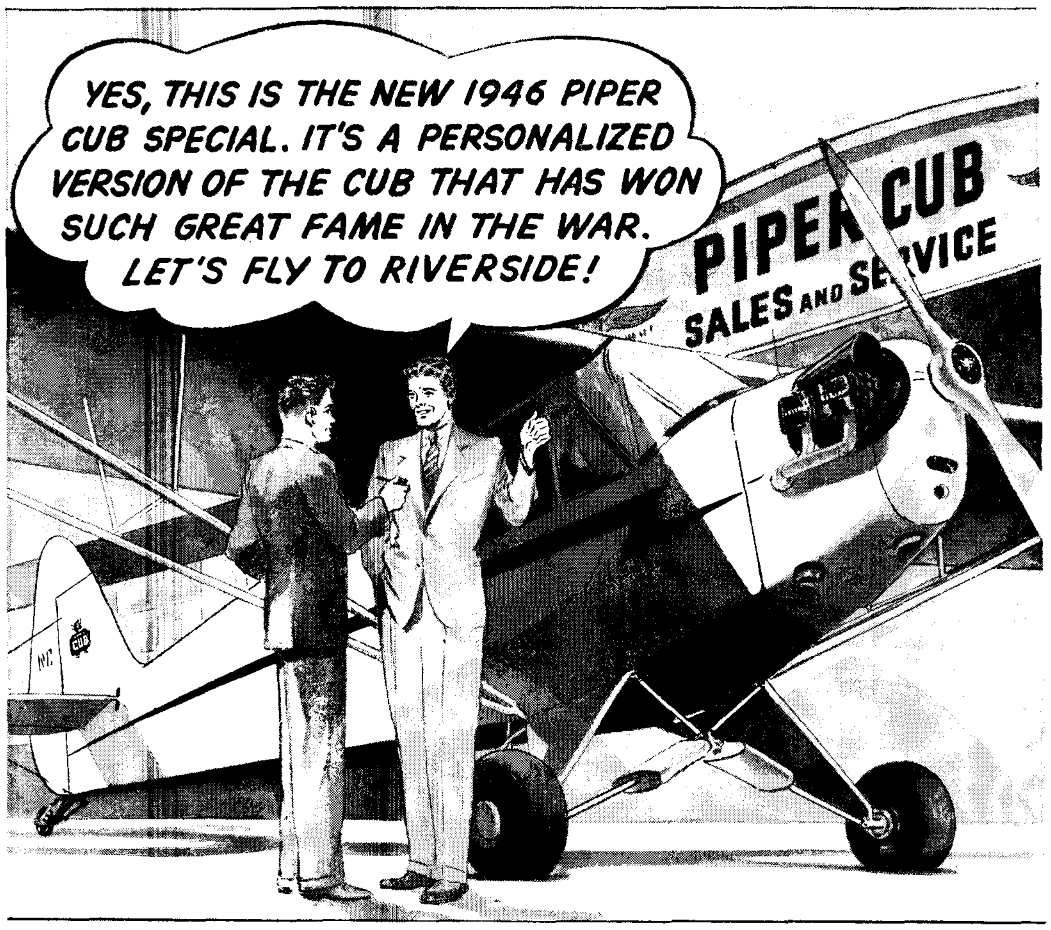
"Miss Colfax, it will save time and trouble for everybody if you'll answer this question frankly: Is there anything at all that you know or saw in that lifeboat which might have something to do with the murder of this man? Take your time. Try to remember."

But there was nothing; she shook her head.

(*Continued on page* 34)


HENRY BOLTINOFF

COLLIER'S "She used to be a brunette and so did he!" HENRY BOLTINOFF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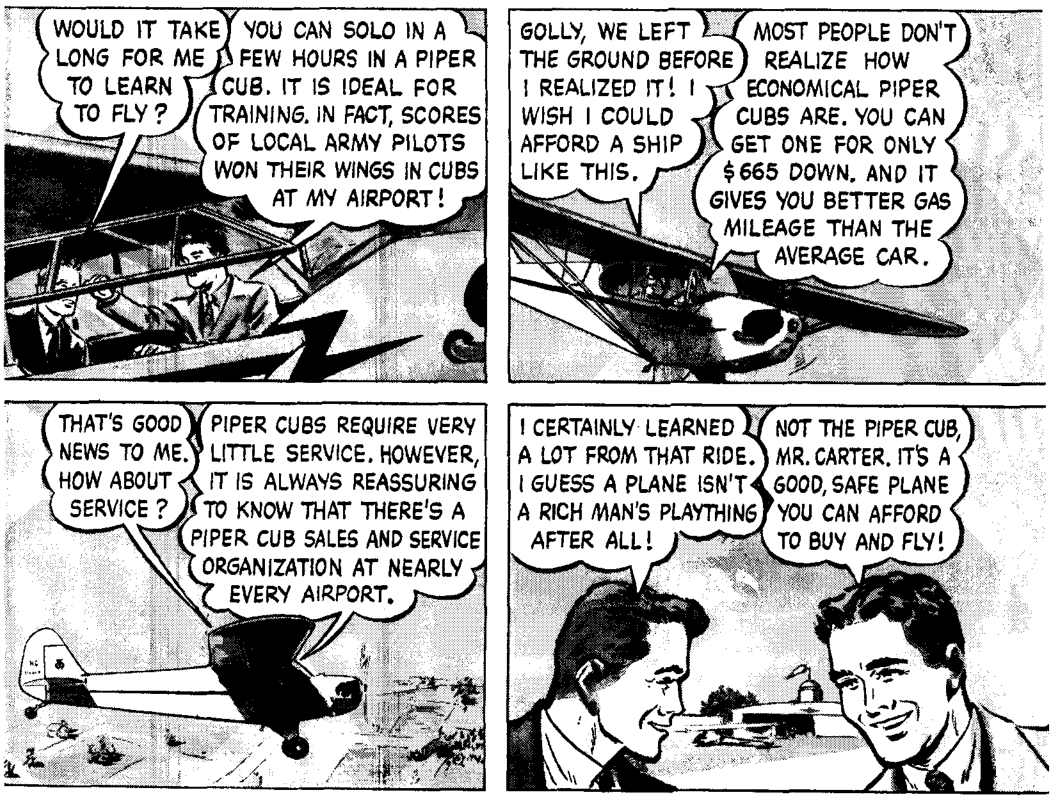
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MISS U

BY HELEN FURNAS

Peggy Doolin Utinsky was in Manila when the Japs struck. For four years she was a leader of a ring of patriots who smuggled drugs and supplies to the guerrillas

PEGGY DOOLIN UTINSKY, a trained nurse by trade, went to Manila in 1927. On Pearl Harbor day, she was forty-one and five feet four inches. Now this gray-haired, bright-eyed, brisk-motioned little lady is an inch shorter—the ordeal of fighting a private war somehow shrank her body. Her stockings hide the scars that resulted from Jap torture, permanent souvenirs of her forty-eight months as the mysterious "Miss U," a leader of the ring of whites and Filipinos which smuggled lifesaving drugs and money to Americans in Jap prison camps around Manila.

When the Japs struck, she was a volunteer nurse in a Red Cross hospital and helped run a servicemen's canteen in spare time. Her husband, John P. Utinsky, American civil engineer, who afterward died in a Jap prison camp, was on a construction job out Bataan way. On January second the Japs came in, issuing orders to British and Americans to stay home to be sorted out for internment. Miss U stayed home, all right, but she slammed and locked the iron grill gate on the apartment stairs, closed the shutters, all but a crack to peer out of, and made up her mind that, if anybody did get in, she would be in bed, sick as a dog and stone-deaf.

After ten weeks, with provisions holding out fine, Peggy observed that Japs prowling for internees had practically disappeared from the street. She tried to figure out what to do. Her husband's name finally gave her a cue. John Utinsky's folks had been Virginians, but the original Utinsky came from somewhere vaguely Baltic. So she became Rosena Utinsky, spinster nurse, from Kovno.

Money and savvy got her a street pass complete with Japanese signatures, from a Filipino who dealt in such matters. With this document, she wangled her way, after the fall of Bataan, into an expedition of nurses and doctors being sent out there on civilian relief work by the Filipino Red Cross, still functioning under the Jap authorities.

After a disabling siege of dysentery, Peggy was sent to Camp O'Donnell, some ninety miles from Manila, to nurse in cattle cars, accompanying sick Filipino prisoners to be met by their families in Manila. The Japs allowed the Filipino Red Cross to send into O'Donnell a certain amount of medical supplies and food for Filipinos, but nothing whatever for Americans.

So Peggy became a smuggler and bought sulfa drugs, quinine, cholera and dysentery vaccines and such from Manila druggists willing to ask no questions. These things she smuggled into the camp with the aid of half a dozen Filipino kids. But drugs were not the only need. Camp rations at O'Donnell were strictly starvation. The only way to keep alive was to buy extra food from the Filipino vendors allowed into camp. Yet the enlisted men's pay was only five cents a day. So banking was set up. An organization inside camp co-operated with smugglers outside to receive pesos and distribute them where they would do the most good.

Close squeaks were plentiful. Once, on her way to buy drugs, she was forcibly removed from her *caramata* (a native cart) and beaten by two Jap soldiers who offered no explanation whatever, then let her resume her journey. But the pay-off didn't come until 1943. A member of the ring told her she had been denounced by a well-known girl collaborator. Miss U turned over to her informant a batch of incriminating letters and a couple of pistols. Then she went home and went to sleep. She woke to hear a scuffling on the stairs and then an earsplitting banging on the iron grilled door.

It still seems to her there were at least fifty Jap soldiers in the party that came in. The headman sat her down and started routine questions: name, profession, passport . . . Jap dexterity and Jap patience literally took the place apart. At seven in the morning they were still at it. At 7:30 the headman telephoned for instructions, forbade Miss U to leave the city or move her quarters, got his men together and off they went.

Since the Japs had obviously found nothing, some of her co-workers thought she was in the clear. She knew better. The third day, while she was on her job, a message came from the hospital reception desk, merely: "Somebody wants to see you." There were fewer this time—only eight men, all armed to the teeth. They said, "Come along for questioning."

Her story was set. Born in Kovno—reared in Canada. Came to Hong Kong in charge of a patient—patient died there. Left Hong Kong on the British boat *Anhin* which put in at Manila, December 8, 1941. Stranded in Manila when the *Anhin* sailed without warning—this was safe because the *Anhin* had been ordered out by the British consul so suddenly that she left no record of her passengers.

They sat her at a table with arms stretched in front of her. Once, they beat her across the forearms and put a lighted cigarette on her bare skin. About five o'clock they took her to a below-ground, mud-floored, dim-lighted medieval dungeon where several Filipino women were huddled in filth. Supper was *lugio*—rice boiled in water until it looked and tasted like clothes starch. So was breakfast. Miss U ate nothing else for a month.

A Variety of Brutal Tortures

The second day brought stronger methods. She was made to kneel on a rack of bamboo strips set edgewise with gaps between. Split bamboo has an edge like a knife. Part of the time she was whipped with a heavy leather Jap army belt. The rest of the time she was hung by the wrists, toes just touching the floor.

One night a white man in chains was dragged into the cell next door. Regularly a Jap officer from Fort Santiago came to beat him unconscious with his belt, stripping to the waist for the job, screaming with joyful excitement and forcing Miss U to stand close to the cell bars for a good view. The details of the blow that finally killed the man are too grim to print. His blood spattered Miss U's clothes. The officer regarded the prostrate body, then turned to her:

"Utinsky!" he said. "Tomorrow I come take you to the graveyard."

Early next morning a couple of soldiers did come for her. They took her to a different room this time. New officers and a new interpreter who asked her if she was willing to sign a paper pledging herself never to do anything against the Japanese government. Unable to figure out any other answer, Miss U said yes.

"Then," he said, "I have good news. This officer is to give you your freedom."

It took six weeks in the hospital to cure her infected legs. Then she went right back to smuggling, which now included getting guns and medical supplies to American-led guerrillas in the Luzon hills. A grateful guerrilla leader, Col. John P. Boone, wrote her that if the water got too hot, his outfit would take care of her.

Presently she got underground word that the Japs were coming for her again. She dug up Boone's letter, sewed it in the hem of her skirt and left early next morning on a thoroughly hazardous and encumbered trip. She was then taking care of the four-year-old, half-Filipino child of an American woman held in Santo Tomas and saw nothing for it but to take little Diane along. On her way she stopped at the convent hospital where the priests loaded her down with drugs and food supplies. She was to take a *banca*, a long, skinny skiff widely used in the Philippines, to a place called Orion and find a man named Soriano who would do the rest.

One of the other passengers, a Filipino, kept staring at her and, when they stopped at Abucay to change boats, he whispered to the *banca* man and disappeared. That didn't look so good. When the *banca* man refused to let her leave the boat, it looked still worse. After a bit, the staring Filipino returned with seven men, all armed with rifles. They took Miss U and the child a mile inland to their chief, a Filipino major, and settled down for a good grilling.

Her Story Almost Got Her Shot

"We're mountain people," said the major in excellent English, "and we take no foolishness." Since they struck Miss U as probable Jap agents, she maintained stoutly she was a Lithuanian evacuating Manila on account of the American bombings, which were already dangerously frequent, and pointed out that Lithuania was friendly to Germany. She could see that tore it. Afterwards they admitted they were just then on the point of taking her out and shooting her. She went abruptly on the other tack:

"Do you know Colonel Boone?"

"Do you?" they asked. She hastily ripped the letter out of her skirt hem and they were pals right away. Back she went to the *banca*, complete with child and plunder, and in a few hours the mysterious Soriano was looking after her. They spent a couple of days hidden in a Filipino hut, and then a squad of guerrillas came to escort them the rest of the way.

She was badly needed and was commissioned a brevet second lieutenant of nurses. She hospitalized her patients in bamboo huts constructed in a few hours and, when an outpost fired a warning shot, abandoned in a few minutes. The first thirty days they struck camp twenty-five times. Cots were improvised of bamboo, there were practically no blankets and the huts were open at both ends to the swarming insects. In spite of all this, she lost only one patient in her whole nine months in the hills.

When MacArthur's boys were working their way down from Lingayen, she was with a guerrilla command not too far from a likely point of contact and tried her best to get the C.O. to move up. He said not yet, too much sniper hazard. But Miss U moved out with Diane regardless and found a Filipino with a horse willing to risk it.

They had been going for hours when Miss U suddenly sighted soldiers crouching in a ditch by the roadside. The color of their uniforms made her feel cold all over. Green meant Japs. Then one of the uniforms stood up and inside it was a long, weedy boy with a flaming red head, unmistakably non-Japanese. She could breathe again.

"They were kind of dirty," she says, "but, honey, those were the loveliest men I ever saw in all my life."

Now, with the war over, she is figuring on going back to Manila. In spite of everything she still likes the place. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN-PIX

Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 33

Captain Svendsen went on, "Miss Colfax, I want you to tell me everything you can remember of the lifeboat; everything that happened. Don't be in a hurry; take your time. Start with abandoning the ship. Who put you in the lifeboat? Who sat beside you? Who in front of you? What was said and done? Who saw the Magnolia first? Everything."

"I didn't know Castiogne was dead. I didn't see anything—"

Captain Svendsen sighed; he had a deadly patience; it angered him to be obliged to draw upon it, but he never quibbled with necessity. He began: "Who sat nearest you?"

His patience, though, had few results, beyond the small details Marcia remembered from the night. Replying to his questions she told how they had left the Lerida; how they had rowed and bailed and hung onto life; the way they had huddled in the boat. She had sat for the most part beside Mrs. Cates; but there had been moving about, as the men changed places.

"After you sighted us?"

She thought back as one tries to pierce the convolutions of a long and shifting dream. "Yes. We hunted for rockets. Everybody seemed to shift and move about."

"Castiogne, too?"

"I don't remember."

"But it was after that that he collapsed?"

She corrected him: "It was after that that I saw he had collapsed. One of the seamen tried to help him."

"Which one?"

"I don't know their names. He was short and thick."

"Go on."

Go on? Well, what had happened then? They had sent up more rockets. They had rowed and watched the waves and rowed and looked when they could, when they dared, when there was no curling black wave rising between, for the red glow that was the Magnolia. Somebody—Mrs. Cates, she thought—had said it was a hospital ship. She remembered being carried upward, aboard the Magnolia and the wild rocking of the lifeboat. That was all.

AGAIN the sounds of the ship, the small sighs and creaks, the rush of distant water, the ticking of a clock on the long, solid table were the only sounds in the cabin.

The captain watched her thoughtfully. Finally he leaned back in his chair. "Your name is Marcia Colfax. Right? You claim to be a United States citizen?"

"I am an American citizen. My passport—"

"I have here—" He pulled open the deep drawer of the table beside him and then, as if he did not after all require to refresh his memory, closed it again. "You came to Lisbon from where?"

"From Marseille.'

Captain Svendsen reached for a pipe which lay on an ash tray near and began to fill i carefully, his great pink hand looking extraordinarily powerful. "How long had you been in Marseille?"

"Since the first summer of the war." The captain's thick, queerly bleached eyebrows seemed to wait further explanation. He pushed and packed the tobacco in his pipe impelled by that waiting, Marcia went on again giving the bare facts: "I had gone from New York to France, to Paris, the summe the war began. I stayed on in Paris that winter. Then when the Germans occupied Pari I went to the south of France. To a villa outside Marseille as a matter of fact. I was ther until about three weeks ago, when I went to Lisbon."

The captain had filled his pipe now an was lighting it; he shot a shrewd glan[illegible] a her over the small flame. "Where is you present home in the United States?"

She thought of home: the big old hous with the wisteria and maples and sunshin across the hills beyond; the pleasant, hig apartment overlooking the park. She said "Maryland and New York City."

"Why, then, did you set out for Buenos Aires?"

"Because we could get passage to Buenos Aires; it would have meant waiting to get directly to the United States."

"We?" said Captain Svendsen. "You mean yourself and Mr. Messac?"

Mickey said suddenly: "I've told you all this, Captain. We were going home to be married—"

Without replying the captain turned toward the table, wrote quickly on a memorandum pad, tore off the paper and held it toward Major Williams. "Thank you, Mr. Messac. I'll not require your further presence," said the captain as the young major took the paper, read the scribbled note briefly and turned toward the door. "Oh, Major, take Mr. Messac to the officers' lounge, if you please. Or his own quarters, if he prefers it."

"Yes, sir." Major Williams paused, eyes on Mickey.

Mickey, looking white again and strained, said: "But I'd like to stay, Captain, I'll—"

"Please remain here, Miss Colfax." The captain nodded abruptly toward Major Williams, who waited for Mickey.

"Very well," said Mickey. He stopped beside Marcia. "Don't let them upset you, Marcia. Castiogne was nothing to you and me. I promise you, darling, as sure as my name is André Messac that all our trouble is in the past. Forever." He smiled, but his eyes were very clear and gray and intent. So she saw then what he'd been trying to tell her. She ought to have realized it when she first heard them address him as Mr. Messac.

He had been André Messac on the Portuguese ship; he was still using that name, the name on his passport and wished her to do so. There was no time to consider the reasons. She said quickly to show him that she understood: "Yes, André—I'll see you when the captain is finished."

Mickey nodded, giving an almost imperceptible wink; Major Williams cleared his throat and Mickey turned to follow him. The door closed behind them both. Captain Svendsen leaned back in his chair again.

"I don't think you have quite understood the situation, Miss Colfax," he said. "There were only a handful of people in that lifeboat. You and André Messac, Gili Duvrey, two seamen, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Cates." He paused and added in the same level tone as if merely checking another fact: "One of you murdered that man. Which one was it?"

Marcia's mind rejected the incomprehensible fact of murder and yet had to accept it as true. After a moment she said slowly: "If he were murdered in the lifeboat, if there is no other possible explanation for his death—"

The captain looked ahead, showing a hard, strong profile. After a moment he said flatly: "He was murdered."

Marcia frowned, still struggling against incredulity. Then suddenly she said: "The two seamen—"

"Did you see either of them kill Alfred Castiogne?"

"No, no—"

"Why, then, do you imply that one of them killed a man? It is a grave charge, Miss Colfax."

"Only because they knew him; they must have known him. There may have been some—oh, some grudge, some quarrel. The rest of us were merely passengers."

"In other words, you are deliberately blaming one or both of these men?"

"No, I didn't say that."

"Listen, Miss Colfax; everyone of the passengers in that lifeboat has suggested that solution. It is so unanimous a belief on the part of the five of you that one might be inclined to think that you actually knew of the murder and mutually agreed to blame the seamen."

"No, no, you are wrong. Don't you see, Captain Svendsen—"

He interrupted: "How long have you known the Cates couple?"

"I met them in Lisbon for the first time. That is, of course, I'd heard of them; I knew their name; everybody knows that, I suppose. They were always in the papers."

"Where in Lisbon did you meet?"

"At the hotel, while we were waiting to get passage."

"What about Gili Duvrey? How long have you known her?"

"She was at the hotel, too. I saw her, here and there, in the cocktail lounge, or the lobby. Then when we reached the ship, we—Gili and Mrs. Cates and I—shared a cabin."

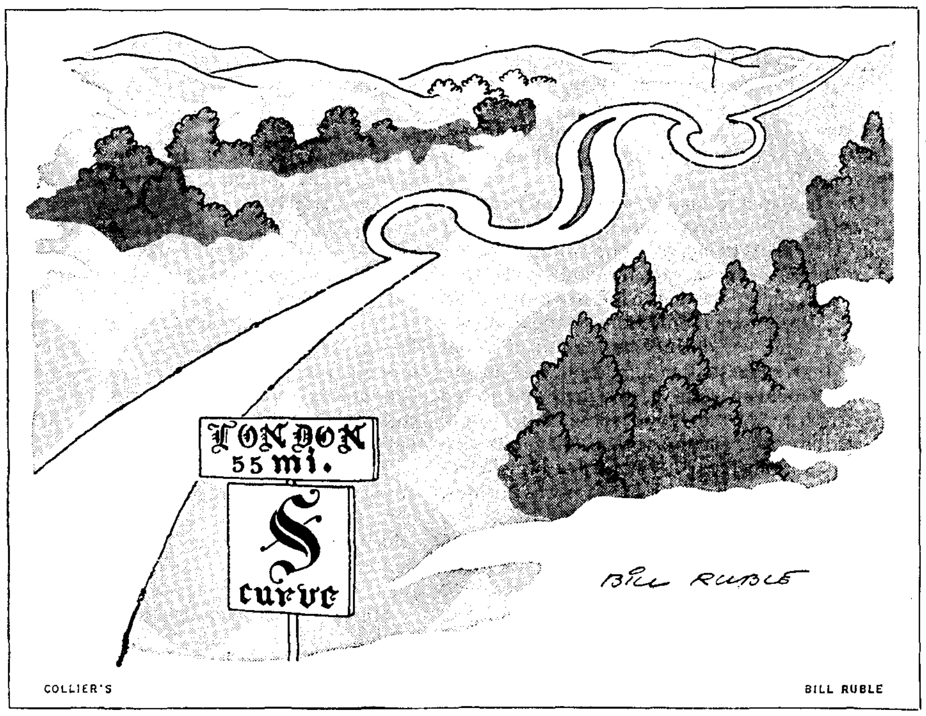
"Do you know anything of her other than that?"

"No."

THE captain lighted his pipe again, with slow deliberate puffs, watching her closely with those bright, shrewd blue eyes. After a moment he said simply: "Miss Colfax, I am the master of this ship. You and all those people from the lifeboat are now on this ship and under my care. I am particularly responsible because of the load I carry—sick and wounded men who have fought for America. A short time after I picked up your lifeboat the doctor who examined the body of Alfred Castiogne reported the murder to me. Now, there are two things I can do: I can put you all under arrest and in confinement until we reach home. Or I can induce you to tell who murdered him. I don't propose to let a murderer run at large on my ship. Do you understand me?"

His honesty, his force of character, something enormously solid and strong in the very way he sat, a thick, blue bulk in the chair, and looked at her with those deep-set, steady eyes, compelled respect and a kind of liking. She said: "Yes, I think I do understand. But I—"

"You still cannot quite believe this man was murdered. Never mind that now. The point is that for the sake of my ship and of everybody concerned I want to settle this thing at once. It is my duty." He said it so simply that it was a mere statement of fact



COLLIER'S BILL RUBLE

Route of the Empire Builder

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and thus convincing. "So then—" He tapped the pipe against the ash tray, neatly and precisely—"why did you not return to America before this?"

That had nothing to do with the murder of the third officer of a little Portuguese cargo ship. And he was waiting for a reply: Why hadn't she returned to America sooner? Long ago when the war began?

Her thoughts went swiftly back over those war years that had seemed so long and so ugly, so filled with terror and despair, so tenuous with hope that Mickey would escape and would come to her—as eventually he did. In fact, of course, it was a very brief story, and not unusual.

"I hoped that—" She caught herself; she must say André Messac not Mickey Banet. "I hoped that André would return. He was taken to a concentration camp when the Germans occupied Paris." She paused. The man opposite was still tapping his pipe lightly, watching it; the small taps were like little periods, spacing and punctuating memories.

SO MANY memories; Marcia's mind went swiftly back five years, to the great gray ship, the Normandie, pulling away from the pier in New York. Her father, on the pier, waving and laughing; it was actually her last glimpse of him; Teresa, a school friend, and Teresa's aunt, their chaperon, beside her.

That day had launched the gay holiday voyage during which she had met Mickey.

There followed a packed and important—but very quickly passing—period of time. London and humid July weather, and Mickey. Paris and August, and Mickey. September and war, and Mickey telling her he loved her.

After that, naturally, she remained in France and would not return to America with Teresa and her aunt, in spite of their pleading, in spite of the war, in spite of the frantic cables from her father. . . .

And then there was the first autumn of the war. She had walked with Mickey, lunched with Mickey, dined with Mickey; listened to Mickey practice at the great piano in his apartment for hours on end, and listened to Mickey and his friends talk of the war. A large part of Paris was lulled that winter, as she herself was, with the Maginot drug; but not Mickey and not a small select nucleus of his friends. All over Paris actually there were men who believed that they could see ahead; already that winter the seeds of what was later to be a vast organization for French resistance were sown.

She had not known actually, however, that Mickey was a part of that beginning movement. Up to then his only interest had been music; he was on the beginning wave of what would certainly have been a great career; already people were beginning to know his name, he had played in London and in New York with brilliant press notices; he was in fact returning home from a series of American concert engagements including an almost spectacular reception at Carnegie Hall when Marcia met him on the ship. He was then a slender, gay, contentedly engrossed young man, with his tanned face and light, sunstreaked hair and gray eyes which, Marcia had always thought, were exactly the color of the sea, as deep, as clear, as changeable. He had no thought of politics, no thought of anything but music. And the war ended that.

It ended his career in the first place because it brought all the bright world of the thirties crashing to an end. It ended his career later for a more specific reason.

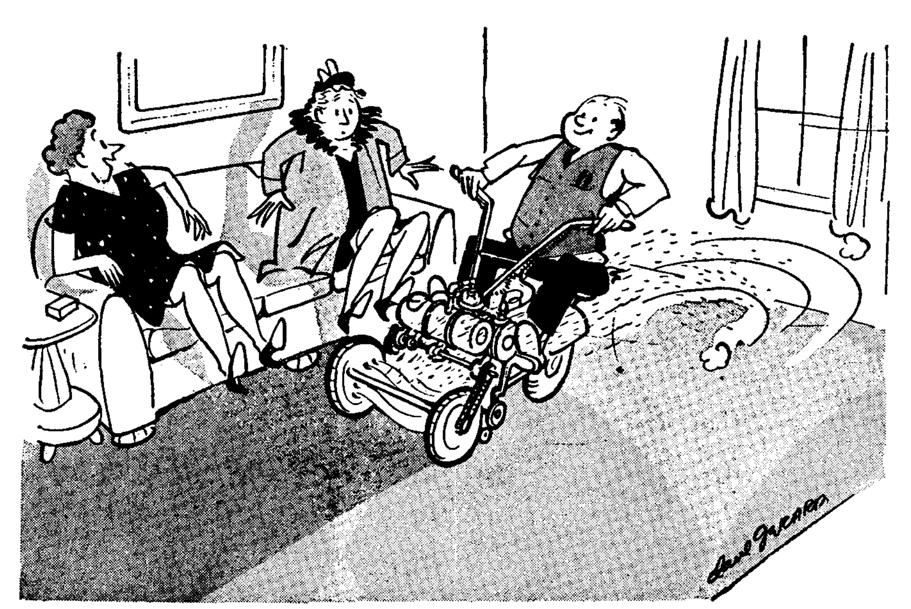
In May, the Germans entered Paris; Mickey and three other men she had known were arrested.

Captain Svendsen was still tapping the pipe lightly and precisely upon the tray. It seemed strange that her memory could travel so many weary months while a man waited and tapped tobacco from his pipe. He said, lifting the pipe at last to frown into the bowl: "You were in Paris, then, when the war began? And you went to Marseille?"

"I went to Marseille later. That summer; after the Germans occupied Paris. I was with a friend, Madame Renal. She had a car and we drove to her villa just outside Marseille."

Again, as if a swift series of pictures flashed across some mental screen she remembered that flight from Paris. They had all intended to go together; at least that was what she thought when the plan was made. She and Mickey and Madame Renal—the kind, stout old Frenchwoman her father had cabled her to get in touch with; somehow, somewhere in business probably, he had known Madame Renal and her husband. Madame Renal had a car, gasoline and a villa near Marseille; she was old and ill and she could not make the journey alone. Otherwise Marcia would not have gone with her, for at the last Mickey did not come. She would never forget and she did not want to remember that day in Paris—the frantic, seething day of unutterable confusion while she tried to find Mickey, and in the end gave up and went with Madame Renal. They left Paris about nightfall. At five o'clock the next morning they were exactly three miles away but by that time she could not have made her way back to the city. Mickey would find them; he knew where they were going; he knew the address—so Madame Renal assured her over and over again. But when they reached the villa, cold with its stony floors, Mickey was not there and a month later she learned that he had been arrested and sent to Germany.

The thought of those long, cold, waiting years was too close and too full of tragedy to bear remembering. She said to Captain Svendsen: "André finally escaped; just at the end of the war. He had known where I was going and came to me there as soon as he could."



"He can hardly wait for spring since he got that contraption!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

The captain began to refill his pipe. "Wouldn't it have been better to wait in Lisbon until you could get passage directly home? If your people are there—"

IT SEEMED to Marcia for an instant that the man sitting opposite her watching her so closely over his pipe was bent upon touching all the sore and poignant scars of the past years. She said: "My father died while I was in Marseille; the first summer after the Germans entered Paris."

There was a slight pause; then the captain said: "I'm sorry, Miss Colfax. Go on, please."

Go on? Oh, yes; why had they taken passage on the little Portuguese ship, bound for Buenos Aires instead of home? But how could she tell him or describe to him her anxiety about Mickey; the urgency of her wish for him to leave Europe, with all its inevitable and tragic souvenirs of war? New surroundings, any new surroundings, a fresh start, a different place—these things Mickey had to have, for his soul's sake. His eyes were alight, his face had looked young and gay again, and full of hope and vitality for the first time when he had brought her, actually, another man's passports and the news of the possibility of a Lisbon sailing.

Practically, however, there was another reason; one she hadn't talked of to Mickey. She said slowly: "André had suffered greatly; I wanted him to be away from Europe as soon as possible. Also—" she hesitated; the passport situation would have to remain as it was, at least until she had talked to Mickey and they had decided together to tell the truth of it; but there was no harm in telling Mickey's profession. She went on, being careful again to say André: "André, as he may have told you, was a musician, a pianist. Perhaps the Germans knew that; perhaps it was merely one of their unspeakable forms of torture. In any case, you've seen his hands; his fingernails and the ends of his fingers—"

Her throat grew rigid and hard, so she stopped; the captain nodded, his face hardened. "I saw them. I've seen several such."

"I want to get him to a plastic surgeon. I don't think he can ever play again; but there may be some hope. It seemed important to get him home, by any means that we could. As soon as possible."

"I see. Yes, I see that. There may be some hope. Miss Colfax, you are being quite frank with me?"

Mickey's passport was not Mickey's; she had not told him that. There had been, however, no other evasion. "Yes."

"Very well then—"

Someone knocked, interrupting him, and Captain Svendsen said: "Yes?—oh, Colonel Morgan. Will you come in?"

The door opened, a tall, well-built man, a patient obviously, for he wore a long maroon dressing gown, came into the room, followed by Major Williams, who closed the door again behind him. Captain Svendsen said: "Miss Colfax, this is Colonel Josh Morgan."

The tall man in the dark red dressing gown turned to her quickly; she caught a flash of narrow and rather intent blue-gray eyes before he bowed and then took the hand she held out toward him—took it, however, with his left hand as his right arm was in a sling. He said, conventionally, except for that intent look on his browned face and in his level eyes: "How do you do, Miss Colfax."

Captain Svendsen said: "You haven't met before, I take it."

"Why—no." Colonel Morgan hesitated, looked at Marcia again directly and said: "Or have we?"

She had met, casually, many Americans in Paris before the war, and in Marseille after the Americans came. But she would have remembered this man, she thought suddenly—his black hair; the curve of his mouth; his quick, direct look; something strong and substantial and yet daring and youthful about him, that suggested imagination and inventiveness held in reserve, weighed and tested by a matter-of-fact good sense. She would have remembered him for all that, but also there was some spark, some extra bit of electricity in the air between them; it was curious, a small and unimportant fact but a fact. She knew that she'd have remembered him. She said slowly: "No, no, I'm sure we've not met," and Colonel Josh Morgan said: "No, of course not. I'd have remembered you," and smiled briefly.

It was, merely, a polite, pleasant compliment, but it startled her a little, because it was so near to her own thought. She met his eyes for an instant, and it was suddenly as if she had met that deep and direct look, unguarded, with no barriers between, many, many times before.

Confused and a little angry with herself, she turned abruptly toward Captain Svendsen, who said: "Colonel Morgan was a newspaperman in civilian life. He spent considerable time in Paris before the war. I thought conceivably you might have met."

Marcia thought swiftly: He is trying to check my story, my identity! Why?

Josh Morgan said shortly: "Paris is a big place."

"Yes," said Captain Svendsen, heavily. "Yes. Still the American colony was not large. One often knows one's compatriots in any city. There were some other Americans in the lifeboat we picked up, Colonel."

"Oh, is Miss Colfax one of the Lerida survivors?" asked Colonel Morgan.

CAPTAIN SVENDSEN nodded. "There were five passengers," he said exactly. "And two seamen, besides the man who was killed. They were—" Captain Svendsen's blue eyes watched Colonel Morgan sharply as he named them: "A Mr. and Mrs. Cates, Americans—I mean United States citizens. Gili Duvrey, French. Miss Colfax, here. An André Messac—French also."

It seemed to Marcia that a flash of something like surprise came into Colonel Morgan's eyes. When he spoke, however, his voice was flat and impersonal: "*The* Luther Cateses?" he asked. "The famous Luther Cateses?"

"Yes," Captain Svendsen said. "Do you know them?"

Colonel Morgan reached for cigarettes and with his free hand managed to extract one. "I know of them. It's a famous name. Tons of money—patrons of the arts—fashionable, smart. Rather decent as I remember. But I never met them."

"Well," the captain sighed and rose. "I won't trouble you further just now, Miss Colfax. I hope you are comfortable; I see they've made a nurse of you. There was no civilian clothing for any of you; the Geneva Convention forbids us to carry civilians. But we couldn't leave you to float around in a lifeboat!"

There was a faint, brief twinkle in those deep-set, farseeing blue eyes. She said quickly: "I haven't thanked you, Captain Svendsen—"

He would have none of that; he made a brusque motion with the great hand that held the pipe. "Part of my job, part of my job. Fortunate we happened upon you and saw your rocket. . . . Unfortunately, once we'd rescued you we cast the Lerida lifeboat adrift. That was before the doctor attending you discovered the fact about Castiogne. So"—he lifted his massive shoulders—"if there were any clues to his murder in the lifeboat they are gone now. Well—that's all now. Thank you—"

Major Williams opened the door. Colonel Morgan made a sort of motion toward Marcia, stopped and said: "I hope we'll meet again, Miss Colfax."

"You're very likely to," said Captain Svendsen rather dryly. "The ship is not a large one."

Major Williams at the door, looking very young and thin and tall and smiling down at her in a friendly way, said: "Do you feel all right? Shall I take you to your cabin?"

"I'm quite all right, thank you, Major." She took up the nurse's coat, which had slid back upon the chair.

Colonel Josh Morgan turned to watch her leave; Captain Svendsen, very thoughtful-looking, returned to his pipe. The door closed behind her, and she walked along the narrow, shining gray passage.

When she reached the central passageway with its flights of open, ladderlike stairways going up and down, Mickey was waiting for her. Lounging against a bulkhead, smoking and talking to Luther Cates and a young lieutenant with the golden, spoked wheel of the Army Transport Service on his sleeve.

Mickey sprang forward when he saw her. "Okay, Marcia? Let's get out on deck. Better put on that coat. It's still cold."

Luther Cates had followed him; the young lieutenant gave them a brief look and disappeared into an office near at hand. Luther looked tired and old, as if the previous night had added years; his face was drawn and gray; there were deep pouches under his pale blue, rather bewildered eyes, but he was freshly shaved and the thin gray hair over his temples was plastered down neatly. He, too, wore an Army uniform from which the insignia had been removed.

He took her hand in his own thin and boneless clasp: "How are you, my dear? Better? I suppose they've been questioning you, too, about this man Castiogne?"

"Yes."

"They've questioned all of us. Daisy Belle was quite annoyed; said the only thing she knew of him was that he smelled of garlic. Well, well, it's a queer thing, of course; I can't understand it myself. But obviously one of the two seamen did it. Nobody else would have had a motive."

"How is Daisy Belle?"

"Oh, she's all right; she always says she has the constitution of a horse. More than I've got—" He coughed a little apologetically. "I think she's in the dining salon now. With—er—Miss Duvrey."

Mickey took Marcia's coat and slipped it over her shoulders. Luther added, smiling: "You make a very beautiful nurse, my dear," and gave her a parting wave as she and Mickey turned to go out on deck.

THE air was fresh and cold, suddenly, on Marcia's face; it was night and the sea was very black, but the ship was lighted everywhere. The red crosses painted on her sides and on her smokestack were brilliantly outlined with red lights; portholes all along the decks were lighted; floodlights shone down further to illuminate the enormous red crosses. The sound of a radio came from an open port near; somewhere in the distance some men were singing.

The storm was over although the sea was still heavy and the ship rolled a little. Marcia slipped her arm through Mickey's and they crossed the slippery deck and stopped to lean over the railing. The sky was cloudy with scarcely a star showing but the radiance of the lighted red crosses on the ship touched the black water so that they seemed to move in a glittering track of red-and-gold light.

Mickey, his shoulder pressing against hers, said suddenly: "What did the captain say? What happened? Did you tell him that I am using André Messac's name?"

"No. No, but, Mickey—"

"André, darling."

"That's it, Mickey. We've got to tell them your real name."

He sighed and took out a package of cigarettes, silently offering her one. She took it and bent to the small flame in his cupped hands. And saw, as she did so, the mangled, twisted scar tissue of the fingers. She wanted to put her lips upon them; but she knew she mustn't wound his pride, or let him know how terribly that sight wrenched at her heart.

He said: "I wanted a chance to talk to you before the captain did and simply couldn't make one; the first I knew of the murder was when they got me up there in the captain's quarters and I couldn't get away to warn you not to tell them that I'm using a borrowed passport."

"But, Mickey, we've got to tell the truth."

"Tell them who I really am? Why? The passport is all right. They'll never question it. If that's what you are worried about—"

"No no, it's not that! It's because—oh, there are so many reasons, Mickey. For one thing it's—well, it's the truth."

HE SMOKED for an instant, his fine, sensitive profile clear in the rosy light. "You subscribed to my idea of using that passport when I suggested it," he said finally. "You agreed to it."

"Yes, but—" She could not say: But that was so we could leave quickly, so I could get you away from anything and everything that would remind you of all the horror that you must forget. She said, instead: "Yes, it seemed convenient and much quicker than waiting. It didn't seem important so long as we were not going directly home. I thought that later, at Buenos Aires, when we applied for visas home, we could simply tell the consul exactly why and how it had happened. But now we'll arrive at a home port. The only thing to do, I think, is to tell the truth and make an appeal to the State Department."

"They'll send me back to Europe."

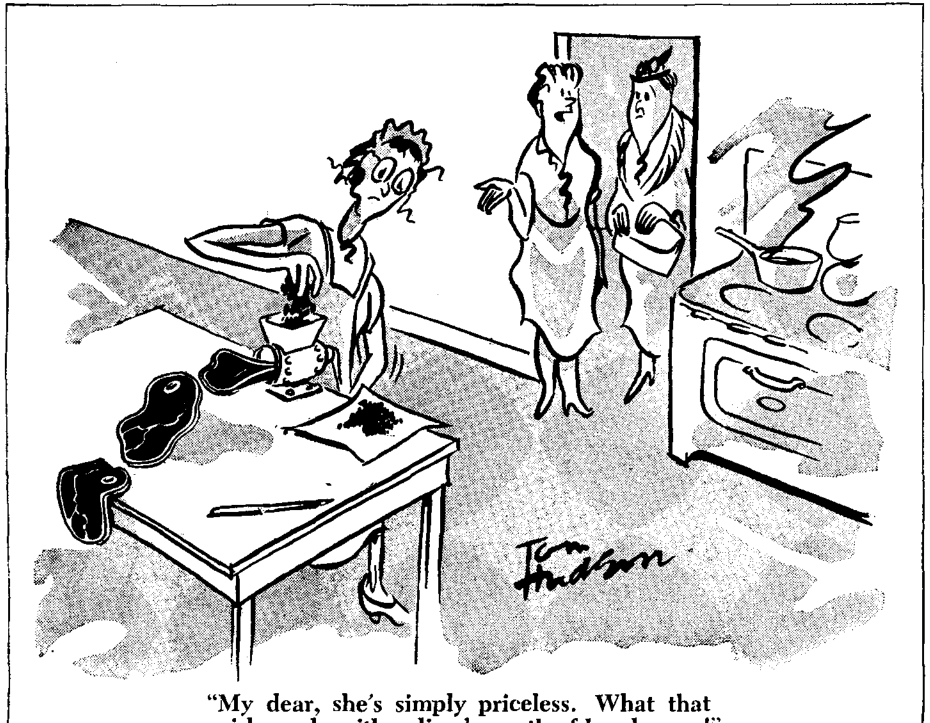
Would they? She wished desperately that she knew more of law; whether they had been not only mistaken in attempting something that at the time had seemed so natural and so right, but had been criminally wrong as well. She said slowly: "We were wrong to do it, Mickey. I shouldn't have let you; you weren't well, you weren't yourself. All that—"

"Listen, Marcia," said Mickey suddenly. "That's beside the point. You'd better know right now that I'm André Messac from now on. Everybody thinks that Michel Banet, the concert pianist, is dead. Well, then he's going to be dead."

"Mickey—"

"André. I am André Messac from now on. Marcia, for God's sake, pride is the only thing left to me. I *can't* let people know the truth! If you tell them who I am, there'll be nothing but pity and curiosity and failure for me, for the rest of my life." Mickey flung away his cigarette, a tiny red rocket, into the sea. "Pity and curiosity, a man stared at, pointed at, talked about. Michel Banet, they'll say; he could have been the world's greatest pianist. Look at him now. And look," said Mickey, his voice rough, "at his hands."

(Continued on page 38)



"My dear, she's simply priceless. What that girl can do with a dime's worth of hamburger!"

COLLIER'S TOM HUDSON

Cautions 4 OUT OF 5 about bleeding gums . . . it may mean GINGIVITIS

BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
TENDER GUMS

You, too, may have it and at first not even suspect it!

Handsome, healthy looking teeth need *firm* gums. So watch out if your gums bleed even a *tiny* bit or are tender to touch. These are often the first signs of Gingivitis—one of the most wicked enemies of firm gums and handsome teeth.

Neglect of this common gum inflammation often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months.

Then at home one of the very best ways to help your gums be firmer —your teeth naturally bright—is to massage gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

Made *especially* for both massaging gums and brushing teeth

Forhan's Toothpaste—that remarkable formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is the FIRST and ORIGINAL toothpaste for both massaging gums and cleaning teeth.

Just notice how *refreshed* your gums feel—how *naturally bright* and *lustrous* your teeth look!

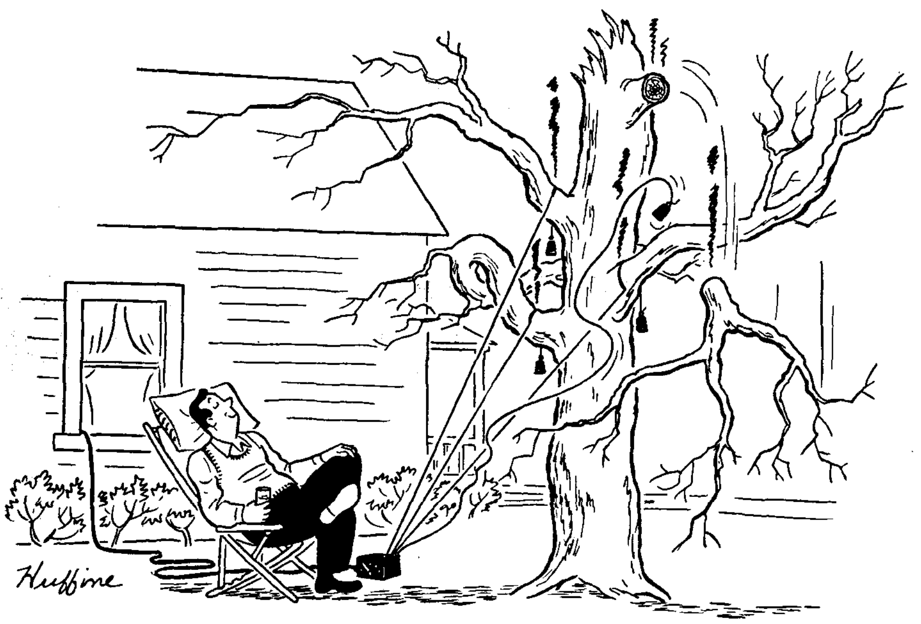
95% Gingivitis cases improved in 30 days!

Clinical investigation showed that 95% of Gingivitis cases remarkably improved in 30 days by massaging their gums and brushing teeth twice daily with Forhan's. No wonder it's been used and recommended by so many dentists.

Buy a tube of Forhan's today. Let your *whole family* enjoy its benefits! At all dept., drug and 10¢ stores.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S

use Forhan's with massage FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH



DAVE HUFFINE

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Burn 'Em Down!

All the ingenuity for postwar progress isn't in the laboratories. A certain Mr. Bousman, who owned a house with too many trees around it, wanted to cut some down. But he didn't feel equal to a lot of heavy sawing, and was afraid they would fall the wrong way. So he brought science to his aid and felled the trees simply by cutting them through with a hot wire. Crude as his idea was, it worked perfectly.

It can be used by any ingenious soul who isn't in too much of a hurry. Bousman got hold of a piece of resistance wire—the kind used in electric toasters—also a small transformer and some extension cord. Connecting the transformer to his home lighting circuit, he adjusted it to heat the wire red-hot and keep it so. This wire, pulled tight in a semicircle around a tree, would burn it through in a few hours.

Bousman first cut the limbs of his trees by hanging the wire over each one with weights, connecting it to the electric supply and leaving it to do its work alone. Then he tackled each trunk in sections, beginning near the top, holding his wire in place with the help of light ropes stretched to other trees. The final cut through the thick part of a trunk took all night, but required no attention at all.

The hot-wire system of felling trees might well be used by any handy houseowner as soon as small step-down transformers are available. It would cost only a fraction of the fee charged by professional tree pruners and would be perfectly safe, even in the hands of an amateur.

Electronics Will Save Your Tires

Even that "indestructible" tire-of-tomorrow will sometimes get cut or gashed occasionally and have to go to the shop for a vulcanizing job. But it won't get the old-style treatment that will reduce it to the position of a spare. A newly developed ten-minute electronic treatment will seal up the cut and make the tire as good as new.

Vulcanizing heat for the new device will not be supplied from outside by hot irons or burning gasoline. It will be generated inside the rubber itself by high-frequency electric currents that will warm the material to an exact, even temperature automatically controlled. The broken place in the carcass will simply be fitted with a patch, compressed between rounded metal plates and held there for a minute or two while the radio currents flow. Patch and carcass will fuse together into a single piece like a metal weld. There will be no chance to overheat and destroy the rubber or underheat and leave cracks that will let go on the road. A small portable machine plugged into the light socket will do the whole trick while you wait.

This machine is no patent-holder's dream. It was developed by the Army Transportation Corps to make split-second repairs on the heaviest military tires.

It Won't Go Sour

Heavy cream that will stay sweet and tasty for a year on your pantry shelf, without refrigeration, is to be one of the most useful gifts from war industry in a short time. Sold in hermetically sealed glass bottles, it will be indistinguishable from fresh cream and can be whipped or used in coffee or for making ice cream without fear of going sour.

This advance in food processing is the result of new methods of sterilization. "Avoset," as the new product is known in the Army, is not pasteurized but sterilized—as carefully as the instruments used in major surgical operations. Every germ in the cream is killed by a four-minute "flash sterilization," and the entire process is kept surgically clean from the moment the cream is received in the factory till it is shipped out in its sealed bottles. Without live bacteria, souring is impossible, even in the hottest weather.

Not only are the cream, the containers and the machinery kept sterile; the workers in the plant are examined daily for infections, even the air is "scrubbed" with ultraviolet light and then swept free of dust by the precipitron.

Sample bottles of cream are taken from each batch and subjected to severe tests. Some are shaken continuously for six days; others are kept hot for the same length of time. If any germ has sneaked through, it will show up now and the whole batch of cream will be discarded.

As soon as this process is released for civilian use you may buy your cream off your grocer's shelves instead of from the milkman. It will be as easy to keep and to use as sugar or salt. ★★★

Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 37

He spread them out, pitilessly, as if they had a separate being, subjecting them to the light.

Marcia wanted to cover them with her own hands, but, as she had had to do so many times, she smothered the impulse which would disclose pity. She wanted also to remind him, sensibly and as matter-of-factly as possible, that the important thing was to be alive; to have emerged from a horror from which so many did not emerge. But that, too, seemed unfitting; contemplating the misfortunes of others does not lighten one's own trouble but instead adds to it.

The thing to do then was to fasten upon the subject at hand; think about that; talk about that: André Messac and a false passport, on which Mickey proposed to enter the United States. And, further, a false identity which he proposed to assume for the rest of his life.

A SHADOW of all sorts of potential legal complications hovered at the edge of her mind; but just then the main point at issue was a simple, clear question of honesty. In a curious way the project of using André Messac's papers had not seemed dishonest in Lisbon; it had seemed an expediency, a therapeutic measure which was so important just then to Mickey that the use of the passport was as uncomplicated by scruples, as direct and purposeful as the use, say, of an oxygen tank for a person with pneumonia. It had seemed lucky that the photograph on the passport was, Mickey had said, so bad and blurred that Mickey—or indeed almost anyone—could use it. Once in Buenos Aires they would straighten the thing out; make a clean breast of it; wait until Mickey could enter the United States on the quota if that was necessary. He was a French citizen; she knew that; although he had been educated not only in Paris but in New York, so English was like his mother tongue.

Concerned mainly with the desperate and sometimes despairing hope of restoring Mickey to himself she had thought only of that and tucked the other and inevitable problem away to be faced when they reached it. Now they had reached it, suddenly, unexpectedly and urgently. And all her instinct was for going to Captain Svendsen and telling him the whole truth.

But Mickey, she saw suddenly, had never intended to resume his own identity. No one would ever really know what had happened to Michel Banet; a new name, a new personality was to be his shield. Knowing Mickey as he had been before the war brought a crashing end to his bright world, and knowing him now, she could not fail to comprehend this. It was exactly like him. He had returned to her, probably, only because his love for her was greater than his pride.

"Who was André Messac?" she asked.

Mickey lighted another cigarette and squinted at the smoke clouds floating off into the night. "He was one of us," he said.

She waited, again instinctively avoiding direct questions; he would tell her what he could tell her, whatever he could bring out of tragic memory and into painful words. He said: "He was arrested at the same time that I was. He died—later. I never knew exactly how or, as a matter of fact, when. But I saw his mother in Paris; she still had his clothes and papers and all that—there had not been time when we were arrested that day to do anything, to get any of our personal possessions. She gave the passport to me and I knew somebody who could fix it all up with visas and so forth. You learn things like that—but—" He paused and then said deliberately: "I never really let you see his passport, did I, Marcia? You see, it's his passport but the photograph isn't a blurred one of him. It's my own; I had it put on in place of his. I—never intended to take back my own name. You may as well know that now."

It was, then, as she had so recently guessed. She waited for a moment, seeking words, seeking arguments and finding none that would avail against that long and stubborn scheme. "No," she said, "no—"

"I have thought it over. That is my decision, Marcia. You must help me. It means so much to me."

"But, Mickey, it isn't practical; people will recognize you. You've appeared in concerts—"

"People in an audience never remember the face of a pianist. Nonsense!"

"All your friends, all the people who knew you—"

"Marcia, you don't understand. I'll never play again. I knew a very small, circumscribed group of people. Mainly people interested in music. Well, all that and those people are out of my life. I'm André Messac now. A new identity, a new life—"

"You can't—"

"And I depend on you, Marcia. I want a new life; I didn't want it really, when I found you in Marseille. I didn't want anything except to see you again. I'd thought of you, all those years of horror. There were times when I could keep alive only by thinking as hard as I could about you. Holding some clear memory as if it were a symbol, a tangible thing; the thought of you actually, my darling, was as sustaining as—a piece of bread. That doesn't sound very fancy and high-flown, does it? But it's true."

HER throat had closed up tight again; there was fine cool spray off the sea against her face but there were tears, too, as she remembered the time at the villa with its stone floors and walls, its emptiness, the longing for Mickey that filled every minute. She said, her voice uneven: "For me too, Mickey. I often wished that we had married, that winter in Paris, and gone to America while we still could. I thought of that—so many, so many times I thought of that."

"I wished it too," said Mickey simply. "But how could I? I'm a Frenchman; how could I have gone?"

It had been his argument then. She sighed and shivered a little and pulled the thick coat with its brave red lining tighter around her, and suddenly for a queer, illogical second wished she could talk over the situation with the tall man in the dark red dressing gown, whom she had met in the captain's cabin: Colonel Josh Morgan.

A man she didn't know and had never seen in her life before!

She was tired; that was the explanation, she told herself; she felt the need to lean upon someone and, until Mickey was better, she could not lean upon him. On the contrary, she must make herself strong and certain, so Mickey now, while he needed it, could derive some strength from her. So, she saw, she could only agree to his plan; fall in with it for the time being.

She said however, with odd feminine tenacity: "I think we should tell Captain Svendsen—no one else. I liked him; I believe he'd understand and—and help—"

MICKEY whirled around toward her. "No, Marcia. He has to do whatever his duty is; he couldn't conceal my real name; he'd have to report it. If you tell him who I am, Marcia, everybody will know it." He stopped and searched her eyes almost incredulously. "Does my only chance for a new life mean so little to you?"

"Oh, no, no, Mickey. I love you—" She put her hands upon his then, but his hands were cold; his eyes those of a stranger for an instant, so she seemed to be reaching out toward someone who was not there.

That, too, must be the effect of fatigue and nerve strain. And Mickey said unexpectedly: "Do you really love me?"

He couldn't mean that, she thought; she must have patience, infinite patience, and she put her arm through his own. "Mickey, Mickey," she said, "you know that I love you."

"Well, then—call me André not Mickey. You will, won't you, Marcia?"

"Yes, until we can straighten it out."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked sharply. It was almost as if they were quarreling.

"Mickey, I'd never do anything you asked me not to do. We mustn't talk like this. It is wonderful simply that we are standing here together. Alive and beside each other. Last night—"

"Yes. Last night! I have been thinking about this man Castiogne. It is hard to believe that he was murdered in the lifeboat. I can see how it could have happened without any of us being aware of it. But what I can't understand is why. We were all on the point of being drowned at any instant. Even if somebody wanted to kill him, it seems pointless. Naturally it was one of the seamen; crazed perhaps by fear. Until he confesses I suppose it will be more or less unpleasant for all of us."

He broke off as someone came out on deck behind them.

"Oh, there you are," said Daisy Belle Cates. Marcia turned; Daisy Belle and Gili came toward them, both in nurse's uniforms and coats like the coat Marcia was wearing. Gili stopped beside Mickey; her long golden hair was twisted to a heavy knot on top of her head; her face was without make-up except for her full mouth, which was deeply crimson with lipstick she had managed to borrow. She said: "What about the murder, André? What are they going to do? Do they suspect any of us? Do they think we did it?"

Daisy Belle said: "Could I have a cigarette, Monsieur Messac? Thank you." Mickey—André, Marcia reminded herself—offered Daisy Belle the package in his hand and lighted the cigarette for her; she took a long puff of smoke and said: "Thank heaven for that. I hope never to see another cigar in all my life. Let alone smoke one."

Gili's long green eyes slanted once toward the older woman and then came back to Mickey. "Who do you think killed him?"

Mickey said: "I don't know."

DAISY BELLE took another long, relishing breath, and tilted back her reddish-gray head to expel the smoke slowly, savoring it. She said then: "It must have been one of the seamen; none of the rest of us knew or cared anything about the man. The only thing I know of him is that he was very handsome in a sort of peasant way and apparently lived on garlic."

Gili started to speak, sucked in her full red lips and stopped. Mickey said: "I understand the seamen have been questioned; one of them will talk to save his own skin."

"It's an incredible thing," said Daisy Belle suddenly. "Gili—you saw something of him on the Lerida. What do you think of it?"

"I know nothing of it!" cried Gili vehemently, her eyes flashing toward Daisy Belle. "Nothing at all. Oh, I talked to him a little on the ship; I never saw him before. Never once. But he—" she shrugged, "he was a man. He talked; I listened. He was nothing to me. Nothing." She paused again, appeared to consider her words and then turned to Mickey, linking her arm through his, and looking up confidingly and appealingly into his face: "You see, don't you, André? It was—well, call it a tiny bit of flirtation; that's all. He was nothing to me. You understand?"

It was, thought Marcia, an instinctive gesture on Gili's part to enlist Mickey's sympathy and aid. She mustn't judge her too harshly; probably in the world she had known she had never been able to put her faith in women's friendship. It was men who ruled everything, and men could be cajoled, men could be enlisted on her side, men could protect her. All the same, when Gili leaned one cheek toward Mickey's shoulder and moved it softly against him as a cat rubs its head, purring and begging for something, Marcia wished that Mickey would move away.

But he merely looked down at her and said, "Did he tell you anything about himself, Gili?"

"Nothing at all," she cried again. "Nothing. He—" A ghost of a complacent smile came into Gili's face. "He admired me, you know. But then, really, I only walked the deck a bit with him, leaned over the railing. Half the time I didn't listen to his nonsense. And now—" Suddenly the complacency of a woman admired left her face and her voice; she gave a shrug that this time was more like a shiver and said in a low voice, "I wish I'd never seen him. It's horrible—I don't like dead men."

THERE was a small, queer silence with only the rush of the ship through the water and the murmur of the radio in the distance. Then Daisy Belle said dryly: "I don't think anyone does, Gili. Especially if they've been murdered."

And Mickey said suddenly: "I'm going to talk to the captain again."

"I'll go inside, too." Gili hunched up her shoulders. "I'm cold; the sea frightens me." She turned with Mickey, still clinging to his arm.

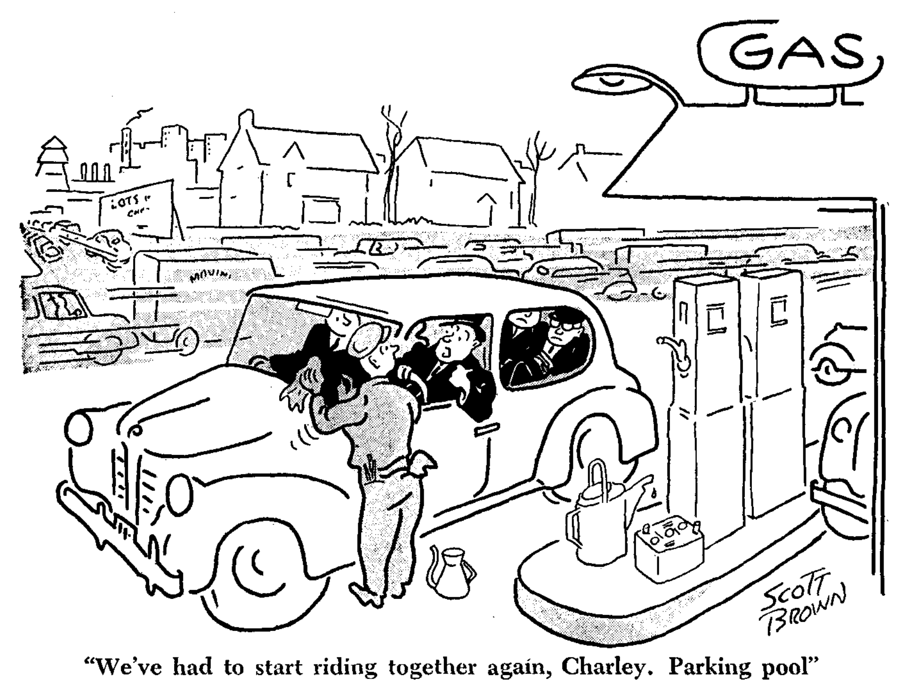
Mickey said: "See you here when I've finished, Marcia."

They vanished into the lighted passageway behind them. And after a moment Daisy Belle said, dryly again: "A man's woman."

"She can't help it."

Daisy Belle smoked for a moment, considering. "No. Actually she can't. She was born that way. But," said Daisy Belle, "I think there was more to that little affair with Castiogne than she pretends!" She laughed shortly, smoked and added: "Not that I think she murdered him. It's merely instinct for her to cling to some man. The way she's—" she blew out smoke again, slowly, narrowing her eyes "—the way she's clinging to André. But André, if I may say so, is eminently clingable."

Marcia laughed. Suddenly, Daisy Belle's crispness and directness, the very sound of her flat dry voice seemed to dispel an annoying little cloud. How much did Daisy Belle know



"We've had to start riding together again, Charley. Parking pool"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

How to fight a COLD

Here are 5 basic steps advised by doctors, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

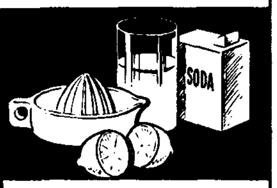
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	**Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	**Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	**Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	**Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	**Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS – FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

MEDICATED COUGH DROP GIVES GRAND RELIEF!

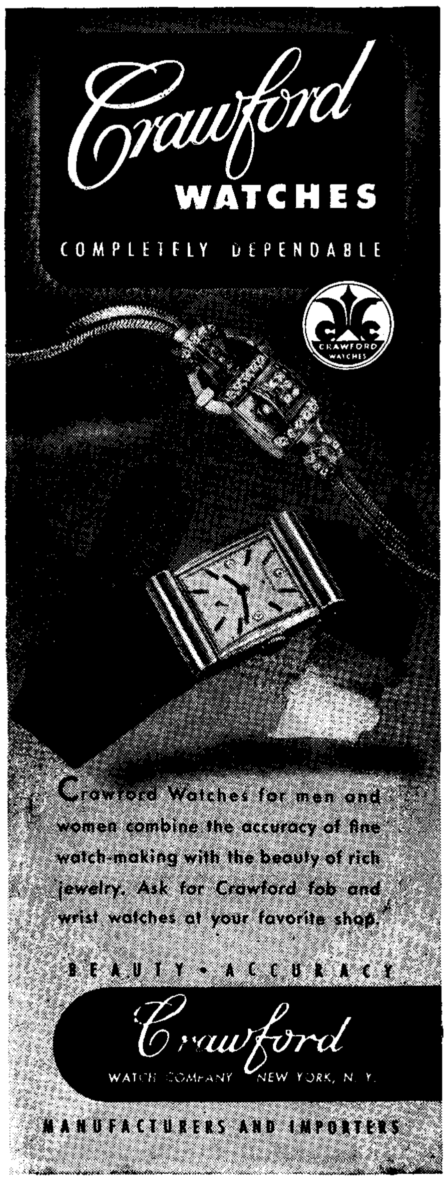
Pleasant tasting Vicks Cough Drops are really medicated—medicated with throat-soothing, cough-easing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. For speedy relief from throat distress of colds—nothing better!

VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

Here's Quick Way to GREATER BREATHING COMFORT

VICKS Inhaler

Cold-Stuffed Nose Feels Clearer in Seconds!



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BEAUTY • ACCURACY

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MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

about her and about Mickey? How much had those sophisticated, knowledgeable eyes seen and stored away? She said on an impulse: "You've never asked a question, Daisy Belle."

The older woman glanced at her rather sharply. "About you and André? Why should I?"

"Well, but—there we were in Lisbon, traveling together—"

Daisy Belle laughed shortly. "My dear child, I've seen something of the world. You are obviously what you are—a decentish American girl who's been having rather a rough time of it, somehow. André is obviously what he is too—a man who has had his own share of—" Daisy Belle paused and caught her breath and said, "of war and horror. Well, then, there you are, both obviously and comprehensibly anxious to get away from Europe, to get to America, to straighten out your lives. There you are and I like you. What else is there to know? And if it comes to that, what do you know of me and Luther?"

"Everybody knows about you!"

Daisy Belle's fine profile looked a little grim suddenly against the night. "What do they know?" she said after a moment.

"Why, who you are—all that. You are sort of fabulous, you know."

Again Daisy Belle did not speak for a moment. Then she said: "You mean—it is rumored that Luther and Daisy Belle Cates, well-known members of the so-called international set, are about to—buy a house or sell a house, or back a horse, or get a divorce, or—or any silly bit of nonsense anybody can think up? That sort of thing?"

"Well, yes. Only it doesn't seem to fit you, now that I've known you."

Daisy Belle laughed shortly: "You know—it was all a question of money; Luther had so much and so had I. You don't choose your way of living, Marcia, it chooses you. Not that any of that matters now. The point is: How did we get here—at this moment," said Daisy Belle, her eyes narrow and thoughtful, as if she saw a picture somewhere in the blackness beyond that rosy area of light surrounding them, "at this special instant in history? Well—we were in Paris when the Germans came. We went to the Riviera. After a while the Germans came there, too. They were everywhere—" Her elegant, straight shoulders made a little movement of distaste. "Luther was very ill for a long time. We stayed with a—a friend, in a château in the hills back of Nice. Eventually the war was over and—we decided to go to Buenos Aires. So here we are."

She stopped. It struck Marcia that there was something tentative in her deliberate pause, something expectant.

Marcia said: "It will be good to be at home."

"Will it?" said Daisy Belle. "Will it? I'm sure I hope so. Well—" She had smoked the cigarette down to the last small end of it, then tossed it abruptly into the sea. "I'm going to find Luther. I do think that this Castiogne person took a very inconvenient time to get himself murdered. But one of the seamen will eventually confess and that will be the end of that." She patted Marcia's shoulder once, hard, and walked briskly away.

MARCIA started to follow, remembered that Mickey would expect to find her somewhere on deck and, after waiting a few moments, turned and strolled slowly along the lighted white lane of the deck, forward. As she strolled, the lulling sound of the sea, the feeling of security, of being on an American ship, which was the same as being on American soil, seemed to give her a feeling of recovery of herself. It was indeed, as if the night just past had been a climax, a final curtain to a play in which she had played a hard and exhausting role.

But now it was done, the curtain down forever.

She reached the bow and rounded it, emerging on the port side, and another long strip of clean, scrubbed deck, brightly lighted, stretched ahead of her. About midway along it she paused to lean against the railing and watch the red and gold glitter of the ship's lights reflected from the shiny black waves. The air was fresh and cool on her face; she pulled her coat around her throat, thinking back, against her will, to the night before—the furiously pitching lifeboat, the cold, the despair, and a man who had been murdered in that tiny boat.

But Daisy Belle and Mickey must have been right in believing that one of the seamen had done it—crazed, as Mickey said, by fear, or holding so deep a grudge that it superseded and held sway above the fear of death itself. Yes, and they were right in their prediction that one of the seamen would confess.

The wind was lessening but the sea was definitely heavier.

On the bridge, Captain Svendsen in a heavy coat, with his cap pulled down and shading those shrewd, deep-set eyes, peered into the darkness for a while and then went in to study the barometer and the weather reports. Unless he was greatly mistaken the wind would soon drop off altogether and they would run into fog. He sighed now wearily; fog it would be, no question of it. And hundreds of lives in his care.

THIS complication of a murdered third officer of a tiny Portuguese cargo boat was an added care. He could put all the people from the lifeboat under guard, of course; one of them must have murdered the fellow. But there was, of course, that annoying question of time, and opportunity and *rigor mortis.* None of the Magnolia's staff or personnel could have done it, yet in sheer justice he must have another talk with the medical commanding officer.

He wished momentarily that he had not seen the rockets of distress and the lifeboat, and then because he was a decent and honest man and, besides, had the custom of the sea engraved not only on his heart but in his bones, he hurriedly retracted that thought. He'd have to do the best he could do. Just at the moment the fog was the main thing, and the sick and wounded soldiers he must get home as fast, as comfortably, as safely as it could humanly be done. Alfred Castiogne would have to wait.

Otherwise, everything about the ship was in its usual orderly groove; the engine rooms were lighted and busy, the sick wards settling down for the night. The radio had been turned off and lights at the various portholes were dimmed as the nurses went about, seeing that their rows of patients were comfortable, checking the orders given by the doctors for each ward, reading the charts, following out every detail of the careful and unrelaxing routine. The ship had grown very quiet.

Marcia, however, still leaning against the railing, was so engrossed in her own thoughts that she did not hear the rapid footsteps of a man coming along the deck aft until he had almost reached her. Then she whirled, thinking it was Mickey.

It was not Mickey; it was, instead, Colonel Morgan. He wore a long Army overcoat and a cap pulled low over his face, so she did not recognize him until he stopped for a second under a light near the companionway, then seemed to recognize her and came on toward her. "Miss Colfax? I thought that was you—"

He had been walking rapidly, his voice indeed seemed breathless and uneven. He paused beside her at the railing and fumbled in a pocket with his uninjured hand and drew out a package of cigarettes.

"I think I'll have another smoke before turning in," he said more evenly. "Will you join me? I'd like to talk to you for a moment, if you don't mind."

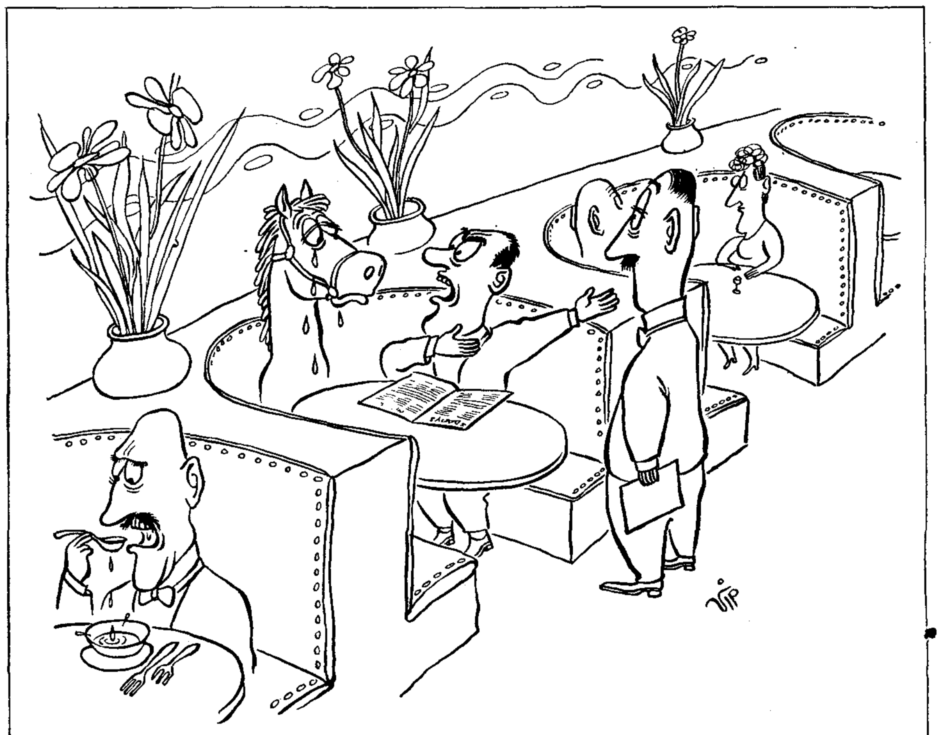
She saw that under the coat, flung loosely over his shoulders, he was wearing a uniform. And though his face was shaded somewhat by his cap she caught the brief smile he gave her as he held out cigarettes.

"As a matter of fact—" he shifted the cigarettes, opened a lighter expertly with his left hand and held the flame for her cigarette—"as a matter of fact, I'm not supposed to be here. I'm a patient, you know. And at this hour every patient is tucked away and accounted for. But they give me a little extra leeway because I drew a two-bunk cabin and the other bunk is empty. Or rather my eagles drew it—the rank, not the man." He slid the lighter into his pocket; his coat swung like a cape over his broad shoulders. He looked down at her and then leaned against the railing again and said: "Looks as if we're running into fog after the storm. A good thing it wasn't last night. Your rockets might never have been seen."

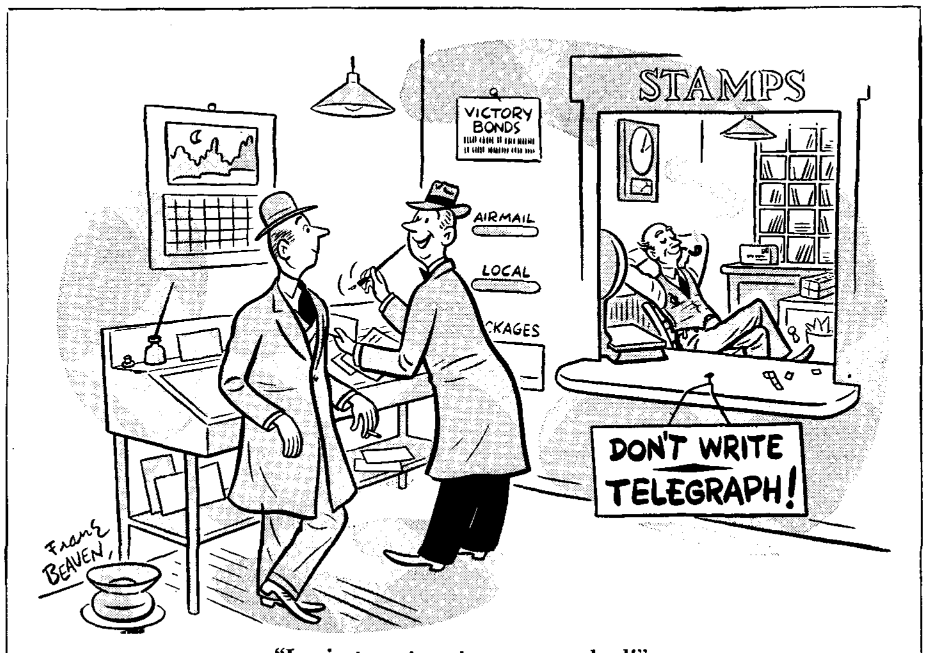
IT WAS curious how familiar he seemed to her, yet she was sure she had not known him. It was rather as if she had always known that she would know him some time. And that, of course, was absurd. Nevertheless, she found herself leaning against the railing, too, companionably, holding the cigarette he had lighted for her in her hand. He added quickly as if he regretted introducing a topic which must inevitably hold horror for her: "But luckily that's in the past. I assumed from what Captain Svendsen said that you lived in Paris for some time."

Had Captain Svendsen set him to question her, spy out any secrets she had? If so, he'd find nothing. She said: "Yes, that's true. I was there when the war began."

He smoked for a long moment, staring out toward the black sea and sky, somewhere in the dark distance where they met. Finally he said: "I was in Paris then. But, of course, as Captain Svendsen said, it's a big city! There were several million other people in Paris that fall, too. Still the little American colony was pretty close; you often knew about other people from home. Especially—" he



COLLIER'S "Look around! Do you see any other horses crying because they can't have roast duck?" VIRGIL PARTCH



COLLIER'S "Laziest postmaster we ever had!" FRANK BEAVEN

put his cigarette to his lips and the glow lighted his face "—especially after the war actually began. Who were some of the people you knew best? Americans, I mean."

"Why, I—" She hesitated. "Not many, really. The war began so soon and most of the Americans went home as soon as possible. The friends with whom I was traveling went home almost at once. Of course, there were some other people—" Smoking, slowly, she dredged names and faces out of her memory, casual acquaintances all of them.

He listened to each name intently but, when she'd finished the little unimportant roll call, merely said: "The good old business of it's a small world doesn't seem to fit in this case, does it? Of course, I recognized the Cates name. Any school child would know that!" He laughed shortly. "André Messac is not a common name."

Mickey must have returned to the deck by now. She glanced over Josh Morgan's shoulder but the deck was empty and white. She replied: "It is not an uncommon name."

"No? Well—" He smoked for a moment and added: "Was he around Paris that first winter?"

"Yes. But then the Germans came."

He seemed to wait for a moment, as if for her to add to that; as she didn't he said finally: "It's queer, really, to accept the fact that the war in Europe is over. I can't, yet. I know it with my mind, but I feel—" Again he paused, looking out into the darkness beyond the rim of light close to the ship, and then said, in a different, harder voice: "I feel as if there are still things to do."

SHE glanced at him, his mouth looked stern and hard; the one hand that lay on the railing had doubled up suddenly into a fist. "I don't know what you mean. The war in Europe *is* over."

"Yes; yes, of course. You realize that Captain Svendsen asked me to come to his quarters in order to discover whether or not I knew you?"

"Yes. That is, I supposed so. Because of the murder."

Colonel Morgan's shoulders lifted in a quick, easy shrug. "He probably hoped to check your account of yourself. I know about the murder—it isn't supposed to be known, of course, but that's due my eagles, too. Later I—well, I got to thinking we *had* met somewhere."

"I don't think so."

"No—no, I must be wrong."

It was an odd little interview. Mickey would be waiting, she thought; she'd better return to the other side of the deck to the place where he had left her and would expect to find her again. She moved away from the railing, and without a word Colonel Morgan fell into pace beside her and they started forward and, smoking, began to chat about the ship. The food. "Steak," he said. "And milk that you'd swear was not twenty minutes from a cow. And eggs." The doctors, the nurses. "They've been in combat, most of them. Under fire off the invasion beachheads. Taking men direct from battle, loading them, operating all day and all night, all three operating rooms going, working at top speed. You'd think, to hear any of them talk, that the patients are the only heroes. Fact is, there's not a nurse or a doctor on this ship who's not, quite simply and honestly, a hero."

He laughed a little as if to cover the depth of feeling in his words and shrugged his shoulders to adjust his coat. They reached the bow, and the deck seemed to rise to meet them at every step. And as they swung around the bow, with the sea air strong in their faces, an unexpected small thing happened: the ship thrust into a wave with a sudden heavy motion, Marcia made an unsteady step, wavered, reached for a bulkhead which was too far to touch and Colonel Morgan caught her in his free arm—caught her closely to him and held her for an instant or two there in the darkness while the ship seemed to hold herself steady, riding the wave. His hard, warm cheek brushed her own, his arm was tight and strong so he seemed to be, just for that fraction of time, the only safe and unmovable thing in the night. Then he laughed a little again and said, but rather unevenly: "Okay?"

"Quite—thanks." Her own voice was uneven, too.

He said: "It's always tough going around the bow. Better hang onto my arm."

She slid her arm through his own. She felt a little confused, which was silly; neither of them spoke. It was darker as they rounded the bow, and as so often in the night at sea, there was the strong sense of being alone and very small in an immensity of darkness. They emerged onto the other side of the deck and Mickey was not there. They reached the door into the main lobby and Colonel Morgan said rather abruptly: "I'd better get back to my quarters. Coming in?"

"Not just yet. I'm waiting for André."

Something flickered in his face, under the bright floodlights, yet actually there was no definable change in expression. "Well—I'll see you again, I hope. It's swell to talk to an American girl again. Good night, Miss Colfax." He smiled, touched his cap in a little friendly salute and disappeared into the lighted passageway of the ship.

She'd wait a few moments more for Mickey, Marcia thought, and then go to the cabin.

The ship was quiet and asleep by then. The fog was perceptible now, gray wraiths floated at the edge of the area of light surrounding the ship and reflected a wavering red-and-gold haze. The Magnolia plowed sturdily ahead.

Still Mickey did not come.

Gradually the chill night air and the fog crept through the heavy coat Marcia was wearing. She turned with her back to the railing, watching the lighted doorway for Mickey.

How, she wondered, had Josh Morgan happened to reach that same place and that same point in time? Obviously, he'd been in active service, probably wounded, which accounted for his presence there, and for the right arm in a sling. He did rather well, however, with his left arm!

Not that it mattered. She thought of the moment on the moving, slippery deck when he'd caught her, with, again, an absurd and childish feeling of confusion. Not that that mattered either!

She moved away from the railing, she'd give Mickey three more minutes, then she'd go down to the cabin. She walked slowly along, this time aft.

She passed another, smaller doorway, out of the bright lane of lights and strolled on, into the thick bank of shadow below a rank of lifeboats.

It was unexpectedly dark just there, her eyes were adjusted to more light. But she saw, then, a deeper shadow huddled against the bulkhead near her and stopped abruptly.

The outline became clearer. It was a man, sagging down upon the deck. His head was bare, his hand outflung limply. In a moment, she was on her knees beside him.

"Mickey, Mickey—"

He didn't answer. His head rolled loosely as she moved him. "Mickey," she cried despairingly, and remembered Alfred Castiogne, who was murdered in the lifeboat the night before with a knife in his back.

But Mickey could not be dead. His heart was beating—unless it was the faint, constant vibration of the ship; she thought there was a faint pulse at his wrist. "Mickey—" she whispered again, and thought: I must get help. I must hurry— She lowered his head gently to the deck again and turned into the nearest doorway into the ship—and was instantly lost.

PASSAGEWAYS stretched forward and aft and across; there were lights everywhere, closed doors everywhere. She turned to the right and hurried along a gray painted passageway, searching blindly for the wards, where there would be help available. But a strange ship is as confusing as a strange city. If she had not been in the portion of the ship reserved for storerooms she would have immediately found people: nurses, corpsmen, and doctors on night duty. Just there for the moment there was no one.

Desperately she told herself that nothing could really have hurt Mickey, he must have slipped and fallen, somehow struck his head against the stairs or against the bulkhead. That was it. He wasn't dead, he might not even be injured. No one could have struck Mickey. No one could have crept along that deck on stealthy, furtive feet. No one could have waited in the black rim of shadow. Murder had been in the lifeboat, not here.

She pushed open a door and was on deck but this time again she was on the port side. The deck stretched forward, white and lighted, aft, around the stern, it lost itself in shadow. She'd go back around the deck, back to the starboard side of the ship and Mickey. It seemed to be a quicker and more direct way than through the ship. She ran along the lighted strip of deck and entered the heavy, sudden shadow around the stern.

It was so sudden and dark a shadow that she groped for the bulkhead to guide her. Fog, creeping closer upon the ship, was cold and misty on her face. The width of the ship still divided her from Mickey, and the fog was like a curtain, further obscuring the shadowy curve of the deck ahead. Behind was a rosy brightness, reflected all around against the wraiths of fog. Here it was only dark and empty with the rush of the ship through the water below sounding very loud.

And very near, there was a curious regularity about the whisper and rush of the waves. Like someone breathing heavily.

She stopped. . . . But murder had been in the lifeboat! Not here—

She thought that. Then with indescribable suddenness and finality the black water seemed to roar and crash upon her ears, engulfing her, dragging her down across the slippery deck into its own blackness and chaos.

Her fighting, blind hands brushed the middle railing, caught at it, missed, caught hard into space again and then there was nothing but darkness and fog.

(To be continued next week)

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Churchill's Future

Continued from page 23

whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches. We shall fight on the landing grounds. We shall fight in the fields and in the streets. We shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender and even if—which I do not for a moment believe—this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World with all its power and might steps forth to the rescue and liberation of the Old."

The British of any breed or place are not going to forget those words. Every man walks a little more proudly today because Mr. Churchill uttered them in the dark yesterday. That Russia is now the great conquering power and not a German vassal is also due in part to Mr. Churchill's instant decision on that Sunday afternoon when he announced that Britain would fight as an ally with Russia in spite of any previous and conflicting differences of political and economic ideals. His words crystallized the unity of military effort. Whatever the difficulties of the present, Russia as well as Britain, and surely all Americans who listened, will not forget that swift radio broadcast on June 22, 1941, when he announced his great resolve:

"No one has been a more constant opponent of Communism than I have for the last 25 years. I will unsay no word I have spoken about it. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding. We have but one aim and one single irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi regime. That is our policy and that is our declaration. It follows therefore that we shall give whatever help we can to Russia and to the Russian people. We shall appeal to all our friends and allies in every part of the world to take the same course and to pursue it as we shall, faithfully and steadfastly to the end."

The Voice That United the Empire

That promise was fulfilled to the letter. It too is the record that cannot be effaced. Nobody in the British Isles is unmindful of these facts of history. You just have to walk the streets and watch the soldiers and sailors drawn from all the British Empire, white and black and many hues between, lads from New Zealand, Newfoundland, Australia, Canada, South Africa, Jamaica, British Guiana, India, from colonies and dominions and numerous other areas, to realize the persuasive authority of that voice speaking from England in such thunderous tones that men and women of kindred blood or loyalty responded to the call to battle.

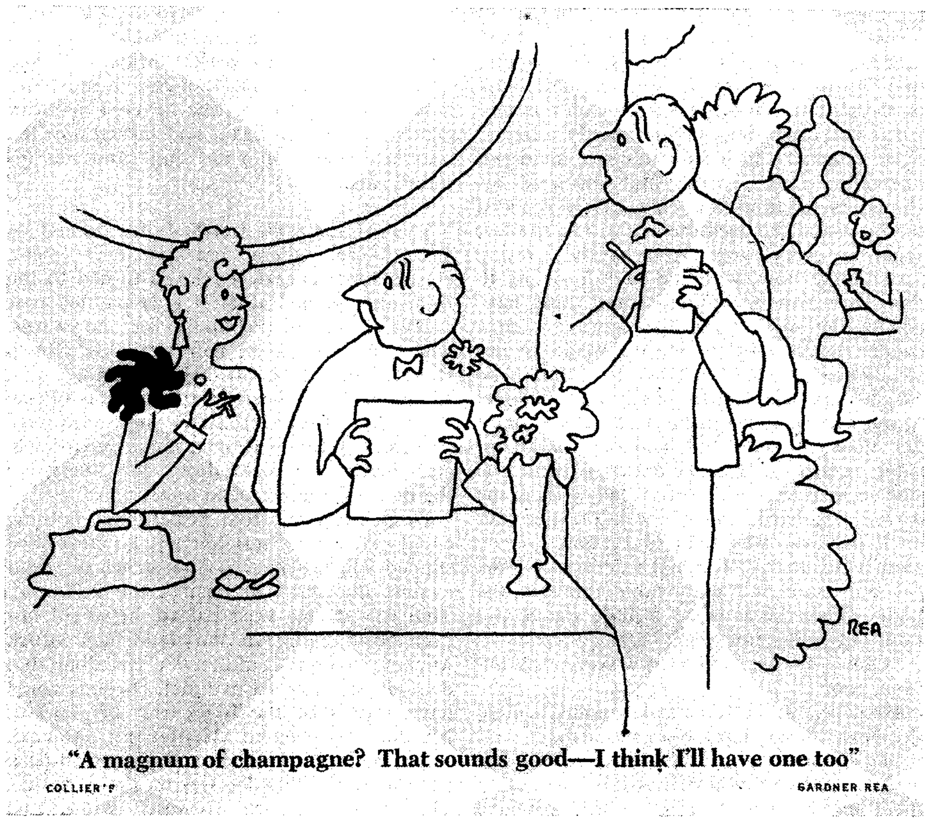
They are still here, some of them survivors or latecomers, wandering about the streets of London. They walk down the Strand past Fleet Street up Ludgate Hill and troop into St. Paul's which was miraculously spared. You see them by the hundreds walking up Whitehall past the massive government buildings. They line up in queues to get glimpses of the inside of Parliament to see the statues to the dead men and the figures of the living who have played their various parts in the making of this history and this civilization that they traveled so far to defend and to save.

That chapter is safe. The London Times summed it up when, on July 21st, after Mr. Churchill got his bad news, it said, "Never in our history have the hopes and resolves of the people and their authority among the nations been so summed up in a single commanding personality. In the sense that he has been, during the war years, the temporal embodiment to his age of eternal England, Winston Churchill can have no successor—just as the situation that called him to his transcendent eminence does not recur."

The day that was published, Mr. Churchill already had a successor. His name is Clement Richard Attlee and he represents Limehouse, which is by no means the fashionable part of London. Mr. Attlee was no green hand in government when he came to power. He was an Oxford University graduate, a lawyer, and it was as a social settlement worker that he first became identified with the London slums. He has been a Member of Parliament since 1922. He was Deputy Prime Minister under Mr. Churchill. Mr. Attlee has a tight and loyal party organization. As has been said "he drips colorlessness" but he has the votes and he seems to know what he intends to do with them.

The Labor Party looks as though it were in for a long stay. Until Mr. Churchill lost the election, the Conservative Party had a large majority in the Commons. But that Parliament had been elected in 1935. It was the oldest Parliament in British history except the long Parliament of The Restoration that sat from 1661 to 1679. Ten years is a long time and public opinion in England has changed. Nearly everybody approved Mr. Churchill's conduct of the war, but not nearly enough agreed with the principles of the Conservative Party he represented.

When the split came, the fight was between the Conservative and Labor parties and on domestic policies. The conduct of the war or of the peace wasn't much talked about. A very astute London editor remarked that the campaign, and not his defeat, was Mr. Churchill's real tragedy in last summer's election. He chose to run on strict party lines. He made much of Professor Harold Laski.



"A magnum of champagne? That sounds good—I think I'll have one too"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Laski is the Chairman of the National Executive Committee of the Labor Party. He is also a professor at London University and an extreme Socialist of the academic sort. He is chairman of the Labor Executive Party Committee for a year. Mr. Attlee said that at no time had Laski's committee had the authority to give him any orders.

Laski, however, is a bumptious little man and he did all he could to assert himself. Mr. Attlee said he expected the then Prime Minister Churchill "who had old-fashioned ideas about what was permissible in elections, to allow himself a good deal of latitude, but that he had never thought he would descend to such depths of misrepresentation and ingratitude towards me, who have shown him such loyalty and consideration."

Nevertheless Mr. Churchill kept on talking about Professor Laski and Gestapos in a British Socialist State. Some friends said that his mind had been so riveted on the prosecution of the war that he had no time to find out what was happening beneath the surface in the country. At any rate, the tables turned dramatically. When the old Parliament dissolved last May, before the election, the Conservatives had 358 seats and the Labor Party 164. After the July election, Labor had 393 and the Conservatives 189. Labor has an independent majority of 146 over all other parties and groups combined. This Parliament has a normal life of five years, and Mr. Churchill is seventy-one. When you see him standing at the opposition desk facing the government he seems to be a very tough seventy-one.

As a matter of fact, the Labor Party has satisfied public opinion in Great Britain during its first months of government. Its program so far has not broken radically with the past. Labor is Socialist. It believes in the nationalization of various services, but the present ministers are practical men and women who know their way about. They are nationalizing the Bank of England as a first dramatic gesture.

A Parallel in U.S. Banking

The Bank of England does for Britain what the Federal Reserve Banks do for the United States, and the Federal Reserve Banks have been nationalized since they were born in 1913, when Woodrow Wilson was President and Senator Carter Glass was an active young man making a reputation. The Socialist government is offering to pay the stockholders of the Bank of England what seems to be regarded as a fair price for their property. Actually the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" has been a public service institution, even though privately owned, for many of its 251 years of history. So no important issue can be made of that.

The Labor tax program is very much what might have been expected from Mr. Churchill's government. The Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh "Jack" Dalton, is a former professor of economics. He is a big fellow with a booming voice. His father was chaplain to Queen Victoria, and he too talked loudly, possibly in imitation of Mr. Gladstone, the Prime Minister who talked to Queen Victoria as though she were ten thousand persons in a large hall with poor acoustics.

Actually, Mr. Dalton, who as a Labor member wants to stimulate production, reduced excess-profits taxes more than a Conservative might have dared. So there is little real conflict on the score of taxes. Nationalizing the airlines may, in contrast, be much harder. The only real trouble the Labor government has experienced up to now is in the "wildcat" strikes of the dock workers and others. The British are not the only people who have had difficulty on that front. Unless the strikes multiply in number and extent until the public is stirred, as it was when the general strike overthrew the late Ramsay MacDonald's Labor government and filled the House of Commons with a Conservative majority, there is no real chance of disaster to the present government.

Mr. Attlee might have to let some ministers go and choose new ones, or Mr. Attlee might even be supplanted, but the government would still be Labor. Mr. Churchill is not likely to join that party. The best guesses here are that Labor will keep control for at least five years. With astute leadership, the Labor Party might continue much longer in office. Local elections, moreover, reveal a continuing drift to Labor. The one chance political experts see for Mr. Churchill again to become Prime Minister would be provided by a great war or a profound and lasting depression. Nobody expects either.

So the chances are that Mr. Churchill, like a triumphant general, will wait for the next world catastrophe, hoping that it will not come. Such is the fate of successful military leaders, his own famous ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, among them.

The rewards that are given to the great and successful leaders are not tangible. Mr. Churchill fought to induce Parliament to make money awards to the successful generals and admirals of this war. He did not succeed. The mass of men and women, and not the leaders, were honored in the Commons vote of thanks. The government resolution did not even name the popular hero, Field Marshal Montgomery, or the Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower. To do so is contrary to the policy of the Labor Party.

The famous old Duke of Marlborough built palaces and castles that rivaled the king's own. The Duchess, Sarah Marlborough, held unofficial court during a long and brilliant career. Winston Churchill was born in one of the 300 bedrooms of Blenheim, the castle built for John Marlborough, the duke. Mr. Churchill's own new house is comfortable and modern, of the suburban sort. It might be the house of the vice-president of a bank in the United States. There, Mr. Churchill lives with Mrs. Churchill and two of his daughters.

His Best Friend and Critic

Mrs. Churchill campaigned for him last summer but she is not a public figure. She looks after her husband and has done so during all the 34 years of their married life. She was a Scot, a granddaughter of the Seventh Earl of Airlie. She takes her place in the ladies' gallery when Mr. Churchill is due to make an important speech. She always knows in advance because Mr. Churchill, for all his great gifts of oratory, seldom improvises. He writes out first what he intends to say, and those magnificent lines such as "Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duty and so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and the Empire last for a thousand years, men will still say: 'This was their finest hour' " are worked over and over before they are pronounced in public. When Mrs. Churchill is there to hear, Mr. Churchill gives a furtive glance upward as he arises to speak. Mrs. Churchill responds with a perhaps unconscious movement of her hand and the speaker starts.

Classic-featured, ash-blond, now silver-graying, slim, with a rarely erect carriage reminiscent of the backboards of an earlier age than hers—she was born in 1885—Mrs. Churchill has a vivacious beauty to back that charm of manner. She is an elegant foil to her husband. Hers is a lesser-known figure, but there were few hearts which did not warm to the woman who, two days before Christmas, 1943, braved the flying hazards of midwinter and a dangerous war zone to go to her man, who lay sick in the Middle East. "I've simply got to go," said she.

Mrs. Churchill wears simple but strikingly smart clothes. Women in the welcoming parties report that she always looked just that extra bit more captivating on those mornings in '41, '42 and '43 when she met the trains that brought him back. She is said to buy her clothes from the designers who dress Queen Elizabeth—but she buys like a smart Frenchwoman, selecting one or two good outfits and wearing them until they drop off.

Simply but faultlessly turned out, wearing a hammer-and-sickle scarlet scarf round her gray curls during last summer's campaign, she climbed on farm carts, railway wagons, precarious hustings—stood under inadequate umbrellas in pouring rain—talking like anybody's wife giving her husband a build-up.

There are four children: Diana (Mrs. Duncan Sandys) born 1909; Randolph, born 1911; Sarah (who was Mrs. Vic Oliver) 1914;

Mary (Junior Commander ATS) 1922. Another daughter, Marigold, born in 1917, died when she was three. Diana's early history gives a slant on her mother. When the first baby, born in 1909, was six months old, there was talk of a threat by the militant suffragettes to kidnap the child. "In spite of which," said Mrs. Churchill, unperturbed, "I am still in favor of votes for women."

It is said of Mr. Churchill that he never entertains in his home even a party of men without his wife sitting facing him at his table. Her first concern is his well-being. The late Lloyd George records how she once told him, "If I die first, I shall leave written instructions how to look after Winston's meals. His dinner is most important to him. It is a major item in his day." Her simplest pleasure is to be his companion in holiday mood. She is the only person tolerated when he indulges his water-color painting hobby. Often, when he was in a painting mood at Chartwell, their beautiful home near Westerham, Kent, she would take out a picnic tea, squat beside his easel and discuss his latest artistic effort.

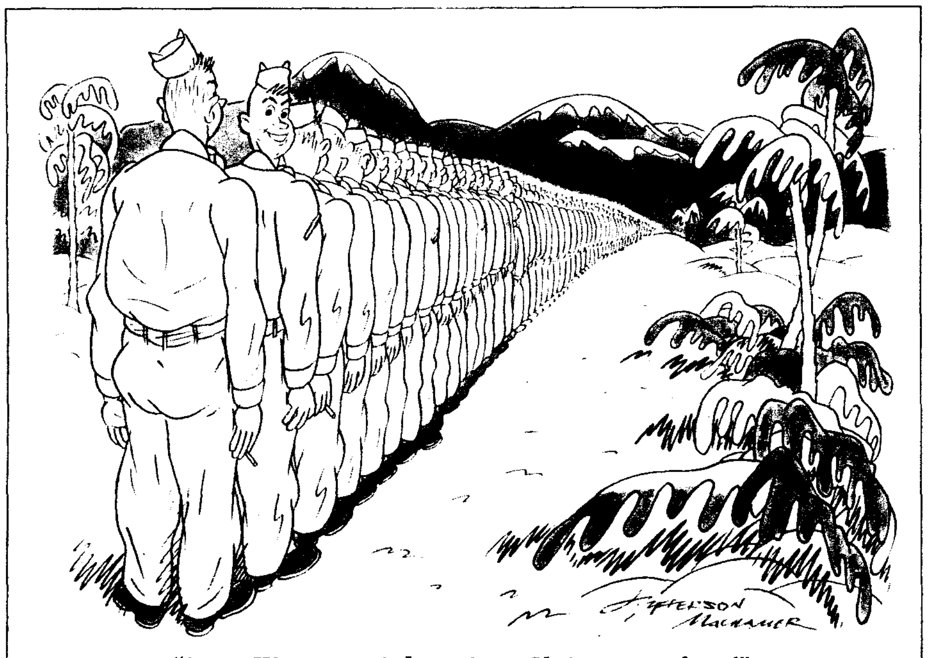
When affairs have crowded his mind, she has given him much needed relaxation sitting up until the early hours playing with him at six-pack bezique, for which he has a passion. In his autobiography, Mr. Churchill has recorded: "My marriage was much the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life—for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought?" And the concluding sentence of the autobiography contains this simplest of tributes:

"We were married on September 12, 1908—and lived happily ever afterwards."

Mr. Churchill could earn fabulous sums writing or speaking, if he would. An American firm offered him a million dollars for broadcasting once a week during a year. Offers as high as a million dollars have been tendered for the American rights of his memoirs, which may never be written. He paints for his own amusement. On his recent holiday on the Mediterranean he did a number of landscapes. He is of the impressionist style and quite good—perhaps the best painter among statesmen in a long time. He writes for his pleasure and his honor but not, at the moment, for his profit.

When the election returns were coming in last July and the prospects seemed darker and darker, he turned to General Ismay, his military adviser, and said sadly, "This is democracy." It was. And he, the man who as much as any in all the world saved democracy, now waits his turn to serve.

THE END


Jefferson Machamer

"Some Wac got mistletoe in a Christmas package!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Any Week

Continued from page 4

You don't hear them bellowing for bigger footballs and larger uniforms and predicting dire disasters if cleats aren't made longer and sharper, do you?"

AND somehow it all reminds us that there's a small boy in Hartford, Connecticut, who launched himself on a career to success last fall by delivering newspapers. But something or other happened to discourage him and he wrote an explanatory letter to the editor: "I hope you do not mind as I do not deliver your paper any more. Some dogs did not like it."

FROM Great Barrington, Massachusetts, Mr. Roger Keeney sends a clipping from the Boston Daily Record which explains exactly what happened in Boston when local Chinese celebrated, among other things, the 34th anniversary of the founding of the Chinese Republic: " . . . Fire engines, fireworks and confetti flung from windows gave the procession a rousing start."

SO YOU think you have troubles. Nonsense. Listen to this guy: "I'm a war veteran, just home. There are five or six girls who somehow got the idea that as soon as I got back I was going to marry them. Of course, this is impossible. I have decided not to marry any of them although they would make me a good wife. I do not know how they got any such ideas although maybe I did sort of mention a few things now and then when I was lonesome. They all live right here in my home town and I do not like to hurt their feelings which would be a bad thing for my business. While I was away my wife who lives here, too, got a divorce. I sort of told one of the girls that I did not mean anything I said and she says that she does not believe it and it is just something I thought up. I would like a little peace. . . ."

"THE Colliers comes," carols Mr. L. Mert of Baltimore, Maryland, dolefully. "First is the neighbor, Kaltan. Is next his wife. So is his brother. Comes Colliers again and I am not in on the one before. Is because the address is the same. Maybe better two Colliers which is maybe better everybody. That's all."

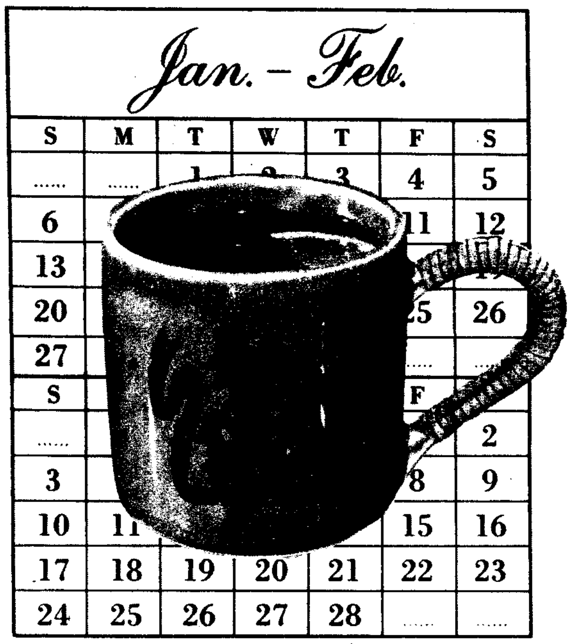
BUT some day, sighs Mrs. J. F. Swisch of Columbus, Ohio, somebody in a high place in Washington is going to plant himself firmly in front of a microphone and tell us how to make for peace instead of war. Mrs. Swisch mentioned this to her husband, an extremely practical fellow. "Nope," said Mr. Swisch. "No money in it." . . . W. D.

I Hope I Never Wake Up!
YOU'D BETTER WAKE UP, PETE! YOUR BAD BREATH IS GOING TO THROW YOU FOR A LOSS WITH CAROL ANY DAY NOW!
HOW COME YOURE SUCH A HEP-HENRY ABOUT MY AFFAIRS?
YOU BEEN GETTING CHALK-TALKS FROM CAROL ABOUT ME—OR WHAT?
NEVER MIND WHERE I GOT THE DOPE, PETE! JUST GET YOUR DENTIST TO GIVE YOU THE DOPE ON BAD BREATH!
PETE SEES HIS DENTIST!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
NICE DREAMING, PETE!
IT'S BETTER THAN DREAMING, PAL! THANKS FOR WAKING ME UP!
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

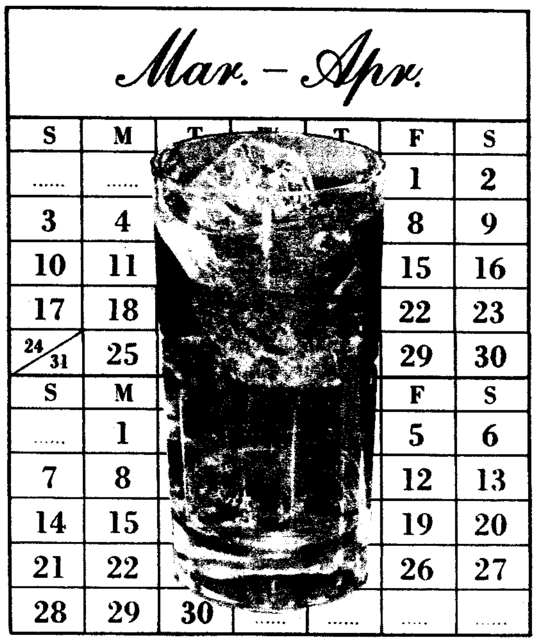
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Cocktail Calendar

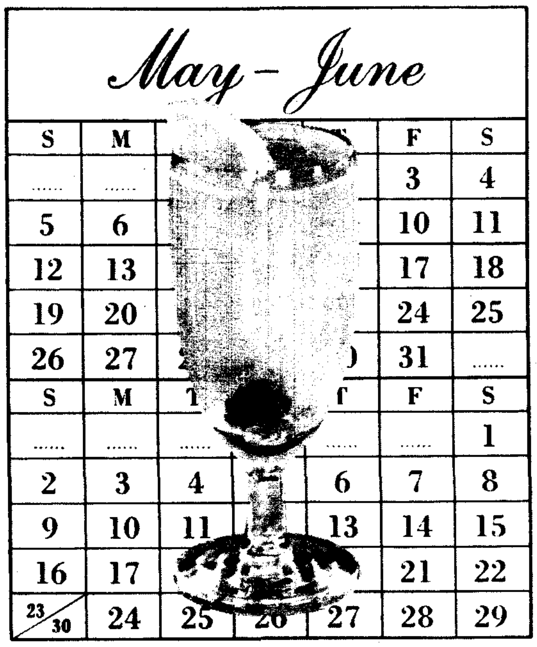
for the New Year!



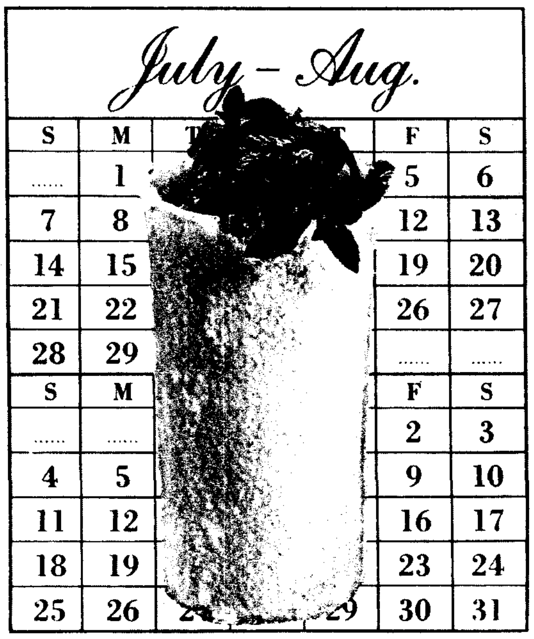
Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!



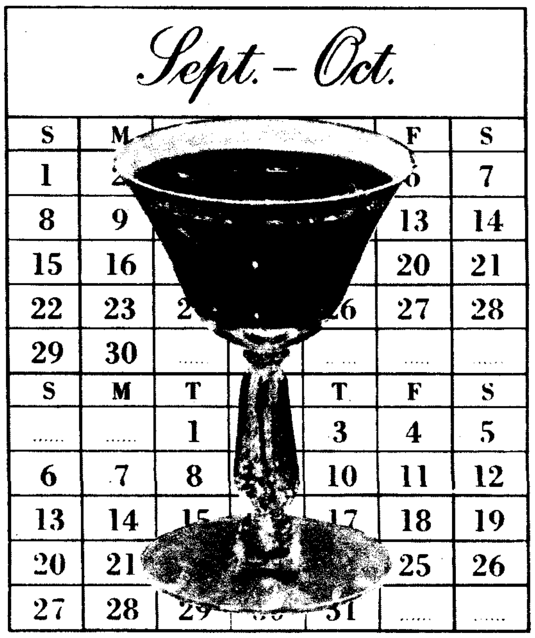
In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!



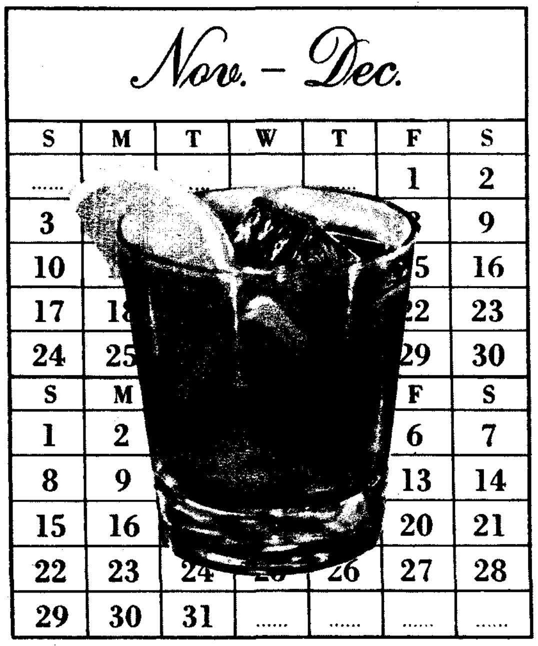
Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!



Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!



Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!



Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

In '46... the whole year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!

KINSEY

the unhurried
WHISKEY
A BLEND

Since
1892

KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
J.G. Kinsey

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

NOGALES SERENADE

BY LAWRENCE CARDWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

PABLO FLORES HERNANDEZ took a hitch at his overalls. Under the constriction of a stout cord they ruffled around his slim middle, billowed at the hip line, sagged at the knees, and made his tracks in the dust look like ski trails. They had in their time fitted his father-in-law snugly.

Pablo did not urge his languid feet as they loitered through the warm dust of late afternoon. With the overalls momentarily moored, he raised his voice and arms. He sang the opening bars of La Paloma with feeling, while his hands fingered the strings of an imaginary guitar.

In a more or less general way his feet were carrying him south, toward his *casa*, a two-room adobe on the extreme outskirts of Nogales, Sonora. Maria would be impatient. His heart thumped with love when he thought of Maria, and with apprehension when he thought of her impatient; the soft curves of her figure, her flashing eyes, her expressive hands tipped with long tapered nails.

La Paloma died on a high note—*Madre de Dios!* What would he tell Maria? He had not negotiated with Señor Gonzales, the section foreman, for his old job back. And she had sent him to town just for this purpose. Frantic, he searched for an excuse that Maria would believe—no, understand.

She would believe the truth: simply that he had followed a street band from place to place all afternoon, entranced by the throbbing notes of the guitar and forgetting entirely about Señor Gonzales. But to understand, no. No more than she seemed able to understand, with all the eloquence at his command, that his increased proficiency at guitar-playing, coupled with his natural dislike for manual labor, had rendered him temperamentally unfit for occupation on the Sud Pacifico tracks. Because he was temporarily without suitable pants for his new vocation did not alter this fact.

Pablo sat down on a large boulder beside the path and ran perplexed fingers through his damp curls. Maria was plenty smart ordinarily, with a quick grasp for things.

"But perhaps after all, Pablo, you are the understanding one," he said to himself and nodded his head, convinced. Yes, he had been able to understand Maria's vexation the afternoon she returned from town to find that he had fallen asleep and allowed a roaming bunch of goats to eat the wash off the line, including all of his overalls and the good pants he wore on Sunday. He understood Maria's admiration for handsome masculine attire although something tightened up inside him when he remembered the appreciation he had sometimes noted in her eyes when they had encountered a particularly dapper *caballero* in braided jacket, tight wide-bottomed *calzas*, and bright sash.

WITH impulsive generosity, he was also able to understand her paroxysm of disappointment the evening she had sent him up into town with most of their meager capital to replace his overalls and pants, and he had returned hours later, without replacement apparel, but with a guitar, new and shiny, slung over his shoulder by a beautiful red and white twisted cord with lovely tassels.

Almost as real as actuality he again felt Maria's long nails across his face, and heard her screaming that she was seven kinds of a fool to have married him in the first place when so much better men looked at her with interest. He rubbed his cheek tenderly.

He looked around, startled. There was nothing but the afterglow of the day left. He jumped up and hurried homeward. Several times Maria had threatened to smash his guitar and burn it. He broke into a run.

When he topped a little rise within sight of the house he slowed to a walk and began whistling La Paloma. He hoped Maria would think the uncontrollable quaver was intentional. A wisp of smoke curled from the chimney but the house was quiet. He chose the kitchen door and opened it, still whistling.

He slammed the door behind him. The front door rattled. He stopped whistling.

"Maria?"

No answer.

Pablo had the feeling of something impending. He whirled and stared into the opposite corner. His guitar, unsmashed, unharmed, hung on its nail.

Relieved, he began whistling La Paloma again as he walked into the other room. The bed was not made, which was not unusual. Casually his glance swept past the chair by the bed, then darted back and stopped. La Paloma exploded shrilly.

A braid-trimmed jacket draped over the chair back glinted at him derisively; a pair of matching, wide-bottomed trousers thrown across the seat added their alien effrontery. Disbelief, then suspicion, then horrified realization flicked across Pablo's face.

"O-o-o-h!" he wailed like a hound-dog with its tail caught in a crack. A man of high feeling, he made a dash for the kitchen door and leaped through it in a manner calculated to surprise anyone inside. His eyes searched the darkening corners, under the table, behind the simmering pot.

"So! Me! Pablo Flores Hernandez"—he pounded himself on the chest for emphasis—"am to wear the horns also?" His voice rose as he answered himself, "*No! Nunca!* Never! *Por Dios!* I have the honor!"

A paring knife lay on the kitchen table. Pablo grabbed it and rushed back to the bedroom. He lunged at the defenseless jacket with the knife and ripped it from shoulder to waist, then slashed again and again. "*Pillastre!* Sneak! *Pillastre!*" he snarled with each stroke.

The trousers fell off the chair and tangled around his feet. He kicked them viciously. Then he reached down and slashed them from crotch to waistband. He gathered the remains of both jacket and trousers and tossed them onto the glowing embers of the kitchen fire. They blazed up merrily.

"*Cabrón!*" he hissed. But he was not satisfied. His honor was by no means avenged. He must hunt down Maria and her *amante*. He sat down on a chair to think, but nothing came of it but black, jealous rage. He watched the blazing cloth dwindle to feathery ashes. One silver button and a bit of braid winked at him tantalizingly.

Light, quick footsteps outside aroused him. He groped for the knife but could not find it. The kitchen door opened and there was Maria, sparkling-eyed, and smiling in the deep dusk. A brazen hussy!

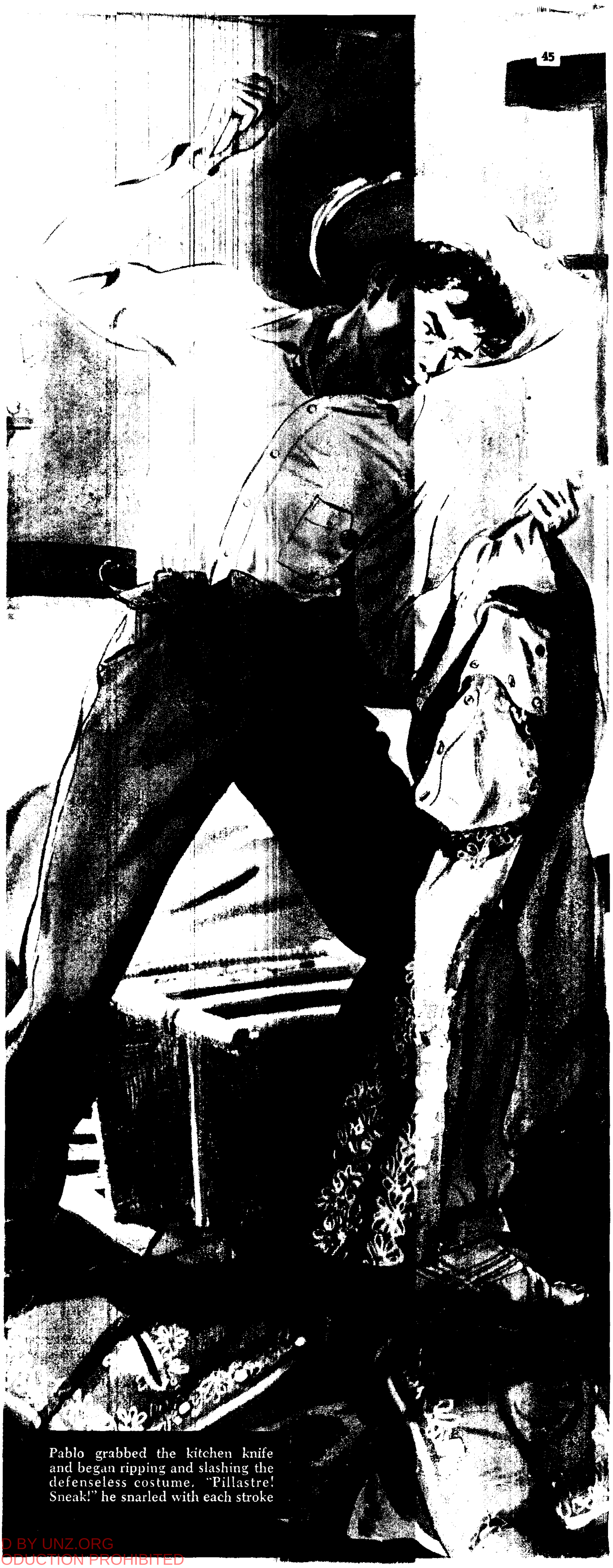
"Keep calm, Pablo," he whispered to himself. "First you must know the owner of the clothing."

"Pablo? No light?" Her voice was very calm under the circumstances. Pablo took a fresh grip on his feelings. Without further pleasantries Maria seemed to remember something and ran into the bedroom. Pablo gathered his taut muscles and sat on the edge of his chair.

"Oh," Maria said from the bedroom with a little catch of disappointment in her voice, "you found the clothes."

Before Pablo could trust his voice to answer, she continued, "Do they fit lovely? I see them today and borrow the money from papa. And the best news to make you happy! I have only this moment come from talking with Señor Garcia. You are to play your guitar in his band at the Cavern in your new clothes this very night. Hurry and make ready."

Maria was striking a light to the lamp. Her face was smiling happily, proudly. Pablo did not look at her face. He was watching her hands, fascinated by her long tapered nails.



Pablo grabbed the kitchen knife and began ripping and slashing the defenseless costume. "Pillastre! Sneak!" he snarled with each stroke

a short short story complete on this page

Lost and Found

Continued from page 22

now her anger came out sharp and explosive.

He gave up, taking his eyes away from his wife. "You two have lots of fun down here," he said. "Get lots of sunburn and have a good rest."

"The war is over," she answered him, eying him, pressing down on the words. "Haven't you heard? The war is over."

"I'm a newspaperman," he said. And he laughed abruptly, as though he'd made an embarrassing admission.

So the rest of the lunch, their last time together for a month, was eaten in cold heavy silence. Even before dessert was finished he looked at his watch and rose slowly.

"I have to go," he said. "Good-by, Mouse." He leaned over, looking down at Jennie. And then he picked her up in his arms and kissed her. "Have fun here," he said. "Write to me."

She watched her father and mother get into the beach wagon driven by the colored boy. Her father looked back and waved to her. She saw his drab business suit and felt hat. They looked old and gray in the sunlight in contrast to her mother's bright slacks.

THAT night at dinner her mother's eyes kept going around the room as though she were looking at each thing in the rented cottage and deciding whether she liked it or not. Jennie felt uncomfortable, as though she couldn't talk to her.

"Are you thinking about something?" she asked.

"Yes. About this cottage. We have it for a month. But we could stay here longer. Two months, perhaps. Couldn't we?"

"I ought to get back to school."

"You could go to the outdoor school here. It would be wonderful. And you'd meet a lot of children."

"I already know children in Washington."

"Well, darling. We'll see."

"Oh, no, Mother!"

The phone rang suddenly, making an unexpected sound in the room. "Maybe that's Father," Jennie said, eagerly.

"Don't be silly, darling. He's on the train." Her mother took the receiver off the hook and sat down at the maple desk.

"Why, hello," she said, surprised and laughing. "Yes. We're startled. We're not used to the phone." And she laughed again, in a nervous pleased way.

Jennie sat listening to the squawking sounds of a voice.

"Oh," her mother said. "Well, I can't leave Jennie. Daisy goes home. Well—well, wait a minute. I'll see."

She got up and went to the kitchen. "Daisy," she said, "could you stay here tonight? I mean, sleep here. Just tonight?"

Jennie sat listening, hearing the sounds of argument in the kitchen.

In a minute her mother returned and said in a calm businesslike way, "Darling, Mr. Jackson, you know, the man we know who lives down the beach, is giving a party and he's asked me. Do you mind if Daisy stays with you while I go out?"

"No," Jennie said. "But, Mother. Please. I don't want to go to that school."

Her mother flapped her hand meaning, ssh. She sat down at the phone again, and said she could come.

In a few minutes they heard a car pull up in the road, and her mother ran and opened the door.

"Hello," she called loudly and cheerfully. Jennie came and stood beside her and together they watched the two men who were walking across the grass.

A big, round, sunburned man with brown hair and a handsome face came in, followed by another man who was thin and sunburned almost black.

"We came to get you in the new car," he said.

"You know my daughter. Jennie, this is Mr. Jackson."

"Hel-lo, thar, honey," Mr. Jackson said putting on the Southern accent. "You don't mind if we steal your mother away for a little while?"

Jennie started to answer but Mr. Jackson went right on. "This is that ol' sharecropper Andy Simpson from down yonder," he said. "And this is Cordelia. Otherwise known as Miz Farrar."

"Why not a drink for the road?" her mother asked. She sent Jennie out for some ice and glasses and they sat down with drinks. Almost everything they said made them laugh. Jennie sat on the chair by the desk. She couldn't think of anything to say.

"Paul got off all right?" Mr. Jackson asked, eying her mother.

"Yes. He wouldn't stay another minute. Said he had to get right back."

"A glutton for punishment," Mr. Jackson *said* gaily. "Never stops. Cordelia, why don't you make him relax? These correspondents. All they do is talk about it. After all, it's up to the governments. What's the use of talking about it, I say?"

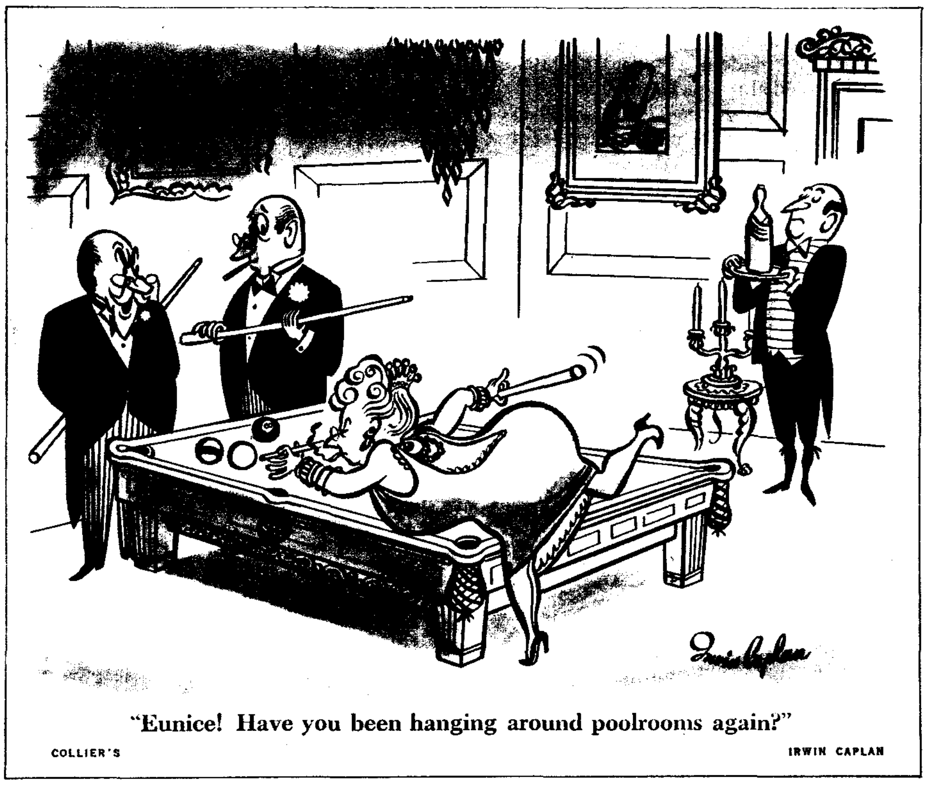
Jennie could see that her mother wasn't exactly listening. She was smiling, pleased, having a good time. The other man didn't say much.

"What do you think about your father being so serious?" Mr. Jackson demanded.

"Well, you know how it is when you work," Jennie said carefully.

"No, honey. I don't know how it is. Haven't worked in a dawg's age, m'self."

And Mr. Jackson went on talking, saying things. His vitality and good humor filled the room. He was bright and thick and full of life.



"Eunice! Have you been hanging around poolrooms again?"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Jennie got up and said, "I'll go for a walk on the beach."

Her mother nodded to her and she went out into the moonlight. She walked across the stiff grass toward the beach and her shadow followed her sharp and black. The moon shone on the sea, making a path of gold, and the sand was like snow with patches of dark shadow. The beach cottages stood in a row, white and beautiful under the moon. The lights in their own cottage were pouring through the windows, thick and golden like squares of honey.

She stood looking and then she said "Father" as if calling him. In the past it had always been safe to wander. She knew that her father was there, and that all she had to do was run back to him and talk to him.

"Where were you, darling? What did you see?"

He would say this to her when she came back from playing in Rock Creek Park. And then, in telling him, she would feel safe again. Everything would be reasonable, as before.

But now she felt lonely, and excited, filled with the sort of fear that draws you on, fascinated. She walked along the beach as if compelled, staring around her. I am outdoors, she said again. Outdoors. That's Forever.

"The world is a house without walls," her father said. "You cannot shut yourself away. You belong to the world, and to the universe. And you must work, and love."

She walked forward, along the beach. A wave rose thin and black beside the path of the moon and there, fascinating and chilling, was a thin ribbon of green-blue fire, waving, alive in the water. She stepped back, staring, and then ran toward the house. But as she burst into the brightly lit house it was empty.

THERE were the chairs and the sofa mussed and hollowed out by sitting, eloquent with departure. There stood the empty glasses, silent. She ran into the kitchen, where Daisy sat, thin and young, mournful-looking. She was staring at the funny papers from Sunday.

"I saw a light in the ocean," Jennie said and her voice sounded in a hurry as though she wanted Daisy to run out and do something.

"Phos-fres, mos' like," Daisy said, bored.

Jennie sat down across the table from her. "But is was swimming," Jennie said. "It was moving. A moving light."

"Phos-fres gits on the fish," Daisy said. Her eyes stared down at the papers sullen and uninterested.

"Are you staying here tonight?" Jennie asked trying to talk to her.

"Guess so."

"Where do you live?"

Daisy didn't answer right away. Then she said, "Quarters. Where the colored folks live."

"Oh," Jennie said. She didn't know what else to answer.

"Some of that's land belongs to Mr. Jackson," Daisy said.

"You mean, he owns it?"

"Them's not bad quarters. Better than the real slums in town that Mr. Jackson owns. He don't never fix nothing."

Jennie stared at Daisy's thin long head. Under the kitchen table she could see the big, flat feet, the crooked ankles and bowlegs. Daisy looked like a very old black horse, broken down with work, instead of young the way she was.

"Better git to bed," Daisy suggested. She sounded cross.

Jennie undressed quickly, and got into the cold, damp bed. She lay listening to the sound of the water. It sounded very slow and heavy, but somehow, in essence, shining and dry like tons and tons of crystal pebbles rising up into mountains, rolling down into valleys, sparkling, glistening, crackling. She thought of the wonderful frightening thing of fire, swimming in the sea. The sea is full of things, she thought, curling her cold feet under her. It isn't empty at all, but full, like a crowded subway. The world is full of things, she said. She opened her eyes abruptly and stared at the unfamiliar shapes in the moonlit room.

"Daisy," she called. "Daisy!"

There was no answer. She let the darkness drift into her mind, and in a minute a bird was singing. It seemed to wash the air, brightening it with song. It was morning. She sat up in bed.

Her mother didn't come to breakfast. But at lunchtime after Jennie came in from the beach she was talkative and glad to see her. Now all the anger was gone from her as though a tight string running through had been cut. She was supple, luxurious, happy, thinking of the fun she'd had.

"We went to a place and danced," she said, smiling at Jennie. "The music was wonderful. We danced and danced. My goodness! What a relief after Washington!"

"Did you work too hard in Washington?" Jennie asked.

Her mother frowned at the table for a minute. Her hand played with the flowers in the centerpiece. "The work at the Red Cross was a long haul," she said. "All that typing. I guess I'm not a white-collar girl."

Then she looked at Jennie. "Darling," she said. "The war's over, and your Mummy wants to play. Why don't we stay down here a couple of months longer? Why don't we go and see that school? You might like it."

Jennie said nothing.

"No?" her mother asked. "All right. We won't talk about it now."

"Mother, Daddy is on the air in a few minutes."

"He is? Why, what time is it? Three? Goodness. I must run and get ready. I'm going—well, at that, why don't you come with us? Mr. Jackson is going to drive me into town to buy some clothes, and we could get you some."

"I like to go around like this."

"Just slacks or a bathing suit? Well, why don't you come with us anyway, honey?"

Her mother had never called her honey before. Jennie got up and went to the radio, turning it on and setting it carefully on the station.

"I have to go dress," her mother said, getting up.

"This is Station XYZ, Washington," the voice said. "Shirling Motor Parts brings you Paul Farrar, Washington correspondent."

THE door opened and Mr. Jackson stood there. "Hello, kid," he said loudly and cheerfully. "What are you listening to? Some thriller-diller?"

"It's Father. He's coming on."

"Oh, your father," Mr. Jackson said, sounding loud and polite.

He sat down. "How long is your mother going to be?" he asked.

"This is Paul Farrar," her father's voice was saying. "Bringing you the latest worldwide news."

"He certainly is on the ball," Mr. Jackson said, with his loud cheery voice. "Takes the train one day, and gets on the job the next." He shook his head, smiling. "That would just about kill me."

"The same measures toward Japan as we adopted toward Germany," her father said. "We must be patient with our allies—"

"Patience is a virtue," Mr. Jackson said. He winked at Jennie. "Ever hear that story, Patience is a Virtue?"

Jennie shook her head. She bent closer to the radio.

"Guess at that you're a little too young. Your Mummy wouldn't like fer me to tell you that. Not yet a while."

Her father's voice was serious now, coming into this sunny room, with Mr. Jackson sitting here. It seemed humorless, as though trying to push through the talk, solemn, unsmiling.

"Do you always listen to your Daddy like that?" Mr. Jackson asked. "Gosh, where's your mother?"

To Jennie's relief he went and banged on the bedroom door. She heard her mother's voice replying, and now she clung to the radio with one hand, bending over it.

"We must be more than ready to take action. We must take more action than we have already taken. We must, all of us, in this country, understand that the peace is more complicated than the war. That ideals can be obscured, and go under. We must—"

Mr. Jackson had gone into her mother's room and now, suddenly, her mother laughed.

You'll travel this road at 60

Now you can pack the car once more and go! You'll drive over plains and mountains, filling your eyes with the beauty of the land.

Across this cactus-studded desert there'll soon be a smooth, straight highway, leading to the sun-filled valleys and painted mesas of the Southwest.

One thing that will make it possible for you to journey in comfort on such roads is the rugged workpower of "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors and Motor Graders. Clearing brush, bulldozing earth and rock, rough-grading, filling and leveling, they work in blazing heat or bitter frost. Even desert dust doesn't stop them. With their matched equipment, these tough earthmovers can build highways anywhere — faster, better and at lower cost than was ever dreamed of a few years ago.

Now that peace is here, America can and will have the finest system of roads in the world. And making them a reality is only one of the ways in which "Caterpillar" Diesel power is helping to expand the nation's resources.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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ENGINES • TRACTORS
MOTOR GRADERS
EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

The discharged veteran wears this emblem.
Remember his service and honor him.

It was a tight, pleased laugh, teetering on the edge of fright. Her mother came out smoothing her pale yellow dress and looking beautiful, her face alive, smiling. Mr. Jackson followed her, stuffing a handkerchief into his pocket.

"Come on, kid. Come out and see the car," Mr. Jackson said. "You haven't seen my brand-new shining—Oh, I'm sorry."

They stood there a minute in the room, saying nothing, while her father's words went on, serious, pleading. Then the commercial interrupted, and Mr. Jackson picked up his hat.

"Come out and see my new car, Jennie," he said. "Maybe you'll let me take you for a ride."

Jennie walked out with them. As they crossed the green circle of grass and walked toward the long, low car, a new model never before seen on the market, her father's pleading voice followed them. Her mother looked back as though wishing she had closed the door. They stood now, watching the car silently. It was so low to the ground that it looked like a ship in the water.

"Why don't you come for a ride?" Mr. Jackson asked. His voice had a little triumph in it, as if to say: How could you resist?

Jennie looked back toward the house. "I want to gather shells," she said.

"Okay," he said good-humoredly. He helped her mother into the car, and they drove off, waving to her.

IN THE nights that followed, Jennie sometimes heard her mother coming in, sometimes not. But one night the voices woke her up and then she lay there listening to her mother and Mr. Jackson.

"She adores him," her mother said. "And *besides*—well—I'd have *to think*. And oh, I don't want to think. I want to just have fun." She laughed a little, apologetically.

"That's just it," he said to her. "You're made to get a lot of fun out of life. You're not made to sit around Washington and pull a long face."

"I don't know," her mother said.

"Yes, you know," Mr. Jackson said, urgently. "You know that you're beautiful. You're made for love. To be happy. We could have a lot of laughs. That's what life is. A bunch of good laughs. Listen, Cordelia. Stay down here. Get a residence. You can just say you want to spend the winter here. And meanwhile, you can be thinking things over."

"Oh, I don't know," her mother said, and her voice sounded worried.

"Don't say that any more," he said to her. "You do know. You do. Come here."

There was a little silence. Then suddenly her mother laughed again, in that scared excited way. As though she were teetering on some height. Jennie, lying in bed, felt scared and wide-awake.

Their voices went down to a whisper. Finally Jennie heard them say good night. And then the door closed.

Jennie waited five minutes. Then she got up and went to her mother's room.

"Why, darling," her mother said, startled. "I thought you were asleep. Did you have your door open? Did we waken you?"

"I heard you through the door," Jennie said, lying. She sat down on her mother's bed. She didn't know what to say now, and she wished she hadn't come.

"Do you get scared and lonesome at night?" her mother asked. Her voice sounded a little surprised.

"Are we going to keep this cottage?" Jennie asked.

Her mother hesitated. She got out of her dress, and put on her flowered robe. "Oh, dear," she said. "Everybody keeps asking questions. Can't we just be happy and enjoy the sun?"

"I want to get back to Washington where there are houses."

"Darling! You sound all sleepy and tired. Did you stay out in the sun again all day?"

"No," Jennie lied.

"I think I'd better stay home and watch you tomorrow; you're almost black, you're so sunburned. Too much isn't good for you."

"Will you be here for lunch tomorrow?"

Her mother hesitated. "I'm supposed to go with Mr. Jackson and the Phillipses to that new casino down the beach. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll come right back after lunch. How's that?"

"All right."

Her mother came over and put her arms around her. She could feel her mother's thin firm body and her aliveness and now, suddenly, here it was, in love and kindness, meant for her. Jennie felt tears in her eyes. She pushed her face down against her mother's sleeve, and stayed that way, holding on to her.

"Why, darling," her mother said. She gave her another hug, laughing a little bit. "Come on, I'll tuck you into bed," she said.

The next day was beautiful as all the days had been. No rain, all this time, not even a drop of rain. The dry land with its palms forever dying of thirst, with its endless, wasted, twisted brown look, stretched away and away, under the heavenly sun, the sweet air. A mockingbird sat on a telephone wire just outside the door when Jennie and her mother opened it at lunchtime. Her mother, dressed in a wonderful new print dress, stretched her arms up into the air and closed her eyes, tilting back her head. Her face was golden brown and now, in the sunlight, it was made of some magic substance, ageless, forever young.

"Oh, isn't this heaven?" she cried. "Isn't this heaven? Let's live here forever. Come on. Let's live here forever."

"Do you really want to?" Jennie asked.

"Oh, I don't know," her mother said. "I don't know what I want."

GARBAGE DETAIL

"My wife writes it's simply wonderful now the war's over and she can get nylons again"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

And she closed her eyes again. Another bird flew through the air, singing.

"Just *listen* to that," her mother said. "Birds don't think. They just sing."

"Don't you like Daddy any more?" Jennie asked.

Her mother's eyes opened, and she looked at Jennie, surprised.

"Why, darling, of course I do," she said lightly. She patted Jennie on the cheek. "Here's the boy with the beach wagon," she said. "I'll be back right after lunch. Don't go too far away."

"No," Jennie said. "I won't."

SHE took the sandwich wrapped in paper that Daisy handed her, and started out, running down the steps to the beach. The high sun had bleached everything so that there was a sort of grayness everywhere, and the sea was huge, all one shining piece of splintered sun. She walked south holding the paper package and keeping her eyes on the sand. Today I'll find the prettiest shell of all, she said to herself. I'll find it before Mummy comes home. But underneath these words was some other meaning, that made her heart beat faster. She looked long and anxiously out to sea and then up and down the beach. I am outdoors, she told herself again. That is Forever. The openness, forever. And suddenly a flock of gulls rose from a wave and sailed up into the sky. She walked forward, staring at the sea. There was somebody swimming. A man, swimming under water. A wave rose like a wall of glass, and she could see him, outlined in the wave. A sailor, with his clothes on. Swimming. She stared. She started to back away. Then she turned, from a little distance, and stared again. Then she ran back quickly, toward the house.

Her mother got home about three. She came in calling "Jennie, where are you? Jennie?"

When she got no answer she noticed the sandwich wrapped in brown paper lying on the sofa. She walked to the bedroom door and tried it. It was locked.

"Jennie, open the door," she called.

And when the key turned, she went in saying, "Darling, what's the matter?"

She saw Jennie, pale and with her hair mussed from lying on the bed. The quilt was disarranged as though she'd been lying under it.

"What is it?" she said. "What's happened, darling? Are you sick?"

"There's a dead man in the water," Jennie said. "I saw him."

Her mother stood there perfectly still.

"A dead man?' she said. "Are you sure, darling? Wasn't it just somebody swimming?"

"Oh, no," Jennie said. "Oh, no, no, no."

And now, with the relief of her mother being here, she started to cry.

"Oh, you poor baby," her mother said. "Come here. Listen, sweet, what is it you saw? Tell me."

"A man," Jennie said, leaning against her mother and crying, and shivering. "He was in a sailor suit."

"I'm here, darling. It's all right. I'll just get the colored boy and we'll look. We have to see."

"They're gone. They went out in the beach wagon. They went before I got back. Don't leave me."

"Well, why don't you come out with me and show me where he is? You can stand and wait, and I'll go look."

Jennie saw the sharpened startled look in her mother's face, as though she were being photographed under too strong a light. They walked out of the house together, and Jennie leaned against her mother as they walked. They had their arms around each other.

"About over there," Jennie said.

There were no gulls now, nothing. Jennie stood, watching her mother walk along, slowly, watching the water. She waited, standing very still, like an animal in the forest, that fears to move. She watched her mother's lovely flowered dress, the silly high heels, meant for amusement, her pretty legs in thin stockings. All dressed for pleasure and unprepared for this. And she thought: My mother will turn her face in a minute and she will be laughing at me. She will say it isn't true. And a terrible fear, worse than any other, seized her so that she began to cry softly, feeling herself alone in the whole world.

Her mother turned and waved to her. "Come here, Jennie. It's gone," she called.

She broke and ran toward her mother.

"Darling, are you sure?" her mother asked.

Jennie waited, stiffly, her lips pressed together.

"Are you sure?" her mother urged. "Wasn't it a log, or something?"

Jennie shook her head back and forth. She stared at her mother, squeezing back the tears.

Her mother watched her. "You're sure you aren't—" The words trailed off. Her mother stood there, looking at the surface of the sea, shining and mysterious with splintered sunlight. She kept standing there as though watching for something to show itself.

"I guess we should phone the police. I guess that's what to do," she said.

And now, walking back toward the beach house, Jennie leaning against her mother could feel a weight against her as though her mother, too, were leaning on her.

"I'll phone the police in town," her mother said.

She went to the desk and talked to the police station. "Near our cottage—" she said to the police.

And then, just after she hung up, the phone rang. "Jennie saw a dead man in the water, a sailor from a ship," she said. "We've just come back. We went to look." Then she sat listening to Mr. Jackson's voice, talking very fast, and going up and down.

"I don't agree with you," she said, cutting into the words. "Why couldn't it happen? No, why should she? I don't agree with you at all. Why should she—?" And now her eyes went over to Jennie, and watched her face. "Why couldn't it happen? The ocean must be full of—Well, I just don't agree with you." And she hung up, abruptly, without saying goodby.

"He's always joking," she said to Jennie. "He does nothing but make jokes all the time." She walked to the window, and stared out, as if watching for something. Jennie came and stood with her, and they looked at the uneventful ocean, the softly rising water, which showed nothing. They stood like this so long, that the police boat finally came running along the beach, the two men in it standing and staring down through the water.

"Mr. Jackson said you were telling a fairy tale," her mother said. "He thinks you made the whole thing up. He says you want attention."

THEN before Jennie could answer, her mother reached down and put her arm around her, and gave her a hug.

"But I'm the one who's been acting like a child," she said, "I'm the one, not you."

Her voice sounded sort of half-joking and half-mad and ashamed.

The men in the boat went slowly past the cottage, and on up the beach.

When Jennie got tired of standing there, she went and sat down. But her mother kept on staring out at the water. "What are you looking at?" Jennie asked. "Can you still see the boat?"

"The ocean is full of ships that are sunk," her mother said. "And men who gave their lives. When I think of how your father—" She kept standing there, looking out.

"You still want to go back to Washington?" she asked, finally turning around.

"Yes," Jennie said.

"Well, the month is nearly up," her mother said. "Our little holiday is nearly up. We can go home. There's really nothing to—there's a lot to do at home. A lot of work," she said, explaining it as though it were something awkward.

"I'd like to go home," Jennie said.

"We've been out in the sun enough," her mother said, still speaking in that fast embarrassed way. "We've had enough fun. We ought to go home now." And then she said again, "You do want to go, don't you?" As though she still didn't know what Jennie wanted to do.

"Yes, Mummy," Jennie said. "Yes. I want to go."

She leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, smiling, feeling the wonderful relief that went all through her.

"Let's phone Daddy," her mother said, turning around. "Let's call Daddy and say we're coming."

Jennie got up and ran to the phone. Almost before her mother finished speaking, she had the receiver off the hook.

THE END

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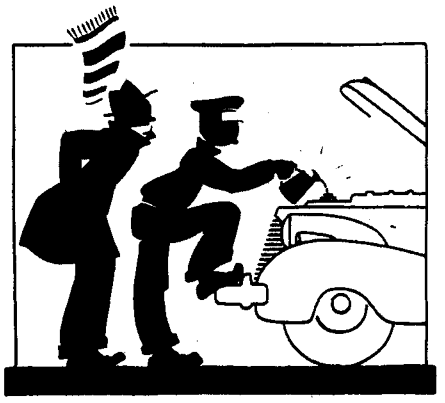

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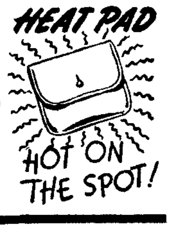

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I'm a Frightened Man

Continued from page 19

UNO, a veto power which in practice renders the present Council unable to cope with our problem.

It does not require a political mind to see that the idea of world control of the atomic bomb conflicts with the concept of national sovereignty.

Sovereignty to a nation is comparable to the freedom you have in the privacy of your home. Naturally nations, like individual persons, enjoy national sovereignty because it means freedom to do what they like without other nations poking their noses into their private business.

We are all glad to live in a country where no member of a Gestapo has a right to come into your front room and ask to be shown through the house. But if you knew that a certain plague was abroad in the world and a health inspector came to visit you I believe you would welcome him.

To avoid what is potentially the worst plague which ever threatened mankind, we must learn to get along with less freedom for the sake of not having our heads blown off.

For years I have been a marked man—along with hundreds of other scientists. We have been watched and controlled most carefully. If an international police and inspection force is set up it will mean still more control for all of us. But I assure you scientists will welcome these restrictions to guarantee there will never be another atomic bomb exploded anywhere. The world has become much smaller and much more explosive.

Now we are all crowded together into a single house. Beneath the floor of our house there is a time bomb ticking away, as I write this . . . as you read this. Nations are crowded into a very small space as considered by the standards of the supersonic rocket and the atomic age. The explosion of an atomic war would smash our house of civilization—smash it beyond human comprehension. Those who even think of an atomic arms race, those who boast of battleships and air power, those who speak of using national force to maintain peace, simply do not understand this crowded house of fear. They do not think of what the situation may be a few years from now.

Victory to Him Who Shoots First

Picture two men facing each other with loaded machine guns. Each is afraid the other man will shoot. Each knows whoever shoots first will win. There is no doubt of that. They do not worry about technical excellence, about getting a bigger or better gun. Whoever shoots first will win.

What of national sovereignty—the national sovereignty we would not give up at San Francisco? What about freedom to do as you please?

If we have that, what can we say about Freedom from Fear?

In Washington I hear endless echoes of

PIUS XII—A Biographical Note

BY FRANK GERVASI

Romans are by nature singularly complacent about their popes. They are born, they live and they die within the sounds of the great bells of the Basilica of St. Peter's and, as children, most of them play in Bernini's magnificent piazza. The cathedral is their church, as familiar as the interiors of their own homes. About it and their popes the Romans have an almost proprietary air, even when death comes to their archbishops.

"A pope is dead," they say; "we shall make another."

At least once in their lives, however, the Romans were jostled out of their complacence. This was when Pius XI died in February, 1939, and they knew, instinctively, that they had lost a friend and a leader at a critical moment in history. He had repeatedly denounced the Hitler regime, its depredations against the Jews and the war-bound design of its politics.

When he died, normally complacent Romans wished only that the successor to Pius XI might be at least as courageous. Unanimously, they "chose" him. The name was Eugenio Pacelli. For days they said his name and hoped.

Of this I had personal experience, for I was there on that day in that vast lake of humanity which overflowed the embrace of the great colonnade of St. Peter's and spilled to the edges of the Tiber itself.

IN THE intense, electric moments before the white smoke burst from the Sistine Chapel's chimney, the multitudinous whispers of the masses formed one word, "Pacelli, Pacelli, Pacelli," until it welled up to almost a roar such as water makes in a long fall. Some minutes later the Cardinal Deacon, Camillo Cacoia-Dominioni, emerged on the balcony of St. Peter's overlooking the square.

"I announce to you a great joy," he said. "We have a pontiff, The Most Eminent Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, who takes for his name Pope Pius XII."

The shout which went up from 100,000 throats was as though a single throat had made it and it hung in the late afternoon air like the paean of a gigantic bell.

Born in Rome, on March 2, 1876, Pacelli became pope on his 63d birthday. He was the first cardinal secretary of state of the Holy See ever to become pope and his election was the speediest in all Vatican history. Unlike his predecessor, Pacelli was of noble-bourgeois birth. His father was the renowned ecclesiastical lawyer, Filippo Pacelli, and his mother was the noblewoman, Virginia Graziosi. As a boy and youth, Pacelli studied in the Collegio Capranica in Rome and was ordained a priest in April, 1899, from the Roman seminary. He became an apprentice in the Vatican's congregation of extraordinary ecclesiastic affairs in the secretariat of state.

Through the papacies of Leo XIII and Benedict XV, Pacelli remained almost uninterruptedly in the secretariat of state and came early under the tutelage of the late, great Cardinal Gasparri, then a monsignor. Later Gasparri became cardinal secretary of state.

Upon being elected pope, Benedict XV named Pacelli secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastic Affairs. Benedict named him apostolic nuncio to Munich in 1917 and there Pacelli began a long and fruitful study of the German people.

Pacelli saw the civil war in Bavaria in 1918 and left his post only when urgently called to the Vatican secretariat of state, returning later to Munich to negotiate a concordat with the Bavarian government. In 1925, he was named apostolic nuncio to Berlin. By 1929 he had negotiated a concordat with Prussia under difficult political conditions.

He was created a cardinal on December 16, 1929, by Pius XI and, in February, 1930, the Pope called him to succeed the aging Cardinal Gasparri as secretary of state, a position which, it was said at the time, Pacelli accepted reluctantly. By 1933, Pacelli had signed a new treaty with the Third Reich whereby the Catholic Church obtained freedom of exercise of the Catholic faith throughout Germany.

It was the subsequent violation of the agreement which brought about a split between Berlin and the Holy See and caused Pius XI to protest vigorously.

The years from 1934 onward were Pacelli's busiest. He went to Buenos Aires for the International Eucharistic Congress of 1934 and to Lourdes in 1935. In 1936, he made his famous visit to the United States. He met and talked with President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He frequently used an airplane, and is the only pope ever to have flown.

Throughout the war Pius XII remained virtually a prisoner in the Holy See. He refused steadfastly to receive uniformed Nazi officials, and not until the Americans liberated Rome did he accord an audience to a foreign general. Among the first to see him was Lieutenant General Mark Clark, commander of the Fifth Army.

Always a lean figure, with luminous dark eyes behind thick, scholarly lenses, the Pope has grown thinner and has aged considerably. He lives an almost monkish existence of prayer, self-denial and hard work. Those close to him say that uppermost in his mind are the problems of world reconstruction and of how peoples' old ways can be reconciled with the new forces unleashed by six years of war. ★★★

old rivalries and jealousies among the Allies. There is evidence of a new nationalism based, as always, on fear. Smaller nations are enfolded by the larger powers, whether swallowed whole or merely "protected" or huddled together through fear. If you—the people—let things drift, we will perhaps see a world divided into two great spheres of interest, east and west, afraid of each other, *afraid of one unguarded word.* Freedom from Fear?

We will eat fear, sleep fear, live in fear, and die in fear.

Because atomic energy is the basic energy of this world there is little point in seeking scientific defenses against this weapon or against its dreadful development in radioactive poisons.

We are at last face to face with the powers which, philosophically speaking, are supreme in our universe. There never will be a Maginot Line against the limitless powers of the universe as developed by the limitless imagination of Man.*

Our "defense" is Control.

First, as proposed in the Anglo-American communiqué, a free exchange of scientific information. In the case of splitting the atom, which is based on principles well known and widely discussed before the war, that does not involve giving much away. Those principles were not secret but were the common property of all free men who cared to study the world we live in.

We might fully restore scientific freedom through a world organization of scientists, with special attention to nuclear physicists.

There is one very fortunate fact in all this. You cannot become a competent nuclear physicist, able to supervise the splitting of the atom or constructing an atomic bomb plant, without a great deal of study. That study must be made in company with established physicists and use of the established instruments such as the cyclotron. You cannot become a nuclear physicist capable of real work in the field merely by studying alone in a library, any more than you can become a Jesuit without a certain number of years spent in company with Jesuit scholars. This, and the fact that scientists are among the most international-minded of men, may well be the most important factor in our survival.

Most scientists think wars and national boundaries are a menace to the true creative spirit by which science must live. They hate war and they are terrified of atomic war—because they know its possibilities.

Then recall that secrecy in this project was accomplished only by almost superhuman effort and planning. If the world were pledged to freedom and not to secrecy, the hidden production of atomic power would be difficult, indeed.

If the powers renounce atomic war and agree to international control, scientists of all nations will take that pledge seriously and will report any sudden disappearance of a number of nuclear physicists.

A New Ideal of Patriotism

As our problem is fully comprehended, I think we may hope realistically for a patriotism not to one country but to the human race, and it is that patriotism which would appear should an aggressor, through his war lords, seek to interest a group of nuclear physicists in secretly betraying an international agreement against production of atomic bombs. This, to me, is a very real hope, for I have had the privilege of knowing scientists from many countries. I know we all speak the same language. We will be bound together more strongly than ever with a common fear and a common pledge and a common hope.

Another hopeful fact is that at present the production of these bombs requires large industrial plants. It requires various substances which are comparatively rare and which an inspection force of engineers and scientists could, I think, watch with comparative ease. The sheer size of these plants, with their need for huge supplies and for specialized materials and gadgets, will help world control. I do not believe it is beyond the ingenuity of man to establish an international commission to check these things and guarantee peace of mind to the world. We have done what seemed many times more difficult.

I have been told that the question of an inspection force, which seems to have been left "up in the air" by the Truman-Attlee-King communiqué, was purposely not decided because of technical doubts. I could understand *political* doubts based on fear of the public's reactions against foreigners and strangers roving through all the countries of the world. But most scientists, I think, believe that the *technical* difficulties of inspection are not insurmountable. I believe we will see much more discussion of technical inspection, and while the scientists discuss it I hope that mankind will continue to work toward an acceptance of the political implications.

If Russia Were in Our Position—

Now let us think about Russia. If you realize, as scientists do, that Russian science includes some of the best brains in the world today, I think you will understand, first, that Russian leaders must naturally be frightened of the possibilities of this power and, secondly, that it will not be long before they also are masters of it. As to their attitude, let us consider how we would feel if they had gotten this terrible weapon and we had not, if *they* were the ones who had temporarily gotten a lead which *we* knew *we* could overcome.

I can foresee an eventual meeting of the leaders of the great powers in company with their scientists. I know that scientific advisers would reflect the good faith of their leaders. Scientists will have no trouble understanding one another. When they meet I think their recommendations will be almost unanimous. I think further that they could succeed—if they are asked—in conveying this urgent message of fear—and hope.

No country knows the devastation of war better than Russia. None has lost more in men and material. Russians understood this war and they will understand atomic war. No one who understands atomic war wants anything but peace.

This is indeed The Year Atom Bomb One. It has opened most ominously. We must waste no time if we plan to be alive in A.B. 5 or A.B. 10.

We must support those of our political leaders who realize that a revolution has happened. We must listen carefully to those leaders who give us their best thought on what to do about that revolution. We must deal with those leaders who still think what was good enough in other ages must certainly be good enough for the Atomic Age. As mankind slowly comprehends, our problems will slowly become more simple. But the most fearful factor of all is time.

Years ago a modern prophet said our civilization is a race between education and catastrophe.

That "race" was once a figure of speech. Today it is *the fact of facts.*

Now, in that race between education and catastrophe, atomic power has given catastrophe a fearful lead. Atomic war could unleash forces of evil so strong no power of good could stop them. Make no mistake. Other civilizations have died because they would not learn their lessons in time. Remember that if Hitler had beaten us to this weapon—as he beat us to the V-2—America today would be a slave province in a Fascist World State. Today we are not so much in competition with other countries—humanity is in competition with itself. Think! Because we would not face the obvious, mankind allowed Fascism to blast Europe. Now if we still refuse to learn the lesson of co-operation it will be not Europe, but the world, which will lie in ruins.

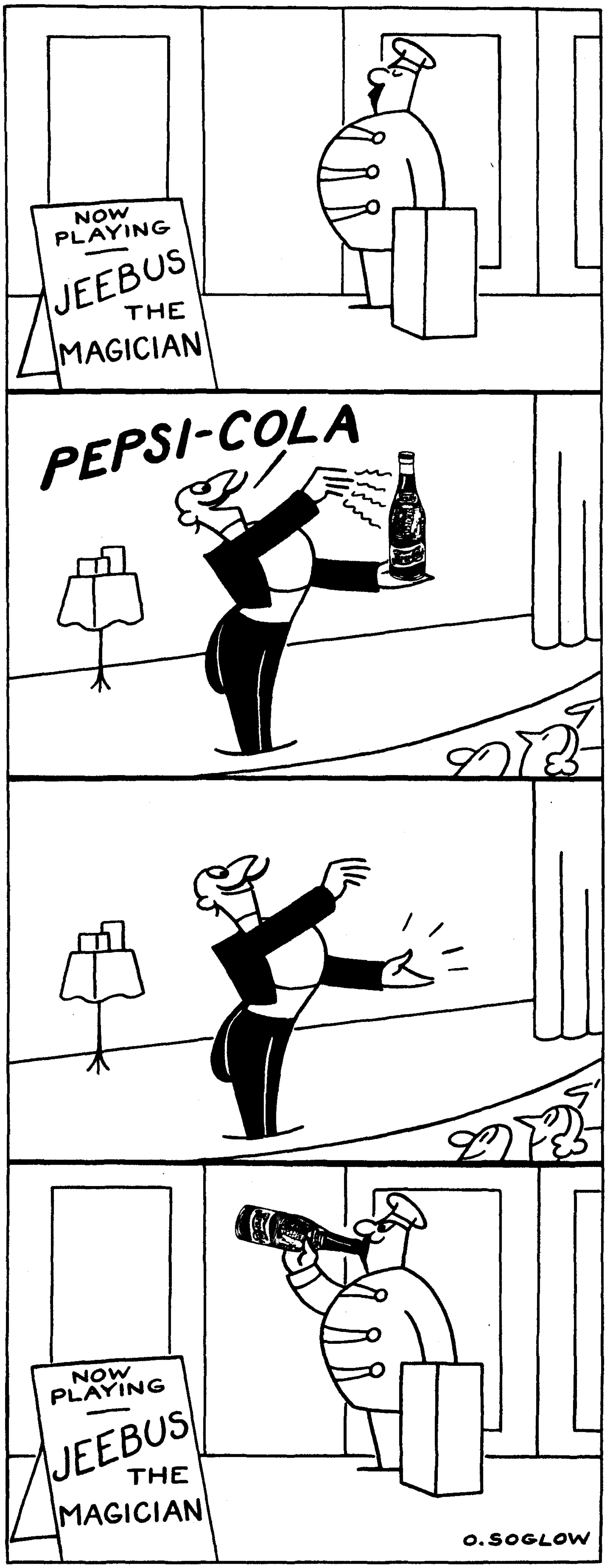
What we would not learn from Hitler we must learn from Hiroshima!

Other issues wait. Other problems will stand delay. But the main race between man's powers for evil and his powers for good—that race is close to a decision. The bomb is fused. The time is short.

You must think fast. You must think straight.

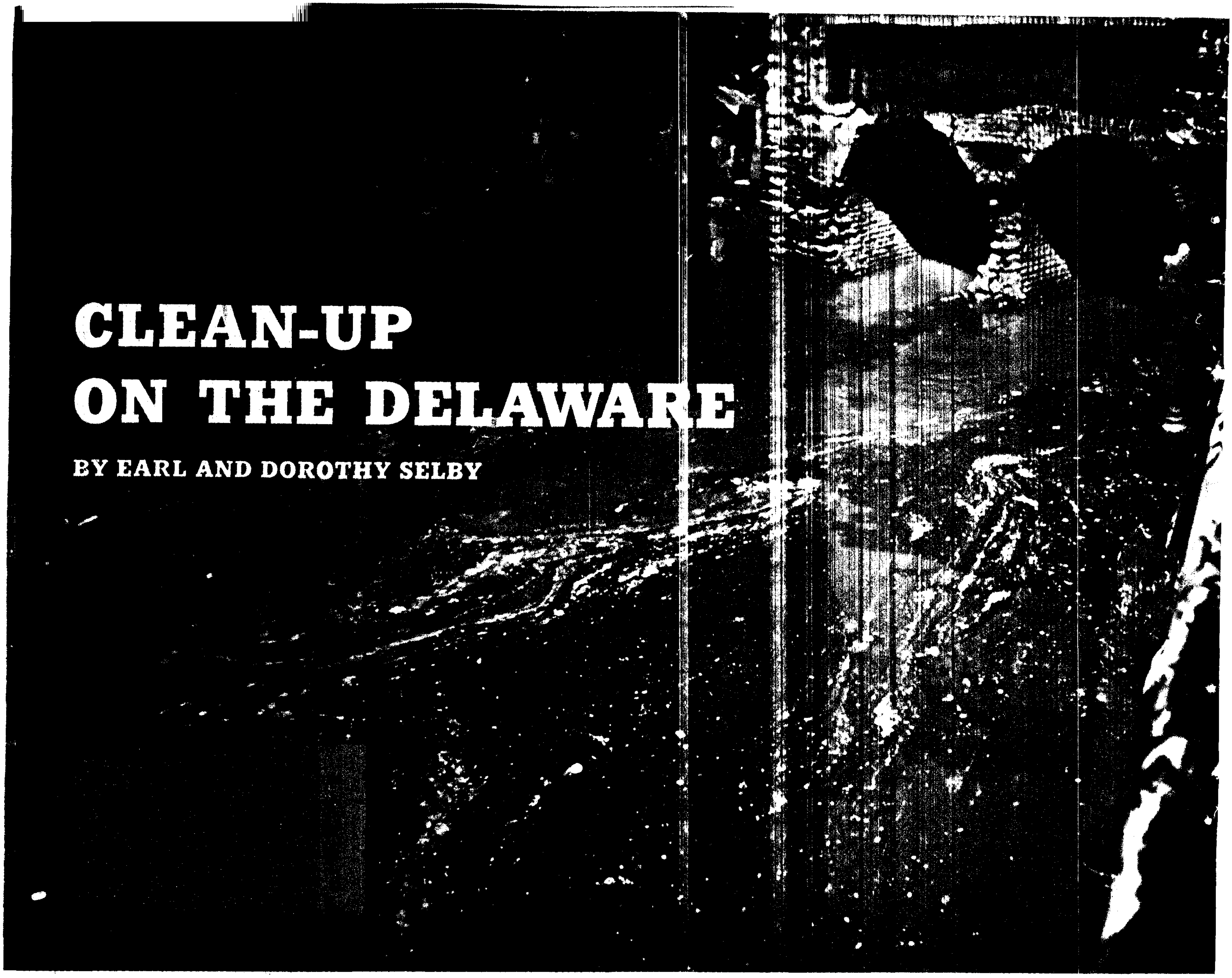
THE END

**See Deliverance or Doom, by Philip Wylie, in Collier's for September 29, 1945.*



CLEAN-UP ON THE DELAWARE

BY EARL AND DOROTHY SELBY



Philadelphia's sewers add their noisome bit to the Delaware's daily load of a half billion gallons of sewage and industrial wastes

THE Delaware is a slovenly river that has been begging for a bath since the Founding Fathers met along its banks. As far as pollution is concerned, it could surpass almost any river in the world, for there are few better examples of man's inhumanity to man—and to nature.

Every day in the year 500,000,000 gallons of sewage and industrial wastes plop into the river's system. Ninety-five per cent of it is raw and untreated. When the bacteria get working on this material, they produce a stink that has made strong men shudder and weak women faint.

There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that naval aviators flying into the Philadelphia port area for the first time are cautioned not to become alarmed when they smell a strange odor at 5,000 feet. The smell is not fire; it's only the Delaware.

It is easy, of course, to account for the river's odor; the difficulty comes in doing something about it. For more than a century, people living along the river looked for a solution. Until ten years ago they hunted in vain, and then the Interstate Commission on the Delaware River Basin was born.

You can see that this commission, whose name was promptly shortened to Incodel, has a big future. For the commission has staked out a goal in the most problem-beset of areas. It wants to show America how home rule can boss our rivers; how, to be specific, the people can effect region-wide co-operation to control those cantankerous resources that are the province of no one state. Incodel believes there is a middle ground between U.S. control of these resources and chaotic do-nothing by the states. Its accomplishment is in provoking New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware into mutually accepted pacts for controlling, conserving and improving the Delaware.

Because the river is only 369 miles long, and rarely surges into the headline-capturing violence of flood, the tendency is to dismiss Incodel as a purely regional experiment. The fact is that what Incodel has done thus far has created considerable stir.

In the Missouri River Valley, for instance, groups are working to create a multistate commission designed to end both the cat-and-dog struggle of the irrigation people versus the flood-control authorities, and also the inefficiency of the various states. The same program is developing in the Columbia River Valley, while the Potomac basin now has its own Incodel-patterned agency.

In its operation, Incodel is unique. It can pass no laws, issue no directives, build no buildings. Its sole weapon is conversation; its method, persuasion. None of the twenty commission members (five from each of the 4 states) is of national stature, but the idea is. With a working staff of five—an executive secretary, a research engineer, a draftsman, and two secretaries—Incodel stepped into one of America's great muddles. In the basin, there are no less than 838 distinct governmental units, such as cities, townships and counties, thousands of factories and hundreds of thousands of farms. Unco-ordinated in their use of the river, they lived, before Incodel, in a state of factional warfare, with industry fighting government, state pitted against state, city against city. All the while, the Delaware—one of the Eastern seaboard's most important rivers—was sabotaged.

Industries, for instance, thought it foolish to stop using the Delaware as a free conveyor belt for their often-poisonous wastes when cities, with a far greater volume of refuse, went on dumping their sewage. Cities, in turn, refused to have a conscience about the river when the states had none; and for over a century the communal guilt of the four states in refusing to enforce river-control laws had been the excuse of each for placidly letting the river go to hell.

Naturally this had multiple repercussions as a half billion gallons of sewage and wastes poured daily into the Delaware and its tributaries.

Item: In summer the river's low oxygen content around Philadelphia permits hydrogen sulphide gases to form. Because of the fumes, the U.S. government almost had to be satisfied with less-than-perfect secret radar equipment when metal corroded right on a war plant's assembly line. Only expensive machinery and a new production technique saved the day.

Item: Pennsylvania has already lost part of the reconversion battle. Industries refuse to plan now for postwar plants because of the state's polluted streams.

Item: Russian sailors found the water so dirty it clogged their ship pumps, necessitating expensive repairs.

Item: Scientists are now investigating the theory that the high incidence of infantile paralysis in the Camden-Trenton-Philadelphia area may be caused by the river.

Further, there is the possibility that if pollution is unchecked, Philadelphia, our third largest city, may turn into a forgotten port. The federal government has already sunk $80,000,000 into improving the Delaware and now faces the possibility that all of it will have been wasted unless something is done. But Incodel is making great strides to protect the federal investment and to guarantee a healthful environment for 5,000,000 of the basin's citizens—all on a $35,000 annual administrative budget.

Ten years ago, the basin states began searching for a technique to end the anarchy of the past. In its world of dams, the Tennessee Valley Authority was fulfilling its promise—a workable, efficient solution to the river problem. The question was whether any one else could do part of the same job.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN-PIX

When in 1935 the Council of State Governments was formed in Chicago, as a sort of interstate clearinghouse for mutually needed information, its co-operative method appealed to the Delaware basin states. New Jersey was the first state to create a Joint Legislative Commission on Interstate Co-operation. Pennsylvania and New York were the second and third to follow New Jersey's lead. In 1936 these commissions, together with the representatives of Delaware—which did not form a commission until 1939—met in Philadelphia for the first time. One major problem confronted them: the river. Accepting the challenge, the delegates organized Incodel.

Three major divisions were set up in the new organization. The commission itself had four state delegations, each including a senator, a representative, a member of the governor's cabinet, and a planning-board delegate. The idea was that this gave Incodel a friendly voice in almost every branch of state government. Later a delegate-at-large was added from every state.

Technical advisory committees on quantity and quality of water, research and planning were named in the second division, while the third—the staff—was authorized to pool the combined facilities and information of the existing state government agencies.

Seldom has a commission been created on such a slender shoestring. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if Incodel would be what it is today had not Ellwood J. Turner, a veteran Pennsylvania lawyer and legislator, been among those present at the first meeting. From the Pennsylvania banking department he wangled free office space. He borrowed secondhand furniture, and persuaded the state government council to pay for Incodel's executive secretary, stenographer and office supplies. He convinced the National Resources Planning Board in Washington that it should lend an engineer; they sent a young Bostonian named Jim Allen. He stayed on with the commission, and today, as executive secretary, is the indefatigable aide of Turner, who is now Incodel's chairman.

Thus equipped, Incodel went to work. Instead of taking orders from the states, it set out to advise them on a course of action—but to do it in such a way that the commission supplemented rather than supplanted the existing agencies of state government.

Incodel's officials, led by Turner, had a theory that men in a courtroom, where the basin states previously had done most of their negotiation, never reach a meeting of the minds except under compulsion which only breeds future rancor. Therefore, said the commission, let some men who are not being coerced into a forced settlement meet around a conference table.

The four chief engineers of the basin's health departments—Harry Croft in New Jersey, Ted Moses in Pennsylvania, Charles Holmquist in New York, and Richard Beckett in Delaware—were appointed the advisory committee on water quality. At first, their meetings were filled with rhetoric rather than

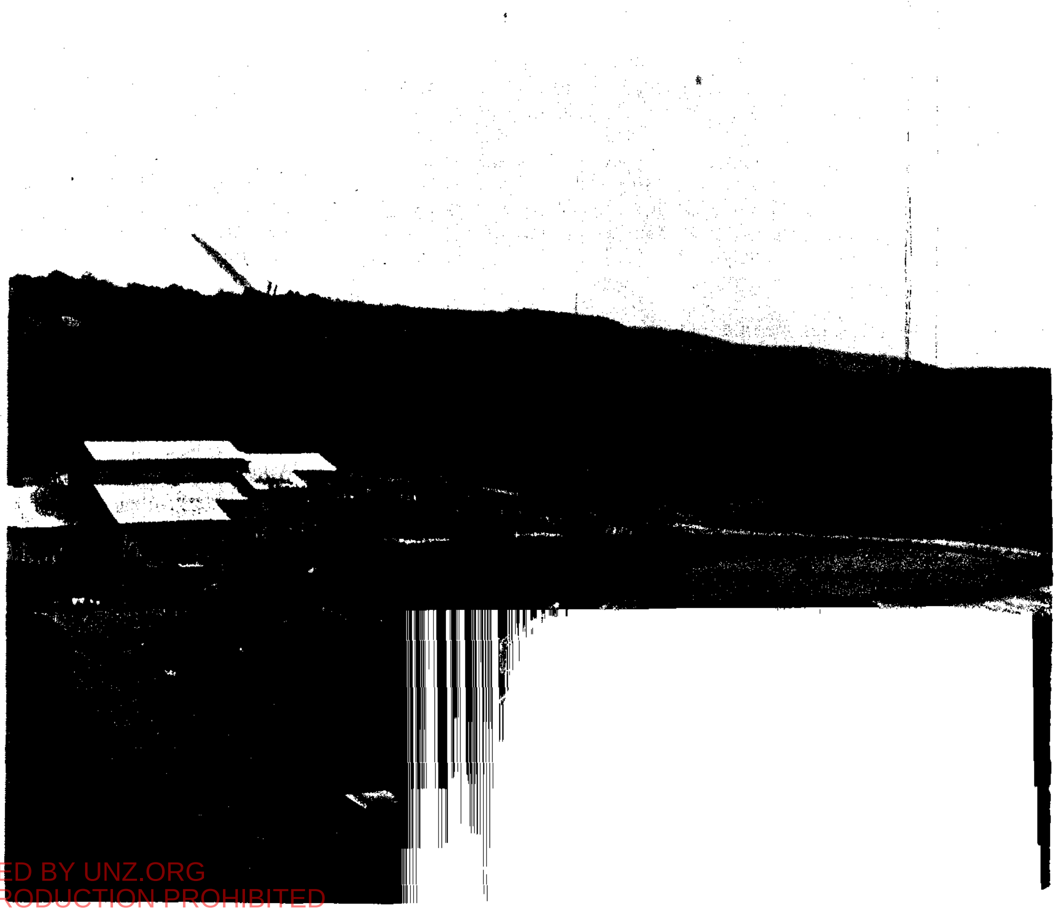
(Continued on page 64)

Ellwood J. Turner, chairman of Incodel, whose job is to promote voluntary interstate measures for river cleanliness. His only weapon is persuasion

Washing anthracite in Pennsylvania leaves mountains of culm (coal waste) on the river's upper reaches. Millions of tons of coal silt go into the water

At Philadelphia, coal silt must be dredged continuously from the Schuylkill River to prevent clogging of the city waterworks' intake pipes

Polluted river water yields up 95 per cent of its coal silt to this reclamation plant. Of the recovered silt, 67 per cent is usable anthracite



There Ought To Be a Law

Continued from page 17

engineer. If I can't trust your judgment, I'd better find it out now."

"Thanks," said Charlie.

Jones grunted. "Don't mention it. They'll be around after lunch, I imagine. Sales sounded desperate."

"I'll be waiting," said Charlie.

"You'd better be," said Jones. He hung up.

Charlie hung up and sat back in his chair and looked at the ceiling and drew a deep breath and let it out in a silent prayer. Then he sat up and sent for Bert Tukes and while he was waiting, the phone rang again and his buzzer sounded once more.

It was Marilyn this time. Bert's wife. "You're a stinker, Charlie Peters," she said. "You've been back almost two weeks and I've sat here and waited and nary a peep out of you. Bert tells me you're flying high and wide and handsome, the complete executive."

Charlie murmured incoherently. "I've been busy," he said lamely.

"And you're not even original," said Marilyn. "I've mothered you for ten years now and what do I get out of it? Are you contrite?"

Charlie allowed that he was.

"All right," Marilyn went on ruthlessly. "Then you trot right over here for dinner tonight and tell me how sorry you are and how you liked the women in Assam or wherever it is you've been in your pretty uniform."

"I—" Charlie began.

"And no back talk, either," Marilyn snapped. "You be here with bells on at seven o'clock sharp. And don't be late because Bert has invented a cocktail the like of which you've never seen and you'll need time to absorb it before my dinner spoils."

Charlie lifted his shoulders and let them fall resignedly. "Thanks, Marilyn," he said. "I'd love to come."

"That's better," Marilyn said. "Maybe this war was worth it after all if it taught you pretty speeches like that. Seven o'clock, sharp," she repeated and she hung up.

Charlie set the phone back in its cradle and swallowed twice and looked up. Bert stood in the door, his pipe in his mouth, grinning broadly. "She has a way of cutting you down to size, doesn't she?" he asked. "It pleasures me to see her work on someone else for a change."

Charlie shook his head helplessly. And then he sat up straight and gestured toward the vellums on his desk. "This had better be good," he said. And he explained his talk with Jones. When he was done, Bert nodded and puffed his pipe and his eyes twinkled like blue stars.

"Troy has the details," he said. "She has them down cold. She'll sell the Latins like shooting fish in a rain barrel."

Charlie glared and his lean face was set. "That's just what I don't want," he snapped. "You think they'll appreciate having a woman explaining technical data?"

"Maybe," Bert said slowly, "they aren't so narrow-minded down there. Maybe they think a woman can have some brains, too." He took his pipe out of his mouth and waved it airily. "Anyway," he said, "that's beside the point. You want this design explained. I've gone over it with Troy but I don't have the details. She does, and she's the only one."

Charlie continued to glare. "It's a hell of a situation," he said finally.

"Yes," said Bert, "and then again, no."

THE sales people herded their pigeons, bulging with luncheon, into Charlie's office at three o'clock. They met and distributed themselves and Charlie decided at once that Jones had been right, that the Latin Americans were not stupid. Señor O'Donnell was short and broad and his thinning hair was red and his eyes were blue; he sat quietly with his freckled hands clasped across his waistcoat and listened to the talk and missed nothing. Señor De Falla was short and slim and dark and he sported a thin mustache and a violent silk handkerchief in his breast pocket; he talked volubly, but his eyes were shrewd and he took in the bar charts on the wall behind Charlie's desk with one understanding glance. Both men spoke English in a stilted, accentless manner.

Señor O'Donnell got down to cases. "Your Mr. Jones," he said, "has told us of an air-conditioning design. We have much interest in that."

Señor De Falla nodded. "We have eaten and we have drunk and we have seen your aircraft and flown in it." He glanced at the sales people. "We have also heard your stories, both humorous and business, and we have seen your city. We have much interest in an air-conditioning design which will function."

Charlie nodded. Bert and Troy stood at the door of the office. He waved them in and the two Latin Americans rose immediately and looked at Troy with politeness. Charlie took a deep breath. "This is Miss Andrews," he said. "Miss Andrews is the design engineer on the job. She will explain the design." He took the vellums from behind his chair and handed them to Troy. O'Donnell and De Falla remained standing and the silence was uncomfortable.

Bert looked at Charlie over the top of his glasses.

It was De Falla who took the lead. He bowed slightly to Troy. "My name is De Falla," he said. "And this is my associate, Señor O'Donnell."

TELEVISION WORKERS ON STRIKE
O. SOGLOW

COLLIER'S OTTO SOGLOW

"Thank you," said Troy. "This is Mr. Tukes." Her face was white and strained, but her voice was steady. She ignored Charlie who got tardily out of his chair and picked up first one foot and then the other while Troy spread out the vellums and the guests gathered around.

Troy pointed with her pencil. "We have tapped in to the cabin pressurization system at this point," she began, "for ease in servicing and in installation . . ."

Charlie watched her and listened to her quiet, steady voice and followed her moving pencil. He found himself, surprisingly, concentrating on her smooth presentation and forgetting that she was a woman and that she had no right to know these things and no right to explain them so well. He listened carefully, watchfully, as a project engineer should, glancing occasionally at De Falla and O'Donnell to see if they were following. He was unaware of Bert's eyes, studying him with amusement.

Once he interrupted without thought of embarrassment. "Excuse me, Troy," he said, and even his first direct use of her name rang no alarm in his mind. "I think it would be well if you enlarged a little on the auxiliary power plant. Type and method of installation and weight." He said it without criticism, helpfully.

Troy said: "Thank you." And she smiled briefly and raised her eyes and then realized that it was he who had spoken, and the smile died. "The auxiliary power plant," she said emotionlessly, "is located in the wing fillet, mounted on this door for easy access . . ."

There was silence when she finished. She straightened from the desk and looked at the two guests. Her left hand was clenched hard at her side. "Are there—I mean, do you have questions?" she asked, and it seemed to be an effort to hold her voice steady.

De Falla was smiling. He shook his head. "If all of the explanations I have heard had been as lucid, Miss Andrews," he said, "I should never have had to ask a question. The installation is perfectly clear."

"The design is sound," said O'Donnell. He turned to Charlie. "When can we have aircraft equipped with this?"

Bert said quietly: "I don't think you need us any longer, Charlie." His hand held Troy's arm comfortingly. He nodded to the guests. "It's been a pleasure," he said.

De Falla and O'Donnell bowed. De Falla was smiling and showing even white teeth and Charlie felt a sudden, ridiculous urge to slug him. "I have seen many things in this country," De Falla said, "but nothing I shall remember as distinctly as your ability, Miss Andrews, and your charm."

"Thank you," Troy said tightly. She followed the pressure of Bert's hand and went gratefully out of the office and out into the drafting room; beside her table she stopped and looked at Bert and tried to ask him, but the words would not come.

Bert had the big white handkerchief out of his breast pocket. He handed it to her. "Honey," he said, "you were magnificent and C. Peters is on the ropes. Tonight he'll eat crow. Now hop off to the little girl's room and cry off your nervousness and when you come back, we'll connive further."

CHARLIE stayed late in his office after the sales people and the Latin Americans had departed in search of food and wine and rumba music. He sat at his desk with project matters stacked high in front of him, but he ignored them and stared, instead, at the blank wall. Outside, the great drafting room was cleared and silent, the tables were covered with black oilcloth, and the night shop contact crew got out their magazines and their crossword puzzles and waited for the telephones to ring.

There was satisfaction in Charlie's mind, but there was also something else, something that robbed the satisfaction of its proper warmth and glow, and he pondered this lack unhappily. Twice he dragged out the air-conditioning vellums and spread them on his desk and looked at them and at the lettered signature on their bottoms, then rolled them up, and stared at the blank wall again.

It was six o'clock when Jones, in hat and overcoat, marched cockily through the drafting room with a curt nod for the shop contact crew. He saw Charlie's light and he altered course from the back door and put in to the project office with the precision of a berthing destroyer. "Sales thought to call me," he said, without preamble. "They tell me you pulled it off and the good-neighbor policy is solid again."

Charlie's eyes came off the wall. He looked at Jones blankly for a moment and then he jerked his head backward, toward the vellums in the corner. "It's a good design," he said.

"So sales told me," Jones said. "Though how in the hell they think they know, I don't understand. They can't read a drawing; they're only used to the fine print on the back of a contract."

Charlie grinned wanly. "The South Americans understood it all right."

Jones nodded. "It was well done," he said, which was all the praise he could allow himself, and even that little hurt. He looked at his watch to cover his embarrassment. "It's time for dinner. Let's get out of here."

"Dinner," Charlie said. He sat up straight. "Dinner! Marilyn'll scalp me."

"Since when," Jones asked tartly, "have you taken to women? Is that what the Army did for you?"

"Bert Tukes' wife," said Charlie. "I'm due there for dinner." He looked at his watch and grabbed his overcoat. "At seven," he added. "G'night, Walt." And he scuttled out of the office.

HE ARRIVED at Bert's house at three minutes past seven. Marilyn met him at the door. She was a plump little woman, with a smooth, healthy face and graying hair and eyes that crackled happily. She sidestepped Charlie's extended hand and closed in and went on tiptoe to reach his lips. "There," she said. "When you're rich and famous I can say I was the first woman after your mother to kiss you." She closed the door behind him and took his hat and coat while he tried to think of something to say and found nothing. Marilyn said: "You're as loquacious as ever. Bert's in the kitchen, brewing that hellbroth of his. Go on out and glower at him."

Charlie strolled out into the kitchen, where Bert, with his pipe in his mouth and perspiration fogging his glasses, labored valiantly with a towel-wrapped shaker. Charlie leaned against the sink. Bert said: "Marilyn lets me mix this drink only because she thinks the exercise is good for me. How'd the palaver make out?"

"Jones stopped by to tell me that sales is happy," Charlie said.

"Then you're the white-haired boy," said Bert. He put the shaker on the sink and unwrapped it carefully as if he were afraid it might explode. "You're on the hit parade."

"Yes," said Charlie. "I guess I am." But the satisfaction was not warm. "You," he said, "and—"

"We're all ready," said Bert. "You take that tray. I'll bring the shaker."

Charlie turned obediently and took the tray, loaded with glasses and napkins and potato chips, from the sink. "Go on," said Bert. "I'll be right along."

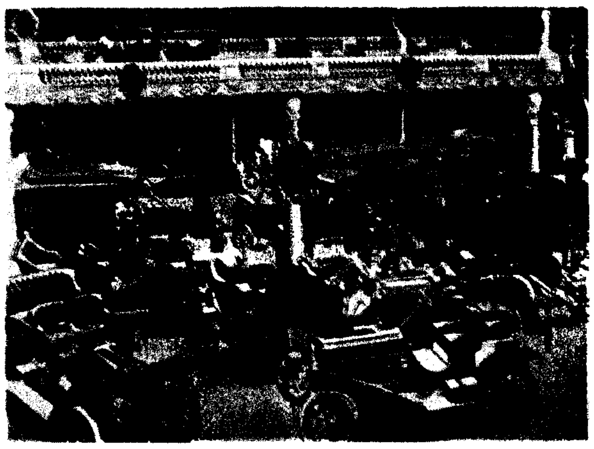
Charlie went through the dining room. He entered the living room and looked around for a handy table and then stopped short and the glasses slid toward the edge of the tray.

Troy stood in front of the fire. Her curly brown hair was brushed until it shone and there was lipstick on her mouth, and her arms were bare and she wore a sleek black dress that fitted her devotedly and made plain the curves of thigh and hip and breast that her working trousers and blouse had hidden. Her legs, Charlie saw, were slim and straight and graceful. She stood easily, her hands at her sides, her eyes on his face. "You'd better watch those glasses," she said quietly. "They do break, you know."

Charlie made his way to the coffee table by

When do you get your new car?

1898 **THE PUBLIC** desire for new cars has had its ups and downs. When autos first appeared, they were considered a plaything for the "lunatic fringe." Practically nobody wanted a car at this time when the name Corby's Whiskey reached its 40th year of fame in Canada.



1909 **AUTOS BECAME** a convenience. Nearly 200,000 people wanted cars, but production was still hand work and slow. Buyers expected to wait six months for delivery in this year when Corby's passed its half-century mark as a great Canadian whiskey name.

1938 **SUPER-SALESMANSHIP** sold only two million cars, although the industry was geared to produce four million a year. Purchase and delivery of a new car was a matter of minutes when Corby's approached its 80th year of renown as a Canadian name.

BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
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N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA
1946

1946 **THERE'S DEMAND** for 15 million new cars. The industry hopes for a six-million-a-year schedule. This may be exceeded. But you *might* have to wait two years for a new car. Best bet while you plan and wait, enjoy your evenings with Corby's, the light, sociable blended whiskey. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada five years ago, the name Corby's is well worth asking for in your bar or store.

Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

IT HAPPENS WITHIN
two seconds—

Within two seconds after zooming out of dreaded Shady Corner on Lake Placid's Olympic Run, bobsled teams hit the amazing speed of 70 m. p. h....

MAKE THIS
GLASS-OF-WATER TEST
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The reason Bayer Aspirin gives amazingly fast relief from ordinary headaches is demonstrated above. To make this test, simply drop a Bayer Aspirin in a glass of water and "clock" its disintegration. Within *two seconds*, it begins. The same thing happens in your stomach. Hence, you get astonishingly fast relief.

Within two seconds after you take it,
Bayer Aspirin actually starts to go to work, to bring you

fast pain relief!

THREE important steps...not just ONE...give Bayer Aspirin its 2-second speed!

Bayer Aspirin's 2-second disintegrating action is due to the way Bayer Aspirin is made. Three important steps are taken—*not just one!*

First, even though ready-made aspirin powder can be obtained from outside suppliers, Bayer makes *its own* instead, tests it, adds a highly effective binder. Second, this powder is compressed into giant tablets (extreme left) 18 times larger than normal. Third, these "giants" are crushed back to powder, sifted, and then the familiar Bayer tablets millions of people know so well are finally made.

Bayer technicians *could* make aspirin tablets without taking all three steps. But because they *do* take them, Bayer Aspirin starts to work almost instantly! So—for fast pain relief, use genuine Bayer Aspirin. And be sure to ask for it by the name *Bayer*, when you buy.

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE Bayer Aspirin

the sofa. He set the tray down with care. He straightened and Troy's eyes were still on his face. He said desperately: "I didn't think, I mean, I didn't know you'd be here."

"Didn't you?" Her voice was cool.

"And like that," Charlie blurted. "I mean—"

Troy looked down at herself. She raised her eyes to his face again. "What did you expect me to wear," she asked quietly, "trousers and my Atlas badge?"

"I didn't expect anything," Charlie said wildly.

Troy's eyes were steady. "I see," she said. She turned to the fire and held her hands to its warmth, her slim back straight and her shoulders squared.

Charlie eyed her in confusion. He wished at that moment that he were a smoking man, like Bert, with a pipe he could handle and concentrate on. But he was not. Instead, he took a potato chip from the bowl on the tray and stuffed it into his mouth.

Troy's quiet voice came over her shoulder. "Were the South Americans happy?" she asked.

And Charlie, with his mouth full, could only grunt.

It was not a happy time. Bert came at last out of the kitchen with the cocktail shaker, and Marilyn appeared from the depths of the house and both of them made it a point not to look at Charlie. Bert poured the drinks with care. He passed them. "This will restore the tissues," he said. "It will set the ganglions to quivering."

Marilyn said: "It would make a rabbit reach down a bulldog's throat and flip him inside out."

"Will it loosen a tied tongue?" asked Troy sweetly. And the silence was painful and broken only by the sound of Charlie's potato chip.

In the hush, Bert said: "To the air-conditioned South Americans!" Which was a mistake, for Charlie promptly choked on his potato chip and spilled part of his drink.

Troy looked at him emotionlessly. "Yes," she said. "And to the genius who air-conditioned them!"

The drink was not overrated and the cocktail shaker was large. By dinnertime, which was after the fourth round, Charlie's confusion was largely dissipated. He seated Marilyn and took his own place and unfolded his napkin with concentration. He looked up and his eyes found Troy's face. "Jones was by after you had all gone—" he began.

Troy said to Marilyn: "You must be awfully tired of shop talk." She tasted her soup. "How on earth do you get this flavor? Do you use herbs or wine? It's delicious."

There was silence. Bert said finally: "Jones was by after we had gone home, and—?"

Charlie nodded. "He was by," he said.

Troy's smile was brilliant. "Jones was by?" And there it ended. Marilyn looked at Bert, and Bert's face was blank. Charlie stared at his plate. Troy looked at the top of Charlie's head. Nobody spoke.

THERE was brandy after dinner. In the living room. Charlie sipped his quietly and tried to keep his eyes from Troy, who stood by the fire again and stared into the flames and said nothing. He thought of her as she had been that afternoon in his office, quietly confident, handling a man's business with a deft touch. And he saw her now, with her badge and her trousers and her sharp pencil laid aside like a costume. He looked into his brandy glass and found no answer there. He looked up again and Bert and Marilyn had disappeared and he could hear dim sounds from the kitchen. He said hesitantly: "Troy."

She turned from the fire. Her face was smooth and expressionless. Her lower lip was tight, almost trembling, but from where he sat he could not see that. "Jones was by—" he began, and there he stopped, seeing in wonder the sudden blaze in her eyes. "I mean," he said, and his voice trailed off into silence as she turned from him again and opened the door to the patio and went through swiftly, out into the night. The door closed hard behind her and Charlie stared at it in bewilderment.

Behind him Marilyn's voice said: "If you don't go out after her, Charlie Peters, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

Charlie looked at her in astonishment. "But I—"

"Get on out there!" Marilyn said savagely. "I don't care if you are the boy wonder of Atlas! Put down that drink and go out there after her!"

Charlie got to his feet. He put down his drink and swallowed once, hard. He looked at Marilyn. She was watching him and her short, plump figure had suddenly become majestic and her kindly eyes were hard. Charlie went to the door and opened it and stepped out into the patio and closed the door gently behind him.

HE LOOKED around in the darkness. Dimly he could see Troy's face. She was standing on the grass, in the center of the patio. He walked toward her slowly. She said nothing. He stopped close behind her and hunted for words. He said, finally, inanely: "The stars are clear tonight." And he wondered at the quietness of her answer.

"Yes," she said. "They are. I wonder that you notice them." Her voice was strained, tight.

Charlie said in astonishment: "Why, you're crying!" He touched her arm gingerly. "Why—"

She flung his hand from her arm and spun about to face him, her whole body taut. "Oh, go away! Go on back in the house and tell Bert what a fine fellow you are!"

Charlie took a deep breath. He started to turn away and then he turned back and the whole force of the day and of the evening exploded in his mind. "I'm damned if I will!" he snapped. "I've had enough!" She moved to turn and he seized her shoulders almost savagely and spun her to face him. "I've been trying to apologize all evening, trying to tell you that you were wonderful today and that the South Americans were sold because of you and in spite of me!" The warmth of her shoulders filled his hands and his arms and undermined his anger. "That's what I've been trying to say," he finished lamely. "But you wouldn't listen." He dropped his hands, embarrassed, but Troy made no move to turn from him.

She stood quietly, looking at him in wonder. "I thought you were a stuffed shirt," she said presently. "You were just frightened. Of me."

Charlie pondered that. "I guess that was it," he said slowly. He looked at the stars and they were bright. "I thought you were a female dragon with log tables instead of a mind and secondary heat treat in your heart."

There was a long silence. Then Troy said softly: "It seems we were both wrong. Maybe we'd better start over again."

"Yes," said Charlie.

Troy said suddenly: "I'm going to cry again. Don't go away."

Charlie touched her arm and seized it and she moved toward him. "I won't go away," he said softly. "You couldn't drive me away."

And the stars seemed, suddenly, very close.

THE END

Next Week

BLUNDER

BY

PHILIP WYLIE

The story of the end of the world

On His Way

Continued from page 24

months ago. They wanted me to send them a picture and some more dope about myself. There was a copyboy's job open. You got to remember that I would have been happy sweeping out a city room, just so it got me near a typewriter.

Ma was all for me calling Pa, but I wanted to see the old man's face when I told him. That letter had taken care of whatever hangover I might have had. I felt like I'd been sleeping for a week.

Driving out Rice Street to the store, I tried to figure why they wanted the picture. The old man would tell me; he could figure anything. Cripes: I laughed out loud and blew the horn at nobody. Maybe quitting Toth was all right. Maybe Pa wouldn't have to be nice to me any more just because I was his son—and a wrong number.

THE store was as clean as a night club at ten in the morning and just as crowded. Pa was standing at the cashier's booth, tying a white apron around his middle. I guess he saw it on my face, and from the looks of his, it was catching. He started grinning, too. I handed him the envelope, standing there before him like a pup who's brought a ball back to his master. The old man read it. He read it again, fished in his shirt pocket for a cigarette and bent his head to my match.

"What do you think, Pa?"

"I think you got a job."

"How do you know?"

"I got the good luck ache in my back."

"All they *want* is a picture."

"No picture, kid. You catch a train tonight and go down there. They want to see you, let them see you good, arms and legs and all."

"It'll take twenty-five bucks, Pa." If he was lucky, he'd make twenty-five today.

"It's a loan, Joe." He stepped on his cigarette and grinned at me. "You're going a long way, boy. I want to tell people I'm the guy got you started." I went into the back room for an apron. I needed something to hide my face in.

When I came back, he had another cigarette in his mouth. I walked over and struck a match. He took a drag and shook his head at me.

"You're on your way, J-o-e-y—" his voice trailed off, like the last few words of a suicide note. His face got the color of kneaded dough. He grimaced a couple of times like a guy trying to get a tight shoe on his foot. His right hand went out for support, waving in the air, the cigarette sliding out of his fingers. He reached out behind him and then he started to fall.

I got my hands in his armpits and held him up, hollering for Andy as loud as I could. He's dying, I thought. Holy smokes, he's dying; he's going right here and now!

He lay against me, his face next to mine, and I couldn't feel his breath. I thought of myself, twenty-two years old, laying drunk in bed while he wrestled bushels and boxes down at the market. Cripes, he can't, I thought. He can't, he's too young! What was God trying to do, get even with me and the crummy way I'd acted all my life? Why take the old man, a guy who only wanted good for people?

I dragged him over to the counter and was trying to boost him up on it when Andy came running in from the back of the store. Together we set him on the counter and held him there, Andy kneeling with his arms wrapped around Pa's knees and me in back holding his head on my chest. His heart must have given out, that's what it was. He tried to say something but even with my ear brushing his lips I couldn't get it.

"I'm going to get a doctor," Andy said, but as he stood up, Pa reached out and waved him still. I could see him getting up guts to say something. He started way down in his stomach, like he was picking his words there.

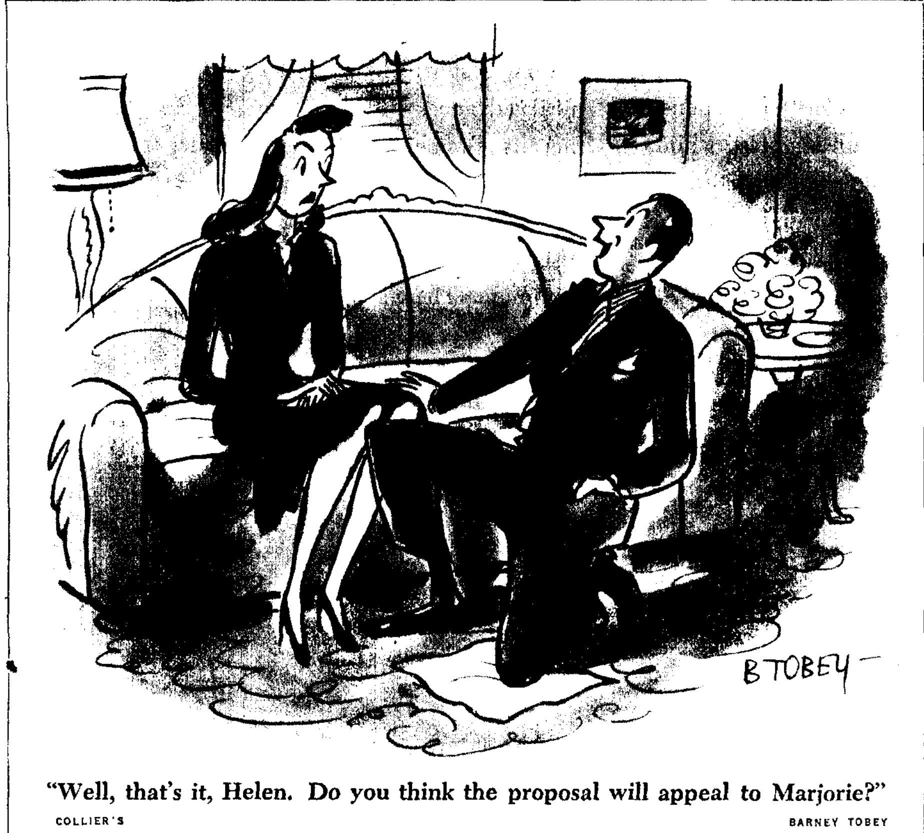
"Take me home," he said. "Take me home." He seemed to be getting stronger now, like he was just getting over a stomach punch.

"Spread an apron over them sugar sacks in the back, Andy," I ordered. I didn't want him to move alone until Dave George, our doctor, saw him. I kept my hands on Pa while I moved around to the front of the counter. He tried to smile for me but it looked like he was crying and suddenly I wanted to put my head in his lap and cry for him and pray for him and beg for him.

I had my arm around his shoulders and I got my other arm under his legs and started for the back room. He was quiet, not arguing, almost asleep, and I remembered how he used to carry Andy to the car after we'd left the fair grounds.

When I got to the sacks, he said, "Don't drop your pa, Joey." He didn't have to say that. If I never did another thing, I couldn't have dropped him.

I loosened his tie and belt, and all the time I was praying for him to myself. "Take me



"Well, that's it, Helen. Do you think the proposal will appeal to Marjorie?"

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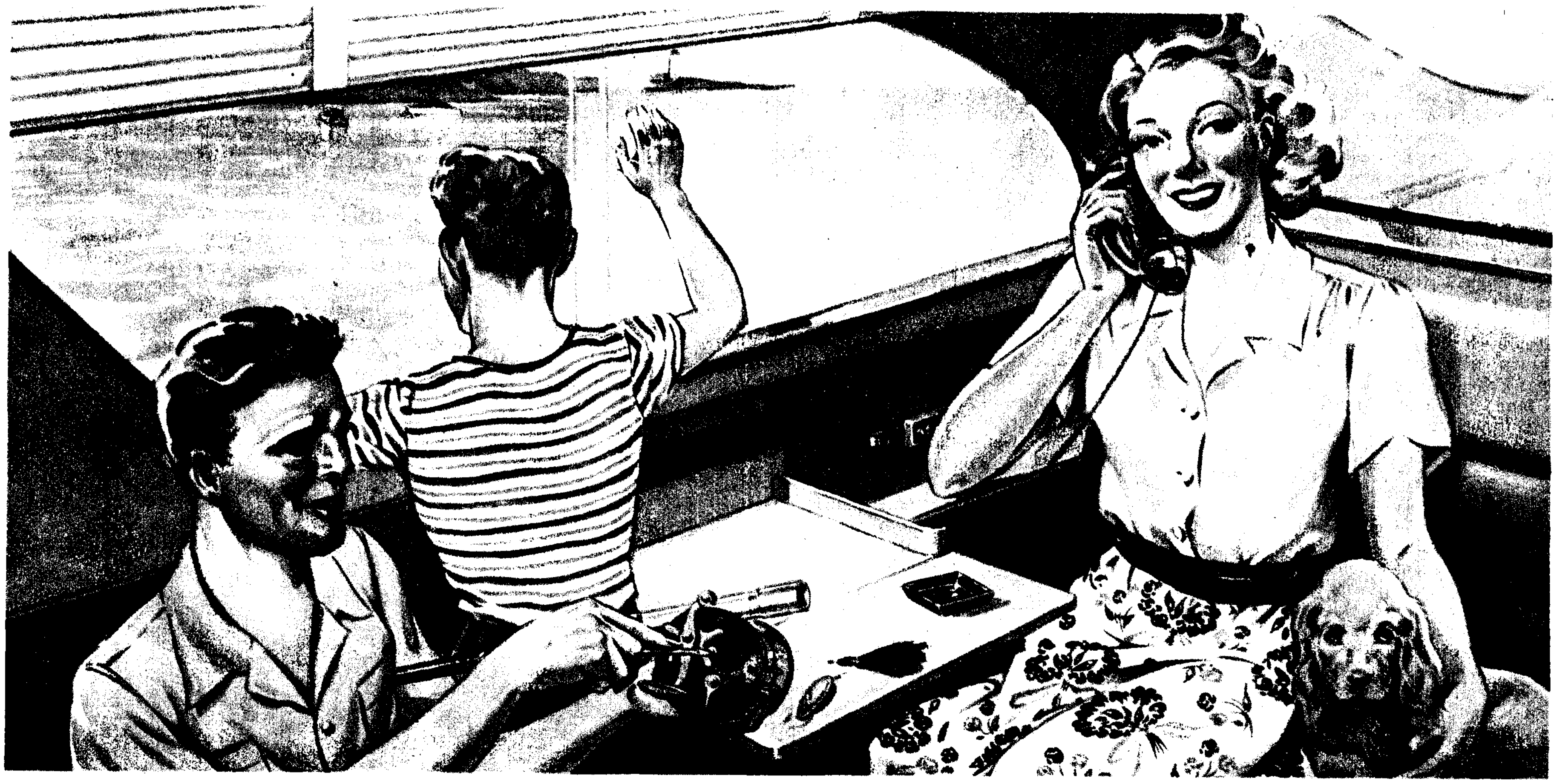

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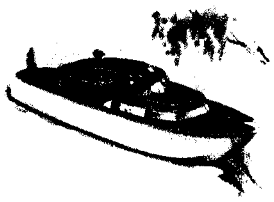

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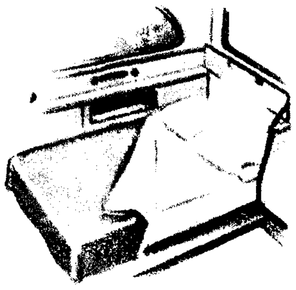

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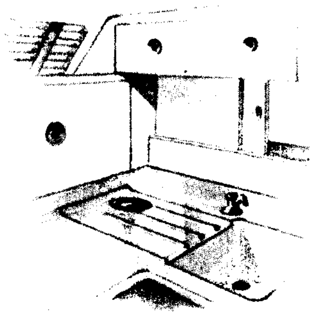

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home, Joey," he said again. I told him I was going to phone Dave. He nodded and then he got my ear with his thumb and forefinger. He pulled me down close to him. "Don't worry, kid," he said. "You'll be on the train tonight."

I called Dave's office. His nurse said he was at Miller Hospital and promised to call him and send him out. When I hung up, there were four people waiting. "Let's wait on these people," I told Andy. "We got to wait on them, and then you can drive Pa home." He went behind the counter and I walked over to the vegetable rack. The old crow standing there was squeezing the tomatoes like they were tennis balls, and I wanted to kick her and tell her to get out of the store. I wanted to lock the front door and never set foot in here again.

"These aren't worth buying," she announced. I thought of that train to Chicago then for the first time and I wanted to punch myself.

"Not after what you've done to them, lady," I said. I don't know what it was in me that let me think of me and my job when he was so sick. I wanted to squeeze my head and get every thought about newspapers out of it.

"You've got a lot of tongue, young man," she said.

I bent over, rescued the tomato from her hand and dropped it in the basket. "Lady, why don't you give some other store a break?" She looked like a mouse had run up her leg. She was out of the store before I got to another customer.

When we were through, Andy and I walked back together, and I couldn't watch his face. I guess we get four or five different faces and we get a chance to wear all of them, only the one for sorrow is strange and we never get used to it.

I OPENED the door of the back room and stuck my head in. Pa wasn't on the sacks. I figured he'd gone to the washroom. He wasn't there. I walked out behind the store. The car was gone.

Andy got to the phone before I did. I waited until he dialed and then took it from him. When Ma answered, I asked if he was there yet. "He just walked in this minute," she said. She didn't know anything yet.

"How's he feel?" I asked. I shouldn't have left him.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" she asked. I heard her yell, "Dad, what is it?" Then all I heard was a click.

I looked at Andy. I don't think I'd ever *really* looked at him before. He was just a good-looking blond kid who'd graduated from high school and was happy working in the store and going out to White Bear Lake to ride horses on Sunday. He was begging me to take him home with me, although I hadn't told him I was going.

"I'll be back, Andy."

He nodded. He reached out and started untying my apron. "I can run the store, Joe," he said. "I'll run it. You just get on that train tonight." He wasn't old enough to run a peanut stand.

I guess if I'd been going any faster on my way home, I'd have been off the ground.

Pa was on the couch in the living room, Ma sitting on a chair next to him. I guess he was sick all right, else Ma never would have left him laying there on the couch with his shoes on. I'd forgotten about Dave, and I ran to the phone and called his nurse, telling her to send him out here.

When I got back to the couch, Ma was holding his hand. "Didn't want to double-cross you like that, Joe," he said.

"What are you talking about?"

"I want you to go to Chicago, Joe." Every time he got a word out it was like lifting a hundred-pound sack of sugar.

"To hell with Chicago!" I knew what I was saying, and I wanted to bend down and let him slap me for what I was thinking.

"No." He rolled his head on the pillow. "Somebody here has got to be something but a grocery clerk. Go on back to the store. I'll try and get out there to check up tonight. Get rid of them tomatoes, they won't last over the week end."

I guess I should have stayed until Dave got there but that was one thing I couldn't do. Pa was number one in that house and it was like cheating to watch him when he was on his back.

Ma followed me to the door, and outside to the car. "Joe, you've got to go to Chicago for me, son. You got to go tonight. I'll work with Andy and everything will be good." I got in the car but she stuck her head in. "Joe, I worked all my life so you boys could have what you want. Andy likes the store and he'll have it, and you'll have what you want."

I stepped on the starter. I guess if they'd had the dough they would have bought a paper for me.

There Pa lay sick, more sick than anyone could gamble on being, and he worries about Chicago. My mother sits next to him, and she worries about Chicago. The kid don't know enough about the store to tally the day's receipts and he worries about Chicago. What was the sense in lying? I was thinking about Chicago. I guess I was the only person in the world who could think of himself when his pa was sick.

WHEN I got back to the store, Andy looked like he'd just finished playing a basketball game. There were enough orders on the floor to keep him out on the truck delivering for two hours.

"How is he?" the kid asked.

"He looks a little better."

"I'll have to get the orders out."

"They're too heavy for you," I told him. I was getting bighearted now. "I'll take them, Andy."

He didn't even listen. I helped him load the truck, trying not to think of Pa, but he was in my head just as I'd left him on the couch.

When Andy left, it seemed the whole North End got into the store at the same time. The tomatoes were gone at one o'clock and my legs were gone, too. I finally had time to light a cigarette and I was on my second drag when Andy came in.

"Where you been?" I asked.

"Home."

"How is he?"

"I don't know."

"You saw him?"

"The doc was gone. Ma wasn't talking and neither was he. I asked him how he felt and he didn't answer me." Andy was talking fast, like he was telling a detective about a murder he'd seen. "Ma had some notebook paper, and she had a pencil in her hand. You know what I think? I think that was a will she had there, that he was telling her to write."

It was the most terrifying thing I'd ever heard anyone say. "What happened?" I asked.

Andy reached in his back pocket and came up with an envelope. He laid it on the counter and I picked it up. Inside was a ticket to Chicago. One way.

"What's the matter with you, Andy?" I yelled.

"Pa gave me the money. He made me promise to get it." The kid walked out in the center of the store and turned around. "I would have done it myself. I got dough. You're going, damn it! You're not a grocer like me or Pa, Joe. You're something. You're going to be something. You're a writer, you got it up here." He tapped his head. "I'm proud of you, Joe, I want people to know you, Joey. You're smart, Joe, you—" He broke off and ran into the back room and slammed the door, leaving me alone to get a good look at myself.

From then on in, for the rest of the afternoon, there wasn't a customer came into the place that I didn't think she'd gotten Pa sick and there wasn't a minute of the time when I wasn't trying to figure out how I could run the store—and forget Chicago.

By six-thirty we had all the vegetables out of the window and in the cooler. I didn't know what to think. Cripes, I was all right as long as Pa was around but I couldn't run the place without him. I'd never run it, even for a day. What did I know about buying fruit and vegetables? How about all the canned stuff? How about writing checks and making deposits and knowing how much to buy? How about selling stuff cheap and figuring when there is going to be a shortage in something, or if, say, canned milk was going up, knowing how much of it to get? Cripes, what did I know?

I put the train ticket in my pocket. For a minute I tried to let them make me believe that it was all right for me to go to Chicago, that maybe I could send them dough from there. I remembered that copyboys make eighteen bucks a week, and I'd been expecting the old man to send me a few bucks now and then so I could get by. I don't know, I guess the old man had had me on the milk bottle too long.

Andy was sitting on the counter smoking and I was in the cashier's booth when Dave George rapped on the glass. Andy let him in and we got him up against the window.

"Your dad had a coronary," Dave said. I guess neither the kid nor me believed it.

"We'll have to take a cardiogram, but I know it's a coronary," he repeated. "Your pa is a very sick man, Andy."

The kid looked at Dave as though the doc had just slapped him. The tears came out awful slow and Andy reached for my hands and held on. He let himself cry, looking up at me, the tears coming down his cheeks and sliding off his jaw.

I thought of the old man going off the top board at Lake Calhoun and getting my bike and racing Andy down the street. I remembered the time the robber came into the store and Pa grabbed him, gun and all, and slugged the thief because he'd slapped me.

"He'll have to take it easy for four, five months," Dave said. "Go to a hospital. You can't tell, sometimes they're just as good as new." He went on like that, but now he was just talking like a pitchman selling glass cutters on a street corner. Then he said he'd be out to the house in the morning and left. I tossed Andy a pack of cigarettes and took one for myself. We left without checking the day's receipts.

ANDY drove the car and I led the way in the truck. I didn't go any faster than twenty miles an hour. I wanted to stay away from the house as long as I could. Going home, watching the people on the street, I tried to figure why he was the one had to get it. Trouble, I guess, is a very special package. It's like a letter marked personal, only God addresses it, and He don't make mistakes.

I guess I'd known all along I wasn't going to Chicago. I just didn't know how I was going to run the place that's all. I drove into the alley behind the house, Andy behind me. Ma came out the back door to meet us. She asked what we wanted for supper and we said anything she had was all right. When we got inside, Pa's old leather bag was sitting in the hall.

"You'll have to hurry, Joe," Ma said. I guess they thought I was crazy. Andy and I went upstairs together. Pa was lying in bed wearing white pajamas.

"Have a good day?" he asked.

We nodded.

"How do you feel, Pa?" Andy asked.

"Jake. I'll be out of here in a couple months. There's worse things, eh, Joe?" He turned to the kid. "Only thing is, not to be afraid."

Andy started crying again, and he started to lean over the bed toward the old man but Pa lifted his hand. The old man gulped once and I could see his Adam's apple going up and down. He ran a forefinger under his nose and if he'd been standing he would have pulled on his pants. "Beat it," he said. "I'm not supposed to cry." Andy sobbed real loud and ran into his bedroom.

All of a sudden I wanted to open the front door and let everybody see my old man. I wanted to yell at people to come see him. I bent over and kissed his forehead.

"What's that for?" he asked.

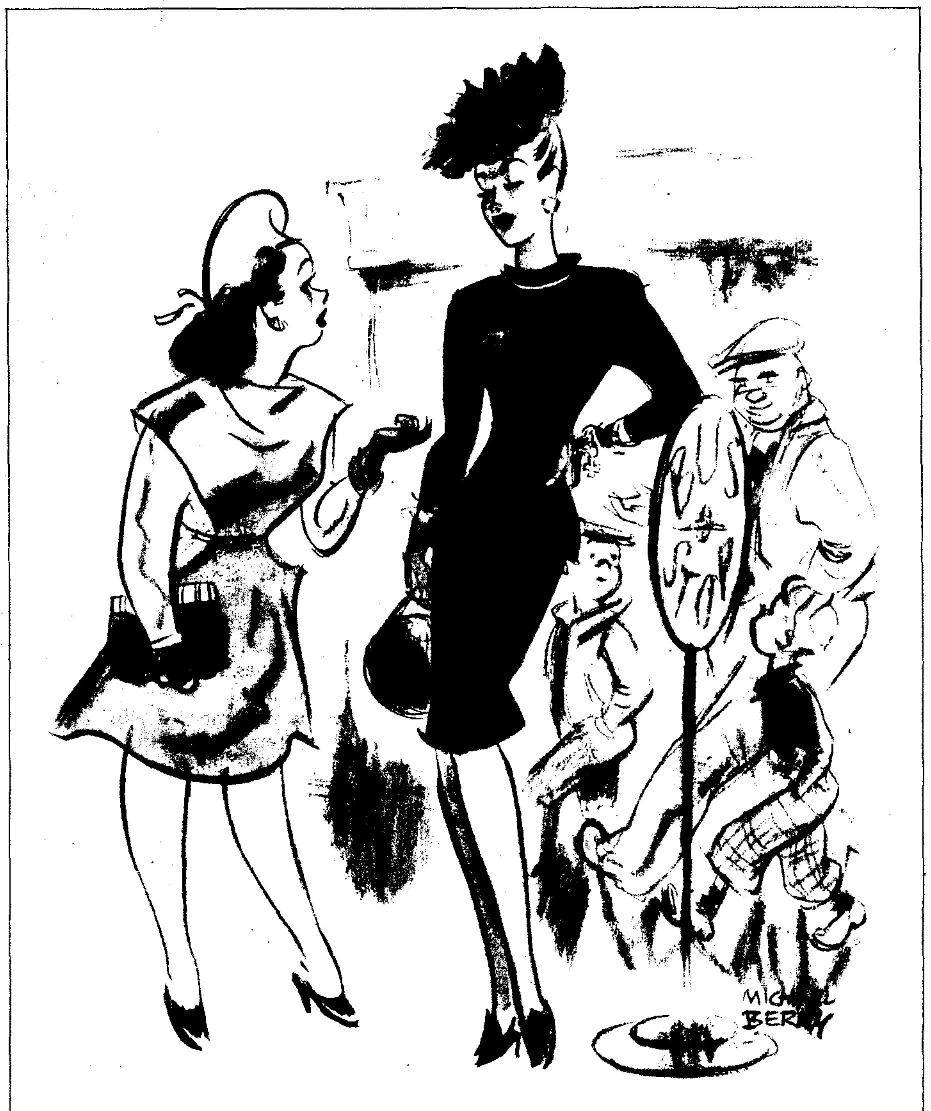
"I'll see you later." I knew now how I was going to run the store. I was just going to run it. When the old man got on his feet, I was going to stop running it.

"Where you going?"

"Down to the depot. I want to set the time limit on that ticket ahead." I laughed at him. "I think you're faking about the heart, how do you like that? You're a phony."

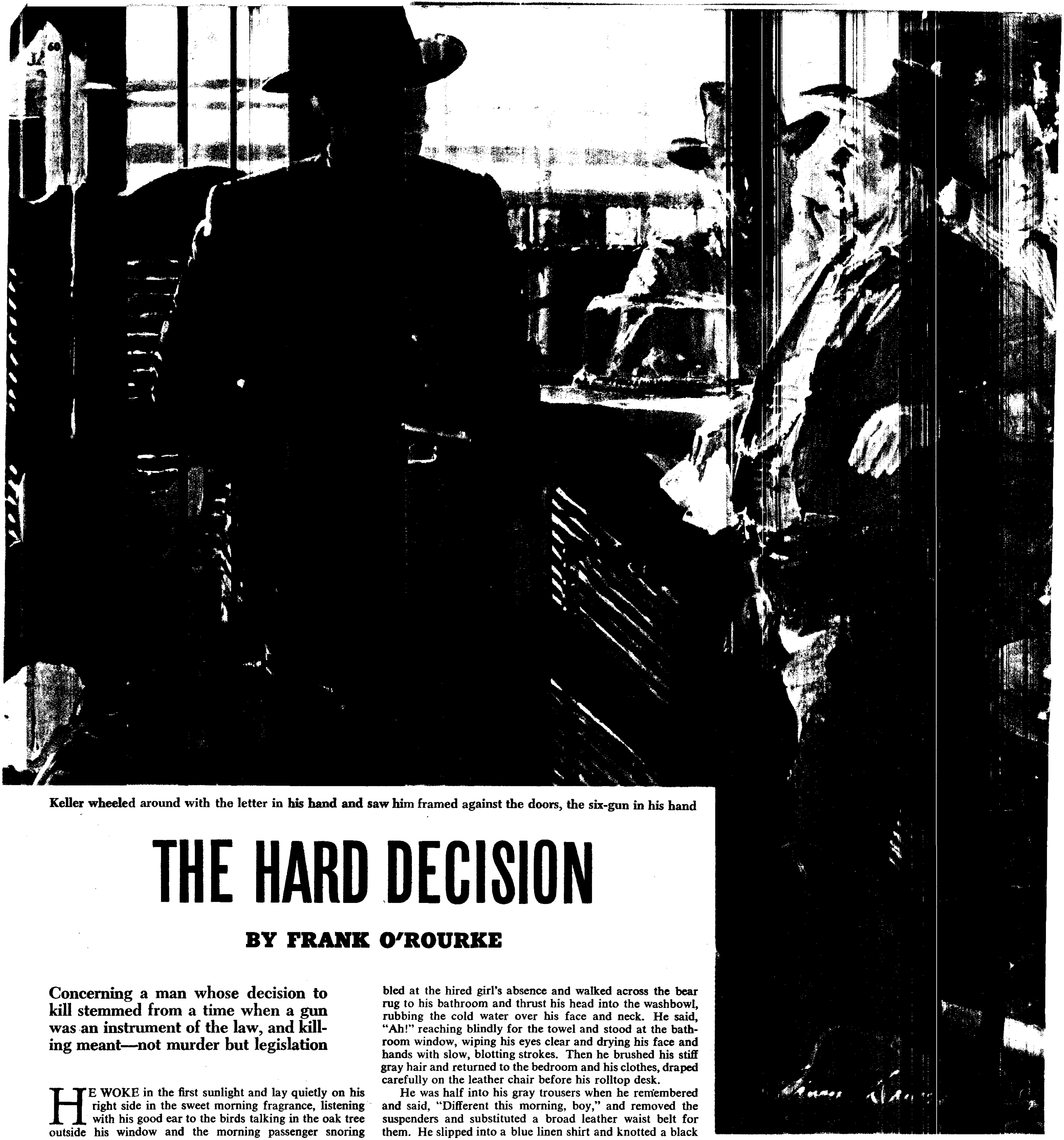
"Maybe I am." He smiled. "But my oldest son isn't."

THE END



"We're practically engaged. He's just waiting for his fiancée to return the ring"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



Keller wheeled around with the letter in his hand and saw him framed against the doors, the six-gun in his hand

THE HARD DECISION

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Concerning a man whose decision to kill stemmed from a time when a gun was an instrument of the law, and killing meant—not murder but legislation

HE WOKE in the first sunlight and lay quietly on his right side in the sweet morning fragrance, listening with his good ear to the birds talking in the oak tree outside his window and the morning passenger snoring throatily up Frevert's Hill; and with his mind molded and set firmly after sleep, he felt the free and loose movement of action stirring his legs and tingling his chest as it had so long ago.

It was a fresh blooming of his militant spirit, a rebirth of the feeling he had believed gone forever from his mind; and it was a good thing to find once more when a man was old and no longer sure of his own intrinsic value.

He was seventy-five and the years lay solid on his head and through his thick body, but this morning he did not feel the dull aches and pains of age. His white mustache drooped over his full mouth and he moved one hand to the unraveled tips, twirling and pulling them up, then threw the sheet back carelessly and got up, standing slightly bent over in his light cotton underwear.

He called, "Katy . . . Katy!" and hearing no reply, grumbled at the hired girl's absence and walked across the bear rug to his bathroom and thrust his head into the washbowl, rubbing the cold water over his face and neck. He said, "Ah!" reaching blindly for the towel and stood at the bathroom window, wiping his eyes clear and drying his face and hands with slow, blotting strokes. Then he brushed his stiff gray hair and returned to the bedroom and his clothes, draped carefully on the leather chair before his rolltop desk.

He was half into his gray trousers when he remembered and said, "Different this morning, boy," and removed the suspenders and substituted a broad leather waist belt for them. He slipped into a blue linen shirt and knotted a black string tie loosely under the collar, leaving the top button open for comfort. The leather belt held his stomach in and he patted it and said, "Good," and then, remembering sharply the previous evening when his friend, Marshal Tom Brennan, had dropped by to tell him about Keller and the boy, he stood staring solemnly at the bottom desk drawer. In this moment of final decision, some of the old memories returned and with them came that past forgotten feeling of hard, driving anger which colored and increased the resolution in his mind. He lifted the walnut box from the bottom drawer and took the six-gun from its velvet-lined place, and squinting slightly against the incoming flood of sunlight, he held the six-gun up and studied it critically.

It was oiled and polished, the metal parts blue-black against the age-yellowed ivory grips. He broke it smoothly and twirled the cylinder, closed it with a practiced flip and worked the trigger six times, feeling the small buck and rocking movement of the action. He was satisfied then and, holding it muzzle down, loaded all six chambers with bright new shells from a box opened the night before when the first anger had almost driven him to hasty, unplanned action. He did not skip the sixth chamber under the hammer as he had for safety's sake in the old days.

"Not today," he said softly. "Not today."

Thirty years ago he had oiled the six-gun and put it away forever in the lower desk drawer, removing it only to oil and polish the steel and the wood, for he felt that the gun should live and be always bright and clean as a memory even if its voice was still.

The law had come to his land in that time, and a man no longer needed to wear his judge and jury on his right leg to

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

back up his claims; he had turned farmer, then, and had bowed willingly to the law as a sensible man should. His son, then a young man on the verge of marriage, had respected and loved him for this decision and, secretly, he himself had welcomed the change for the years were rolling by, and he was no longer young and quick. And with the six-gun laid away and the land quiet and productive in its maturing years, he learned the fine, sweet pleasure of standing at the bar, drinking his whisky leisurely and talking to his friends with his back to the doors and never giving it a thought. He had liked the new life and as the years passed he forgot the six-gun except for its yearly oiling, until the past became a detached fragment of the present. And now this!

He thought of breakfast then and walked downstairs to the kitchen. Katy had gone to the grocery store and he lighted the stove and put on coffee and the frying pan, broke two eggs into the melting, heating grease and lined the sides with three strips of lean bacon. He stood over the stove, smelling the sharp cooking odors and stared at the day outside, the green lawn and the neighbor children playing one-o'-cat across the hedge. He ate breakfast from the frying pan, chuckling to himself over this old habit of the early days—when his meals had been a matter of squatting somewhere along the river or on the first slopes of the mountains by a small hot fire between two rocks.

He drank his coffee black and unsweetened, and sopped up the broken egg yolk with his last piece of bread, chewing the food with relish, and staring out the window.

HE KNEW friends were moving about their tasks in the stores and elevators and the lumberyard now; the saloonkeeper would be scraping an overflowing collar of foam from a bock beer and talking cheerfully with his early customers; and knowing how the saloon would be at this hour, he wondered how these men would react when he stepped through the swinging doors and faced Keller.

He hoped they would have enough sense to get out of the way and be sensible; and he thought regretfully how these younger men who had never watched him in the old days were, as a whole, an uncertain quality which he could not estimate beforehand. But he knew that they could not stop him with their talk, that part of the old pattern still held good after thirty years—less talk and more action. It had been his way and he could not change now.

When a snake struck at a man behind his back, a man had to do something or lose the rock-solid strength of his own convictions. He had to kill the snake, do it quickly and completely, as it had been done in his day. This was a new generation and a new life, but he had weighed the facts carefully and judged Keller to be worse than most of the men he had killed so long ago. He had tried honestly to think of some other method of punishment, but brought up as he had been through the years of life in this wide country, he could think of no better way than the six-gun. That was how arguments had been settled before law and order came to the Elkhorn valley, and he thought now that the old way had a good many features much better than the new.

He got his black coat from the hall closet and stood in the doorway, snapping one button over the six-gun which lay hard against his stomach in the leather belt; and with the calm deliberateness that lay in him, he went over the thing from beginning to end, wishing to make sure that he had missed nothing.

IT WAS necessary to think again of his son's marriage in '21, and the coming of the boy, young Jim, in '22. That was the year they moved to town and he bought the lumberyard for his son and built this house which his own wife would never see or enjoy, but in which he had stood that night over the baby and said to himself, "My God, I'm a grandfather," and had marveled at his own words.

From that day the years swept on clean and good, and young Jim grew up in the town, playing and going to school, a good boy with much of his grandfather in him, they all said, especially when he did something devilish like breaking a window or getting in a fight. But in the boy, even then, he had felt and loved the same bloodline of courage which had passed on unslaked from himself to his own son and on to young Jim. He knew it was there and when the boy's mother died, he had taken young Jim's training to himself for his son was busy in the lumberyard, and there was only Katy and himself in the big house. So the years passed and their lives were good, and then the world went to war.

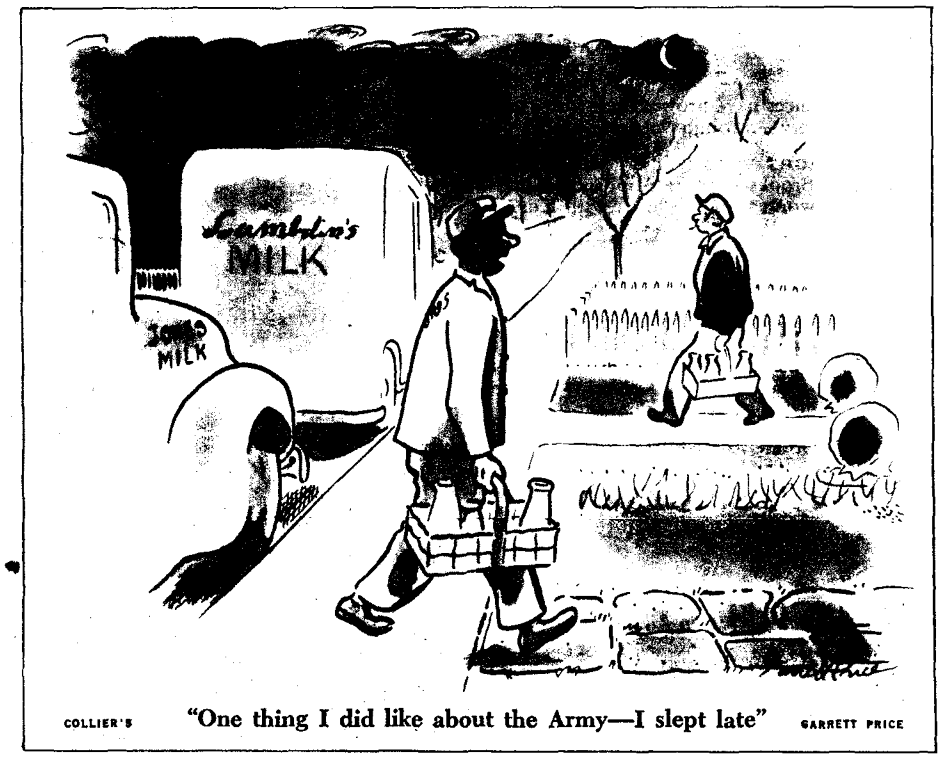
He remembered young Jim coming home that night and telling them his decision, a little frightened because he was so young. That was the night they sat in his room and young Jim asked, "Grandpa, maybe I ought to take the six-gun with me. They say you never missed a shot."

He had shook his head and said, "Not in this war, Jim. The six-gun is no good today. They'll give you one of those automatics and you'll blast those people like you do rabbits on the run." He had felt certain saying that, for he had taught the boy to shoot, and he knew that young Jim was as good as they came.

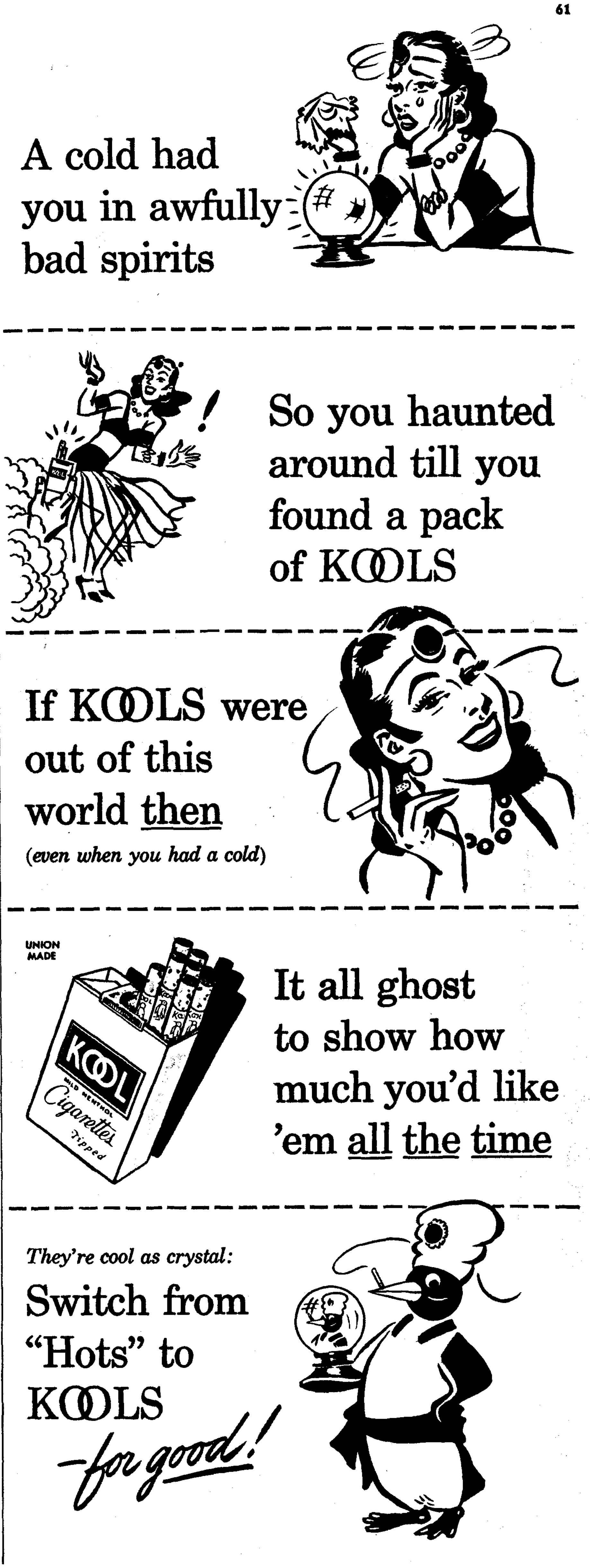
"But the six-gun's just as good," young Jim had said.

"All right," he agreed. "Maybe just as good but not with the odds the way you'll find them. Not today."

So the boy had gone into the Army, trained, come home on his furlough, and then gone overseas with his outfit. They waited for the letters, and his son worked twice as hard in



COLLIER'S "One thing I did like about the Army—I slept late" GARRETT PRICE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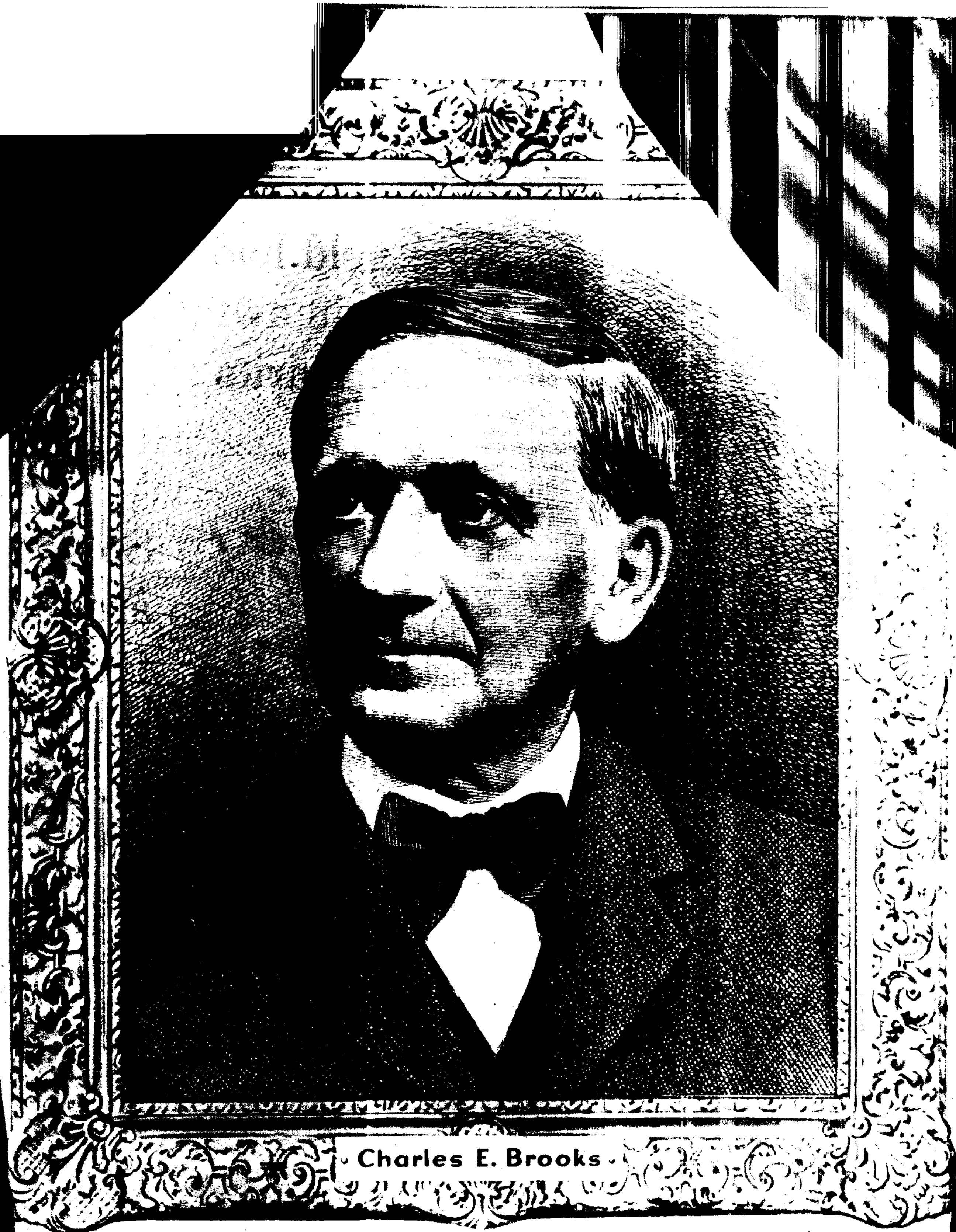

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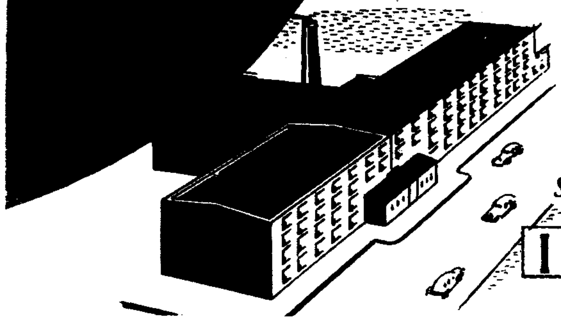

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the lumberyard; and he even went down himself and fiddled around the posts and lumber piles, trying to help out. But mostly he stayed at home and waited for the mail; and the letters came regularly until the big battle and then were cut off; and that was when the trouble happened.

When Marshal Tom Brennan came into the house last night and started talking, he knew it would be Keller. Keller had made fun of him behind his back for twenty years, calling him a fake and an old liar because, long ago, he had put Keller's father on the spot and then let the man live because it would have been a slaughter, not a fair fight.

Keller's father had been a bragging man but not entirely a coward, and this Keller was not the man his father had been; the bloodlines had run thinner through three generations, and Keller and his son were both cowards. Keller had kept his own son, just young Jim's age, home through four deferments because Keller had schemed and lied to prove that the boy was needed on his farm. That was a joke because the town knew that Keller fed stock and had two over-age hired men to help him; and when the board finally drafted young Keller, both father and son had blamed him for the drafting, telling around the community that he had influenced the board's decision.

So the Keller boy went away and finally shipped overseas, and by some quirk of fate landed in young Jim's outfit as a replacement just before the big battle; and that was where the Keller boy's letter came from. It had arrived the day before and Keller burst into the saloon, took a big drink and read it aloud to everyone.

According to young Keller, they were surrounded, and he saw young Jim run from an enemy patrol like a coward, leaving his squad cut off and doomed.

Marshal Tom Brennan had choked over that part of the telling, and said, "Judge, you reckon that could be true?"

He had said, "I know young Jim, Tom," and let it stop there. Marshal Tom Brennan had nodded soberly and looked up, his eyes narrow.

"Maybe I shouldn't have told you this," he had said. "You won't do nothing crazy, will you?"

"Nothing crazy," he had said. "I want to think about it, Tom."

HE HAD thought about it, and now it was morning, and Keller would be in the saloon at ten o'clock for his drink, telling the story again. Keller would do that because he loved to talk about such things, secure in his knowledge that young Jim couldn't hurt him and the father was too busy—and him, the old has-been, as Keller called him, couldn't hurt a flea.

If he had believed one word of the story he would not be standing in the front door with the six-gun solid against his stomach. But he knew it was a lie. Young Jim was no coward. If he had turned back it was for a purpose, not from cowardice. He knew this as he knew his own heartbeat; as he knew that his blood ran in young Jim, the same blood that had never allowed him to back down for anything in seventy-five years. And now it was time to go.

He went down the front steps and started the three-block walk to the business district. The first two blocks were short and he stepped out loosely, his feet comfortable, past the implement shop and moved abreast of Marshal Tom Brennan's office across the street. He glanced quickly at the office window and was relieved to catch no sudden flash of the silver star and the movement of Tom's bulky body around his desk to the door; and then he remembered with some hollowness that Tom would undoubtedly be in the saloon. He passed the spear-shaped shadow of the flagpole, and then he saw Keller's car parked before the saloon and his right hand came involuntarily to the coat button.

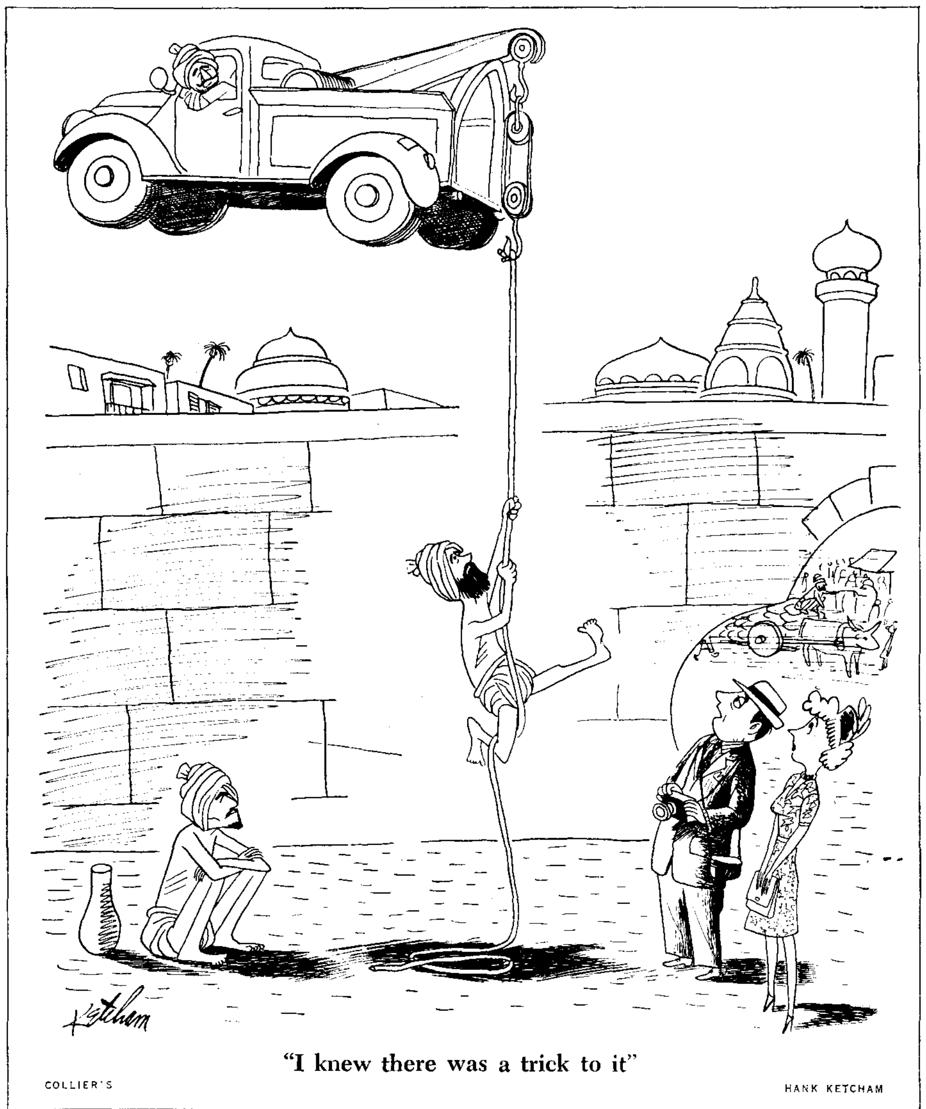
He still had time, he knew, to turn and go home. He could go home and sit in his room and think about Keller spreading his lies; and in due time young Jim would write and tell them what had happened and he could show the truth to Marshal Tom Brennan, and Tom would set the town straight. He could do it that way, but in a sense that was as cowardly as Keller talking.

"No," he said softly. "Not today."

A man couldn't do a job in that fashion, even after thirty years of stagnation. The original ties and habits were too firmly impressed in his mind, and his convictions were no different than before. A man had to right a wrong no matter what the law said or how people felt about violence in these new years. He had helped to build this land and the way of its growth was the manner in which he had lived unseparated from the six-gun and his own courage.

THINKING in this way, he decided that Keller had no right to enjoy the life and land he had helped build with his young years, but young Jim had earned his birthright and there lay the difference. He was before the saloon doors, they were still rocking from someone's recent passage, and the time for thought was over.

He saw his son come from the lumberyard half a block down the street, and the postmaster stood in his doorway and waved at him sleepily. He glanced once at the street and the long ridge to the north, towering above the highway and the creek, and squaring his shoulders, he stepped through the swinging doors.



"I knew there was a trick to it"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

The last thing he heard was his son's voice calling, "Dad, wait!" and he knew his son had guessed; that gave him very little time.

He opened his eyes wide stepping from the brilliant light of the street in the smooth dark shade of the long saloon, using this old trick learned and employed so often in his youth to bring the bar and the men into quick definite focus. He saw the saloonkeeper at the beer box and four men playing rummy, and then, one muddy boot on the brass foot rail, Keller.

Keller was reading from the day-old letter and laughing harshly, his broad red face flushed deeply and his mouth quivering with his pleasure.

The saloonkeeper set a fresh glass of bock beer on the bar, and he thought, with inner amazement, how at this moment he still could remember bock beer and their spring custom in the town of drinking the beer with a freshly broken egg.

He knew he was never better then, being able to remember so small a thing and still watch Keller talk and laugh at the bar. He opened his coat and held his right arm stiff, the elbow holding the open coat flap back and his right hand open and curving over the six-gun.

This was habit from long ago returning automatically to him. In other days he had fought the six-gun from a wide-fingered start, inches above the grip; a dozen times it had been the split-second difference between living and dying.

Now he did not need speed and he was conscious of this simplifying fact with a fine-drawn inner delight that made him decide on the spur of the moment to draw out Keller and show the town what a coward the man was.

The saloonkeeper turned and stopped his mopping towel in mid-air, to stare and absorb the unexpected picture. The card game dissolved in a flurry of dropped hands and scraping chairs and all talk died away in the saloon. Outside, he heard the faint but growing sound of his son running up the sidewalk. This was as it should be; no motion and no foolish talk.

He said, "Keller."

KELLER wheeled around with the letter in his big hand and saw him framed against the outside light pouring over the swinging doors, the coat held back and the right hand over the six-gun, fingers stretched tight and spread. The letter quivered and Keller's boot slipped from the brass foot rail and thudded hollowly on the floor.

He said, "Go on, Keller. You were reading something to the boys."

Keller spoke thickly: "I wasn't saying anything, Judge. I got to be going—"

"I know," he said gently. "You weren't saying much, Keller, but you said enough. Stand away from the bar, Keller. Stand away."

He did not know what this gave the men in the saloon, this picture of himself as he had been in those old wild days, much as if the years had shed from his body like a snake skin in the spring, leaving before them this electric ghost from another time. He watched Keller, saying nothing for a moment, waiting for the man to crack and show that part of a man the others seldom saw in this orderly, quiet world of today.

"Wait," Keller said, hoarse now and white-faced. "Wait, Judge. You can't shoot me. I haven't done anything."

He said, "Stand away, Keller."

His son came through the doors behind him and said, "Dad, don't do it," and then he felt a combination of disgust and bright anger as Keller suddenly wilted to his knees, his thick arms coming up and his eyes wild with fear, words tumbling incoherently from his mouth, forming a picture of the man as he would have been long ago had someone called his bluffs and stripped off his cheap veneer of bravery.

HIS fingers closed over the six-gun and he drew it smooth and fast from the leather belt, standing sideways in one quick movement of his feet and aiming the muzzle directly on Keller's shirt pocket; and then he couldn't do it.

Behind him, his son said, "Dad, for God's sake, don't kill him! Look at him!"

Watching Keller, he remembered something his own father had said so long ago: "Courage is a luxury only men with courage in their past can afford to have." This came back to him with sharp intensity, seeing before him a man whose past courage was full of the holes and fallacies no good man wanted to remember at night in the personal hours of his own thoughts. This, then, he thought, if he could only find the words to say it, was not the man he wanted to kill; the man he had expected to face should have possessed at least some small spark of the manhood of his now dead father, not this abject cowardice.

"Dad!" his son said again.

He knew his son was right. He couldn't shoot the man on the floor, for with it would come no feeling of pride or righting a wrong; and in this moment he saw through the past into the present and found the right way, and it was good. He smiled then, one side of his face lifting and his nose twitching as it always did when he was angry.

He said, "Shut up, Keller," not raising his voice. "Tell the boys you're a liar, Keller."

Keller couldn't speak fast enough, saying, "I'm a liar, Judge."

It was cruel and not at all possessed of the dignity with which every man should be covered. He said, "Tell them your boy is a liar, Keller."

"God!" Keller said. "He's a liar, Judge."

"And you're a coward, aren't you, Keller?" he asked. "And your boy?"

"Yes," Keller cried. "Yes."

He laughed then and lifted the six-gun, bringing it back and down into the leather belt, and buttoning his coat on the same single button, still watching Keller who did not move from his knees. His son breathed sharply behind him, and one of the men along the left wall moved and coughed.

He dropped his arms to his sides and stepped aside. "Get out, Keller!" he said softly. "Get out of here!"

Keller came off his knees and ran past him, his legs slack in huge uncertain steps; and he smelled the fresh sour sweat of the man and saw the veins throbbing thickly in his neck. The swinging doors opened and swished together, fanning him with a cool wind from outside; it broke the anger in his chest, and he walked to the bar and looked at the saloonkeeper, who was drawing fresh beer without command.

His son came up beside him, and they stood, shoulders touching, and drank their beer; and he felt good and almost like a young man in this moment. He knew this was a wise thing he had done, and by it he had gained stature and respect in the eyes of the men who had doubted him before; but best of all he knew there would be no more talk about young Jim. This would be good to tell the boy when he got home, tell him how the six-gun wasn't outdated after all, but just as effective as ever if a man only employed it in the right way.

"Let's have another," he said to his son. "Set 'em up for the boys, Dale!"

THE END

Clean-Up on the Delaware

Continued from page 53

action. Gradually, however, their sessions resulted in a unified plan whereby sewage treatment measures were decreed for each of four zones.

In setting these divisions, the four men relied on the habit of sewage bacteria of eating themselves literally to death. If the microscopic organisms have enough oxygen they will keep on re-creating themselves, but each time in a lower form of life, until finally the process can go no further, and only inert, lifeless matter is left. With insufficient oxygen they cannot develop.

Normally, dissolved oxygen is found in all water but it can be depleted if there are too many bacteria. When this happens, man must help. And so, in the first zone, running from the headwaters to Trenton, oxidation treatment must be employed to permit bacteria to render 85 per cent of the sewage innocuous; the river will neutralize the balance. The provision is made, however, that the effluent cannot be so great in volume or potency that it will consume more than one twentieth of the river's normal oxygen supply.

This is a very high standard, but it was necessary to maintain the comparatively clean water now present in the upper reaches. In the second zone, extending down to Pennypack Creek in Philadelphia, the engineers specified that effluent could be poured into the Delaware only to the point where one tenth of the dissolved oxygen was used for bacterial food. This figure jumps to one half in the third zone which, stretching from the creek to the Pennsylvania-Delaware boundary line, embraces the most grossly polluted parts of the river. For the last division, reaching down to the sea, the sanitation code asked only that sewage be kept from being a nuisance, both to recreation and navigation.

There are other factors, such as floating solids (banned completely), and acidity (held to a minimum), but the oxygen consideration is primary. The engineers reached their particular standards by analyzing future water use of the river. The first two zones eventually will be the postwar drinking fountain for New York, Philadelphia, Trenton and other cities. Consequently the standards are much higher than in the third and fourth, where the river will be mainly used by industries and for navigation. But in both places the water must be clean enough, so that fish, which now die by the thousands in the poisonous refuse, can survive.

Industrial Lobbies Oppose Code

Incodel's political *savoir-faire* in dealing with the legislatures enabled it to get the committee's sanitation code promptly made law in New York, New Jersey and Delaware, but in Pennsylvania certain industrial lobbies proved too strong. Undaunted, the commission created an effective stopgap by persuading the State Sanitary Water Board to adopt its standards for prosecution of pollution offenders. (And in the last legislative session, Pennsylvania made the code into law.)

So far, so good. The question was: Did the code have teeth? It did. Spurred by it, 35 Pennsylvania and 12 New Jersey communities bordering on the dirtiest parts of the Delaware shelled out more than $10,000,000 to build pre-Pearl Harbor sewage collection and treatment plants.

Had not the war interfered, there would have been more antipollution construction; even so, Incodel has not relaxed. Ceaselessly preaching co-operation, it has coaxed the communities into backing a $100,000,000 building program which awaits only the release of manpower and construction materials. Even Philadelphia, renowned as a citadel of the do-nothing, has blueprints ready for completing at least three plants within five years, and the Pennsylvania legislature has now passed laws by which the state will help cities both to plan and build treatment units.

But sewage is only one phase of the pollution problem. The whole valley's toughest dilemma is the coal silt in the Schuylkill, largest Delaware tributary. Once a beautiful stream, the river has become tainted by the dumping of 30,000,000 tons of minuscule coal—enough for an island 30 miles long, 200 feet wide and 10 feet high. In upstate Pennsylvania, mountains of culm—the coal particles strained away in preparing anthracite for market—tower three, four and five hundred feet high.

Even in a wasteful America, the coal situation is unique. Incodel found that for every four tons of the fuel sent to market, the mine men cheat themselves by carelessly allowing one ton to slip away in the wash. It makes no difference that 67 per cent of the waste is burnable and that the remainder can be used for lipstick base, dry ice and parkway filling.

There was no hope for Incodel to stop the silt dumping until Pennsylvania's Republican administration ceased revering King Coal. Accordingly, Incodel presented fact after fact to the state officials, seeking to convince them that they had to crack down on the operators.

Finally, in the spring of 1944 came the two breaks the commission had been awaiting. Making an historic about-face for his party, Governor Edward Martin suddenly plumped 100 per cent for clean streams. This gave the impetus of official sanction to Incodel's plan to beat the silt-culm menace by having the state appropriate $15,000,000 to dredge the upper river and build a desilting basin; the federal government to use at least $10,000,000 for scouring out the lower river; and the coal operators to spend $6,000,000 for silt treatment plants. Pennsylvania has already appropriated $5,000,000.

WHIRLED AFFAIRS

Everyone had a postwar plan,
A blueprint for global salvation;
If things seem muddled, it's just
because
They're all in operation.

—PHILIP LAZARUS

The second break came in the U.S. government's position. Army engineers had reported in 1938 that there was no ground for federal intervention, it was, said the Army, a state problem. Then, in 1944, Allen and Turner went to work. Buttonholing Pennsylvania's senators, at that time Joe Guffey and Banjo Jim Davis, they succeeded in getting them to introduce a resolution calling for a resurvey of the engineers' previous study. The measure was unanimously adopted. The Army men are now at work amid indications that they will change their previous finding and urge that federal funds be appropriated for the clean-up.

But while the state and federal governments have indicated that they will meet their responsibilities, the mine men have been in no mood to divert their war earnings for treatment plants, even though it has been demonstrated that the salable material increases ten per cent when the silt is reclaimed and marketed.

The state, however, is going to force the companies to increase their sales—an ironic twist in industry-government relations—by issuing orders instructing them to plan now for the silt-recovery plants.

"As far as the state of Pennsylvania is concerned," says Attorney General James Duff, who carried Incodel's program to Governor Martin, "the days of appeasement toward coal operators are through."

Even Incodel's boosters will admit that this action has not yet rid the Schuylkill of its coal scab; but no opponent can deny that the commission initiated the first integrated plan for letting a democratic task force attack the problem.

Because the powerful hard-coal lobby was admittedly one of the shrewdest opponents a fledgling commission could have tackled, the Schuylkill program was carefully discussed both in meetings of the full membership and in the five-man executive board. The four state delegations to Incodel convene on an average of four times a year, while the board meets about every 45 days to mobilize for immediate action whenever necessary. Thus, when Philadelphia's water consumption soared astronomically in 1942, the matter was mentioned in a board meeting attended by Turner, Beckett, Joseph Paul from New Jersey, Franklin Lichtenwalter from Pennsylvania and Doctor M. P. Catherwood from New York.

Believing that a great deal of water was being wasted, the commission flooded the area with pamphlets declaring that because "water wins wars; don't be a drip." A month later Penn City burghers had proved they could use 40,000,000 less gallons a day and still not be the Bathless Groggins of America.

No less successful was Incodel's approach to the crucial dilemma of water diversion. Without water, a community withers, expansion stops, progress ends. Knowing this, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey pitched knives at one another for a quarter century, each determined to usurp the lion's share of the river. The U.S. Supreme Court and two previous interstate compacts had failed to resolve the conflicts, but Incodel did it in less than four years.

A Formula is Accepted

It simply asked Charles Ryder, Russell Suter and Howard Critchlow, the water-control agency chiefs in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, to act as the advisory committee on water quantity and thereby determine how the inherent right of each to use the river system could be best enjoyed and protected. Surprising everyone—including themselves, as Ryder later confessed—the men arrived at a formula specifying who could divert how much, and when. Under its terms, now made law, New York City is building the famed, 200-mile aqueduct. Oystermen, whose $7,000,000 business would be destroyed if too much headwater diversion disturbed Delaware Bay's fresh-salt water balance, are content that their industry won't be ruined.

The upstream diversion work led Incodel quite naturally into still another task: how to preserve the still-virgin upper river basin. Accessible to 15,000,000 persons by a short automobile ride, the 55,000-acre area is one of the seaboard's major recreation wildernesses. In it are such playtime paradises as the Pocono Mountain resorts, and the magnificent Delaware Water Gap.

Fearing that this rolling, picturesque land will be exploited, Incodel has begun broadcasting that the states and local governments must do two things: Effectuate measures to conserve, protect and develop the soils, forests, water and scenery, and improve transportation facilities so that many more city dwellers can find their leisure in the area. Coming as the first unified proposal, the commission's program has been incorporated into the postwar planning agenda of New York and Pennsylvania.

In recreation, as in its other achievements, Incodel realized that its role was only suggestive. Its function did not go beyond demonstrating that local governments, if given impartial advice and direction, can unite in a democratic fashion to solve their own problems.

As a creation of the four Delaware basin states, the commission is dependent upon them for financial support, but there are no grumbles when the legislatures appropriate funds for it. Pennsylvania now contributes $15,000; New York and New Jersey $8,750 each, and Delaware $2,500.

Incodel set some kind of record for political agencies when at war's outbreak it voluntarily asked the states to cut its budget by one third, on the grounds that for at least the first two years after Pearl Harbor, operations would be reduced.

The politicians manifested a good deal of surprise over this request. They went along, of course, but not without comment. There was, for example, the one old Pennsylvania farmer-legislator who remarked, "Don't understand it, but there must be something unusual about that Incodel crowd."

Thus far, the old boy has never had to retract his words.

THE END

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The Week's Work

Dr. Harold Clayton Urey

DR. HAROLD CLAYTON UREY, internationally famed scientist, winner of the National Chemists Award, inner of the Nobel prize, never was cut out be a lobbyist. A quiet laboratory is his tural habitat, and research his preferred cupation. He does not feel at home talking the committee rooms of Congress.

But since Dr. Urey and other top scientists lped produce the atom bomb, they have d lobbying forced upon them. Dr. Urey is ting a literal fact when he says, "I'm a ightened Man," in the article on p. 18. He d his colleagues are so frightened at the deructive power they have unleashed that they ve organized themselves into the Federaon of Atomic Scientists, with the object of ling our government and the American blic and the world what an appalling situaon would result from an atomic-bomb arament race, what can be expected in an omic war, and what they believe must be ne to avoid such a war. They are convinced at the atom bomb cannot be kept secret, d that the only effective control possible is orld control. They are unwilling to have eir knowledge and opinion in this matter tered through military and diplomatic chanls. The atom bomb weighs heavily on eir conscience, and they are determined to eak directly to legislators and to the people. one scientist said at a Federation meeting, Ve got the people into this mess. We want help them get out of it."

And so, off to Washington they go, as many them as can get away from their work, to eak for the thousands of scientists and engiers who took part in the bomb's developent.

As lobbyists, they are babes in the woods. ey don't have a pipe line to anybody. They dn't even have an office until somebody t them one—three small rooms on the urth floor of a brownstone walk-up. Huffg and puffing up the steps to this office me the most important scientific men in e world, and when they get there, they e lucky to find paper on which to write ters. As for fancy letterhead paper—of urse not. Secretarial services, long-distance lls, all expenses they pay for out of their vn pockets. And scientists generally are far om rich. Dr. Urey is moderately well off, at with the Nobel prize money (about $29,0) he received in 1934, and with universities fering top pay to get him on their staffs (he s at Columbia, is now at Chicago Univer). But younger scientists, even the best of em, often earn picayune salaries. And only out five per cent of the atomic scientists are er thirty-five, with the average age running about 27 or 28.

But in spite of political naïveté, meager nds and youth, the Federation scientists e cutting quite a swath in Washington. They ve put up a good fight against such legislan as the May-Johnson bill which would ke control of atomic research away from entists and give it to the government. The nate committee on atomic energy listens th respect when Dr. Urey tells them that the making of the atom bomb must be outlawed throughout the world, and that the material from which it is made should be "dumped in the river," if that is what it takes to prevent military use of atomic energy.

Dr. Urey was in on the ground floor of atom-bomb development. After Dr. Albert Einstein wrote to President Roosevelt that he believed that science was on the verge of finding a way to release atomic energy, the President called upon certain scientists to investigate, appropriating $6,000 for the task. That was in 1940, and from this meager $6,000 beginning came the whole tremendous project in which $2,000,000,000 was expended to produce the first atomic bomb. Dr. Urey was one of the investigating scientists. His own great achievement in discovering heavy water—or, to put it more scientifically, in isolating the heavy isotope of the hydrogen atom—was basic to the progress of atomic research.

Dr. Urey, it developed, had a talent for organizing research. It was he who went to England in 1941 to exchange information with British physicists. He found ways to increase the output of uranium. He pushed and pulled to hurry research in the many fields of science involved. He helped to control the publication of atom information in scientific journals, so that the enemy should not catch up with us. He helped America to triumph with the atom—and he shares America's worry as to what atomic horror may happen next.

WHEN Collier's bought the "Frightened" article, Dr. Urey, mindful of the Federation's increasing expenses, said he wanted the payment for it to go to that organization. "All right," Collier's said, "and how shall we make out the check? To the Federation, to the treasurer, or to whom?" Well, it seemed the organization wasn't very formal, and they didn't have a treasurer. How about the chairman? Well, there wasn't any permanent chairman, only an acting chairman. First one scientist and then another served, depending on who could get away from his work and go to Washington to tend to things.

Finally the writer who worked with Dr. Urey on the article, Michael Amrine, suggested that the check be sent to Dr. John A. Simpson, Jr., 29, a University of Chicago man and one of the acting chairmen.

"Maybe," said Amrine, "the problem of disposing of the check will cause them to organize along more formal lines."

The group is going to need money and firmer organization if they are to succeed in their determination to keep clear of all political entanglements. Already they have resolved to give up their rent-free office. The rent there is paid by the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions—a lobbying group. And, even though the favor is done with no strings attached, the good doctors realize that to be truly independent they must pay their own way. . . .

A. P.

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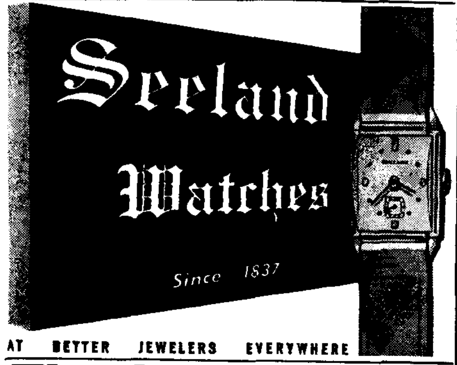

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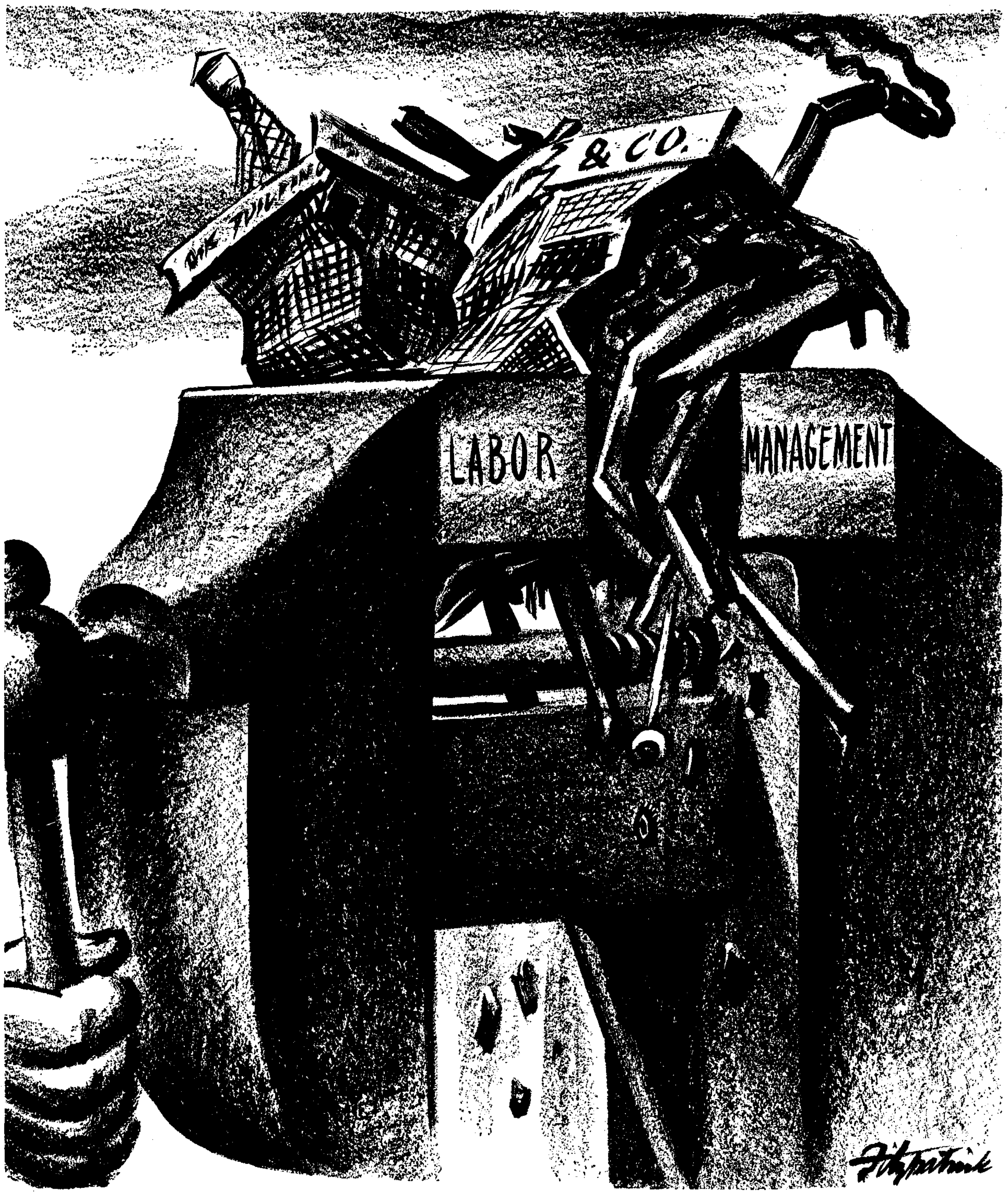

DON'T KILL THAT GOOSE

WE HAVE a multitude of laws bearing on relations between employers and employees. There are laws requiring employers to bargain with labor unions chosen by employees to represent them; laws concerning minimum wages; laws calling for recognition of labor unions; and a horde of other laws.

There is one type of law, however, which we do not have, and which would not work if we had it. That is a law requiring any businessman or business organization to stay in business against his or its will.

No law compels Chrysler, Ford, General Motors, Graham-Paige, Hudson, Packard, Willys, et al., to produce automobiles—and the world's best automobiles, we might add, by way of handing out a dab of free advertising to a great industry which has deserved well of the Republic.

These and the other automotive concerns are in business because up to now they can make money out of staying in business—money for their stockholders, their dealers, their employees.

But they can quit business any time they feel like doing so. No law can make them stay in business a moment longer than they want to, any more than any law that could be framed under our present Constitution could compel any of their employees to stay on the job when he or she wanted to take another job.

It is entirely possible for labor organizations to make remaining in business unprofitable or unbearable for any business concern.

One businessman—Andrew J. Higgins of New Orleans—claimed recently that this was happening to him and announced that he intended to shut down $10,000,000 worth of his unionized plants. At this writing, it is not known where Higgins, his plants and the unions involved go from there. It is earnestly to be hoped, however, that this quit-business idea will not spread to many large business concerns. If it should, the consequences to our economic system would be disastrous. Management and labor alike should strive to keep it from spreading.

It always was the height of idiocy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. It is far better—indeed, in a profit system it is essential—to treat all such wonder-working geese reasonably well, to keep them fairly happy and comfortably fed, and thus to preserve their egg-producing powers and willingness. The time seems ripe for a lot of us to dust that ancient truth off in our memories and act accordingly.

HOW'S YOUR HEART?

ABOUT 400,000 persons die of heart disease in the United States every year. The speed and tension of present-day life seem beyond question to be stepping up the incidence of heart troubles in this country. Yet not a great deal of money has been spent up to now on heart research.

Looking these facts up and down, the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, to which 143 life insurance companies contribute, has allocated money to be spent on heart research at a rate of $578,000 a year for the next six years.

It is one of the best pieces of medical news we've heard in some time—comparable to the sluicing of funds by Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and the American Cancer Society into large-scale, systematic cancer research.

For victims of heart trouble, this research may develop great and beneficial things—especially, one hopes, for sufferers from the agonizing form of heart disease known as angina pectoris. To people who have grown sadly accustomed to seeing friends and associates drop off from heart trouble in their middle forties or early fifties, this big allocation of funds should bring considerable hope.

And now, as we've remarked from time to time, if some person or group would fire a 16-inch shell of research money at the common cold . . .

JUSTICE AND THE WAR TRIALS

HOW about the tremendous zeal shown by U.S. Army men and other Americans appointed to defend German and Jap leaders accused of the foulest of war crimes? Most striking of these manifestations up to now has been the shrewd and determined work put up by the defense battery in the trial of General Tomoyuki Yamashita in Manila. Yamashita's U.S. Army attorneys took advantage of every technicality, cross-examined witnesses with ferocious severity, attacked interpreters' good faith, declared their intention to fight the case to the U.S. Supreme Court if they could, and so on.

Is all this necessary? Or isn't it overdoing things a bit?

The answer, as we see it, is that all this is very necessary and highly commendable, if we believe in our own American philosophy of justice to persons accused of crime.

That philosophy is summed up in the ancient American and British axiom that an accused person must be presumed innocent till proved guilty.

We get many a miscarriage of justice out of our adherence to that principle. Plenty of lawyers take advantage of it to raise innumerable technicalities and exasperating objections during trials. Sometimes they get their man off, too, when the whole community knows he is guilty and should be hanged, electrocuted, gassed or jailed.

However, we also protect many more innocent persons this way than would be protected if our principle were that a man is to be presumed guilty until he proves himself innocent. That would give the state—the prosecution—all the advantages from the word go. It would encourage frame-ups, accusations for political or private revenge, dirty work by corrupt or sadistic district attorneys, and all the other legalized outrages against human rights that go with totalitarianism.

To give our late enemies' leaders as fair a shake as we would give an accused murderer in San Francisco or New York will have at least two beneficial effects, we believe. For one, it will satisfy American conceptions of justice, whereas perfunctory trials would weigh on the national conscience for years afterward. For another, it should be invaluable propaganda throughout the world for the idea that Americans are fair-minded people. That is worth-while propaganda for us at any time, and especially at this time.

Let's just carry on with these trials as we have begun them. And let's give an occasional salute to the defense attorneys, for conscientiously discharging what to these men must be the most disagreeable duties ever assigned to them.

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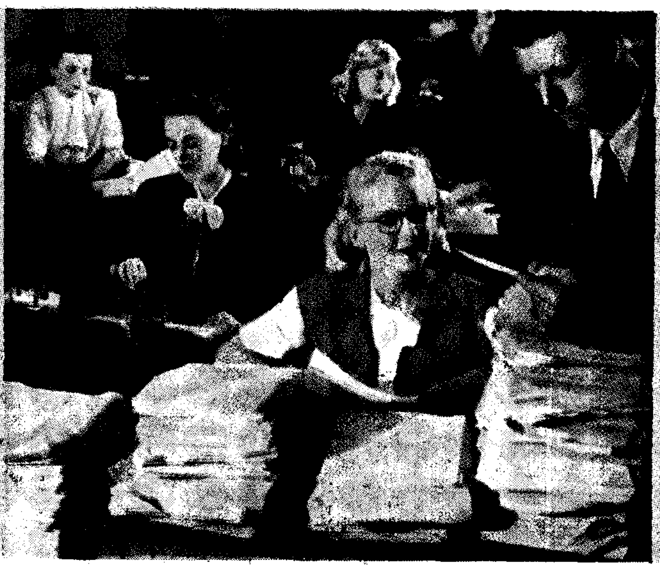
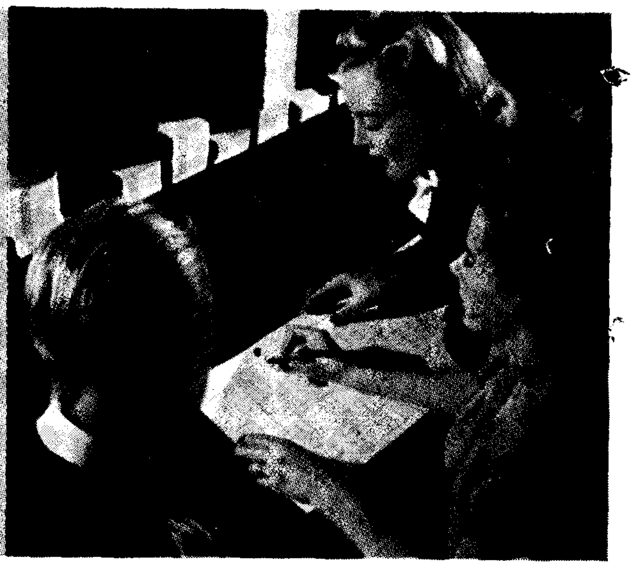
Every doctor in private practice was asked...

Yes, your doctor was asked too, along with thousands of others from Maine to California! Family physicians, surgeons, nose and throat specialists... doctors in every branch of medicine were asked.



Three nationally known independent research organizations... hundreds of trained research specialists... put the question: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"



The answers came in by the thousands from all over the country... the actual statements of doctors themselves. Figures were checked and re-checked with scientific precision. The answer? Right! Camels! And by a very convincing margin!

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